
00088222

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 16 January, 2016

3a 67-

RECOLLECTIONS

OF AN

ARTILLERY OFFICER:

INCLUDING

SCENES AND ADVENTURES

IN IRELAND, AMERICA, FLANDERS, AND FRANCE.

88222

BY

BENSON EARLE HILL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

3A 6-7

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

1836.

88221

00088222

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Attack on American Lines—Sabbath-Breaking—The Dead Alive —Again Repulsed—Dinner put off—Fair Revenge — Preparations for Storming — Battle of the 8th of January — Mullins's Delinquency — Death of Packenham and Gibbs — Scene at La Ronde's— Visit to the Wounded—Reflections on Defeat — Advantage of Elastic Tights 1

CHAPTER II.

Jack George in a Fright—An American's Gratitude—Purchase of Live-Stock—Nearly Entrapped — A Race for Liberty — Retreat—Fishermen's Huts—March through Morass — Crossing a Lake — Lost and Found — Joyful Meeting with an Old Acquaintance — Dangers of a Trough Sea . . . 19

CHAPTER III.

Transported at our Escape — The Belle Poule — Rejoin Norge— Welcome from old Shipmates — Black and White — The Midshipman's Prisoner — Land on Mobile Point — Attack on Fort Bowyer—Interview with American Colonel—The Point Carried —All is not Fish that comes to the Net . . . 41

CHAPTER IV.

Isle Dauphine — Encampment — Mixed Pickles — Getting up a Theatre — Amateur Committee — Interior — Scenery, how Painted—Shifts for Dresses—First Performance—Dying Alligator — Opportune Capture — Strange Object of Military Honours 58

CHAPTER V.

An Overflowing House—Loss of Mail Packet—The Duchess and the General — News of Peace — Short Commons — English Newspapers — American Commissioner — Sail for England — Havanna — Woodville's Cigars — Circus — Game of Monte — Voyage Home—News of Napoleon—England . . 75

CHAPTER VI.

Portsmouth—Hasty Visit—Kean's Macbeth—Off for Flanders—Ostend — Bruges — St. Eloi — Rumours of Defeat — Major Percy's Arrival — A French Spy— Ghent — Sight-Seeing — A Great Gun 100

CHAPTER VII.

Communicative Sportsman—Brussels—Effects of French Cookery —Waterloo—A Spoilt Surtout — Old Friends in New Clothes —Joyful Prospects — Risk of Explosion — Mons — Join Prussians—Siege of Maubeuge—Burgoyne—Munden's Self-Definition — Prince Augustus — Maroille Cheese — Capitulation of Landrecy — A Flemish Farm — Surrender of Marienbourg — French Retreat from Waterloo . . . 119

CHAPTER VIII.

Advance on Phillipville — Birthday Chorus — Bombardment — Wind of Shot—Town on Fire—Capitulates—Loyal Magistracy —Forest of Ardenne — Legend of Couvin — Curé's Cookery— Siege of Rocroy — Snuff Triumphant — The Bloody Acre — Guide of the Round Tower 141

CHAPTER IX.

A Warning Dream—Advance on Givet—Cold-iron Compliment—Borrow from Blücher—Bonaparte's Bed—Interview with Count Bourke—Agreeable Surprise—Operations Concluded—Brussels—Inauguration of the King—The Virtues in Distress—Catholic Legend—Court Martial—Female Witness . 160

CHAPTER X.

The Trumpet Tower—Visit to Prince Augustus—Prospect of a Croix—How to get up a Waltz—Presented to the King of Prussia—Take Leave—Tour of Inspection—Tournay—The Innocents—Beet-root Sugar—The Duke's Name a Passport—Lille—The Apple of Discord—Money makes the Mare to Go—Ypres—The Governor—Fortunate Coincidence—A French Jarvy on the Wealth of Nations—Tournay Carpets . 179

CHAPTER XI.

An Adventure in New Zealand—Royal Breach of Faith—The Fraternal Craft robbed of an Hypothesis—Horrible Punishment—The Billet System—The Hotel du Val—The Mayor and the Emperor—The Incognito—A Fatal Duel . . 196

CHAPTER XII.

A Mourning Coach—Meet a Great Man—The King and the League—Change of Quarters—Count Dillon—An Eventful Life—Malines—Antwerp—The Romulus—A Grateful Host—The Returned Exiles 214

CHAPTER XIII.

Christmas Festivities—Harlequin versus Haggis—Bored by a Boar—Awful Explosion—Nocturnal Arrangements—Travelling by Water—The Rival Linguists—A Social Contract—Notre Dame d' Anvers—The Malecontent . . 229

CHAPTER XIV.

Fox-hunting in Flanders—An Irish Scrimmage—Serious Consequence—Look at Home—A British Wife—Leave Mons—

Valenciennes—Never Trust Appearances—Off the Staff—Old Friends—The Fool was Wise—God Save the King, played the Lord knows How 247

CHAPTER XV.

Preparations for Garrison Plays—First English Performance on the French Stage—Soldiers' Purchases—Difficulty of Procuring a pair of Trowsers—Felicitous Translation—Rank in the Army—The Enraged Manager—British Faith—Hard Riding—French Ideas of English Liberty—The Fiddle of the Company—Thespian Dinner—Anecdotes—The same Furlong for many Miles 262

CHAPTER XVI.

Socrates Substituted—The Ramsays—A Quiet Game of Loo—Sheridan's Irish Gentleman—Soldiers Turned Priests—A Stubborn Blade—Hints on Costume—Money Letters—Hibernian Economy—Hely's Story—Cambray—Recollections of Telemachus—Manchon and his Mistress . . 280

CHAPTER XVII.

An Opera Proposed—New Candidates—Sudden Recall—Novel Honneurs aux Braves—A Fair Question—Farewell Party—Irish French—The Sleeper Waked—Leave Valenciennes—Bouchain—Foreign Inquiries into British Rites and Ceremonies 295

CHAPTER XVIII.

Danes at Douay—Travelling Rank—Arras—The Fair Buonapartiste—Well Meant Caution—Encounters on the Road—Melting Snows—Saint Omer—Lose my Lady—A Classic Commissary—Anecdote of Wellington—A confiding Acquaintance—Literary Genealogy—Finis Coronat Opus—Calais—Visit to Dessein's—The Silver Lion—Sterne—Hogarth—Begged to Drown a Friend—Dover—Conclusion . . 310

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

ATTACK ON AMERICAN LINES—SABBATH-BREAKING—THE DEAD ALIVE—AGAIN REPULSED—DINNER PUT OFF—FAIR REVENGE—PREPARATIONS FOR STORMING—BATTLE OF THE 8TH OF JANUARY—MULLINS'S DELINQUENCY—DEATH OF PACKENHAM AND GIBBS—SCENE AT LA RONDE'S—VISIT TO THE WOUNDED—REFLECTIONS ON DEFEAT—ADVANTAGE OF ELASTIC TIGHTS.

AT the close of the first volume of these humble memoirs, their writer was described as being asleep: doubtless, during its perusal, the same state of sweet obliviousness has often overtaken you, my kind and gentle reader; if such be the case, do not, I pray, be angry with me for supplying you with such a harmless opiate.

The slumber I had so gladly snatched was not of long continuance. At three o'clock on the morning of the 1st of January, I proceeded to the batteries, to superintend the distribution of various

newly-constructed handspikes, and other useful implements, just completed by our civil artificers. I was rejoiced to find so many guns in position, and our mud parapets in very tolerable fighting trim. A couple of hours were occupied on this duty; and, as it was still pitch dark, and some time must elapse before we should have light sufficient to destroy our fellow-creatures, I made my way to the house of Monsieur Bienvenu, and threw myself upon a heap of dried pea-straw in one of the outhouses, perfectly assured I should be awake quite time enough to be shot at. Scarcely, however, had I stretched my length on the floor, when the hope of being able to finish my night's rest was destroyed by the entrance of an officer, named Ramsay, who, having observed my horse fastened to a post, took it for granted I could not be far off, and came blundering in, to ask some question relative to regimental matters, which he ought to have made himself master of from the Orderly-book. Although I had known him for years, I confess his malapropos visit seriously annoyed me, and I desired him to leave me, in very angry terms, on which he retired in high dudgeon.

Although the usual hour of daylight had arrived, a dense and noisome fog hung so heavily over us, that the morning light served not to show surrounding objects; through this obscurity I con-

trived, by dint of perseverence, to gain the batteries long before any arrivals had taken place from head-quarters. In less than an hour, however, Colonel Dickson and Major Ord appeared, that is, they would have appeared, if the fog had allowed them, for their presence was only indicated by the sound of their voices.

It seemed as though the great Creator had determined that the first sabbath of the new year should not be devoted to bloodshed, and that His mighty arm had thrown a thick veil over the scene of intended strife, baffling all the efforts of weak mortals. Hour after hour passed in this strange state of suspense and anxiety; many a brave heart beat high with hope, and ardently longed for the clearing of the mist, that in a few short hours ceased to palpitate! About nine o'clock the fog dispersed, with a rapidity perfectly surprising; the change of scene at a theatre could scarcely be more sudden, and the bright sun shone forth, diffusing warmth and gladness. A heavy cannonading against the enemy's lines commenced, which was answered by him with great spirit; but, alas! our shot made little or no impression on the cotton-bags with which General Jackson had so skilfully constructed his parapet; for, in spite of our battering at it for some hours, it was apparent that we had failed to make the impression which had been expected,

added to which our ammunition was nearly expended, and it was deemed advisable to "husband our fire." I was directed to ride to the different batteries with orders to that effect; and, on reaching the one nearest the Mississippi, commanded by Major Munro, after informing him of the general's wish, I inquired if any casualties had occurred.

"Poor Ramsay is killed," he replied in a tone of regret, and pointing to a corner of the battery.

I turned round in the direction, and beheld the mangled body of my old friend lying on the earth. Scarcely had I gazed on his pale and death-like features, when he opened his eyes and exclaimed: "I'm not dead, Major."

The recollection that we had parted in anger, the certainty that his moments were numbered, rendered me most miserable; I leaped from my horse, ran to the spot where my brave friend lay, seized him by the hand, and, kissing it fervently, attempted to implore his forgiveness; but words were denied me. He unclosed his eyes, looked me full in the face, appeared conscious of my identity; with a faint smile he grasped my hand closely, and in a moment after his spirit fled!

How sincerely grateful I felt at having arrived in time to part in peace with one I had known so long; and, determined to make as much amends as possible for my foolish petulance of the morning,

I assisted Captain Adam Crawford in performing the last sad office. We caused a grave to be dug near a groupe of beautiful trees in the garden attached to Bienvenu's house, and, with humble but earnest prayers for his soul's welfare, consigned to the earth the mortal remains of poor Alic Ramsay.

Sir Edward, towards evening, gave orders that the guns should be withdrawn; a heavy and incessant rain rendered this a service of considerable difficulty, and our men endured great fatigue in its fulfilment. We had lost many of our brave fellows during this disastrous day, and no apparent advantage had been gained by the sacrifice.

Jonathan, grown bolder by our failures, now annoyed us from the opposite side of the river, and wisely determined on driving us out of the excellent cover afforded by the house of Monsieur Bienvenu, which he shortly rendered too hot to hold us.*

Occupied by my duty until a late hour, I determined on remaining at Le Ronde's for the night. My excellent and attached servant, Turner, finding that I did not return to head-quarters with my

* Finding that the destruction of this beautiful mansion was inevitable, I looked about to see if I could preserve any thing useful, and fortunately discovered a heap of China plates, half a dozen of which I carried off, without the slightest remorse of conscience. One of these, having escaped the fate of his fellows, I have still in my possession; and I make a point of producing it only on gala days, or the anniversary of the events I am now endeavouring to record.

chief, was on the point of setting off to my relief, with as good a dinner as could be procured, when, unluckily for me, he was told by the colonel to remain where he was, as I should be sure to come back as soon as I had collected the names of the killed and wounded; this information prevented my man from carrying his intentions into effect, and I was forced to reply to my grumbling gizzard in the language of mad Tom:

"Croak not, black raven: I have no food for thee."

Next morning I reached our hut, with a raging appetite, just as breakfast was about to commence, told my piteous tale of hunger, and was laughed at for being foolish enough to stay away from the only place where I could satisfy its cravings. The Negroes had supplied our table with some cakes made of Indian corn, which proved very palatable. Ord's servant had discovered in his master's trunk a splendid lump of hung beef, and a few bottles of essence of coffee—judge, then, dear reader, if my attack was not much more satisfactory than the one I had witnessed yesterday!

Whilst talking over what had occurred, I learnt, to my extreme surprise, that my brother subaltern, F——, had been placed in arrest by General Keane, for the non-performance of a particular duty, with which he had been entrusted; various

questions were put to me by Colonel Dickson, touching the previous character and conduct of the alleged offender. His fate seemed to be placed in my power. That I despised him my reader has already been assured, and now a glorious opportunity presented itself for revenging the manifold annoyances he had inflicted on me. I determined to avail myself of it to the full, and made such replies to the colonel, that he desired me to wait on General Keane on the subject. I hastened to him, had a long, and, to me, most satisfactory interview; as, ere I left him, I had succeeded in obtaining his entire sanction to dispose of F—— in the way I had, from the first, intended. With a triumphant heart I bent my steps to the hut which the prisoner occupied. I found him pale and agitated, and my presence appeared to add tenfold to his misery. With as much coldness of manner as my state of excitement would permit, I addressed him:

"Mr. F——, I learnt your unpleasant situation only an hour ago. I have made all necessary inquiries relative to the charge brought against you, and I come to tell you—"

"That I must prepare for a court-martial. Oh, that ever I should hear such words from your lips, you who, I feel assured, hate me!" and he leant his head, in agony, upon the rude table.

"Be calm, sir," I continued, "and hear me.

I repeat that the moment I heard your character as an officer assailed, I felt that the time was come to prove to you how unjust an opinion you have formed of me. But I wish not to trifle with your feelings: it is my pleasing duty to tell you that you are released from your arrest."

He started up, and looked at me with a most incredulous face.

"Both the general and your own commanding officer are satisfied that not the slightest stain remains on your character, and you will have the goodness to join your company immediately."

The astonished F—— burst into tears, threw himself upon my neck, and sobbed like a woman. When he had somewhat recovered, he attempted to thank me, but I checked him, saying:

"Assured that you had done your duty, it only remained for me to perform mine. Let me add that I feel more satisfaction in having had it in my power to vindicate you, than you will perhaps believe. Let us henceforth be better friends." He accepted my proffered hand, and I hastened to quit a scene which had caused my blood to run riot.

The succeeding days were employed in constructing a canal to unite the Bayou Catalan with the Mississippi, the commander-in-chief having resolved on sending a force over to the opposite shore, to act in concert with his next attack.

This determination was not to be carried into effect without immense labour to both the sea and land forces: so great was the distance between our fleet and the scene of operations, that the fatigue which fell to the lot of our brave sailors was more even than we suffered on shore, and yet, Heaven knows, we had quite enough to do.

Rude redoubts were thrown up in advance, to serve as depôts for fascines and ladders to be employed in the intended escalade of the American lines. On the 5th ur force was augmented by the arrival of a brigade under the command of General Lambert; and these troops, not having endured the misery of defeat as we had done, were in brilliant spirits, and sanguine of success.

Before sunset on the evening of the 7th I was directed to carry instructions to Lieutenant Tapp, of the Royal Engineers, for communicating with the Honourable Colonel Mullins of the 44th, respecting the redoubt in which the fascines, &c., were placed, and to report the result of my interview. It so happened that, whilst I was in conversation with the engineer, Colonel Mullins approached us, and I instantly availed myself of the opportunity, and read the directions from headquarters to him, begging to know if he thoroughly understood their purport; in reply, I was assured that nothing could be clearer. On my return, I re-

ported to Sir Edward my good fortune in finding these two officers together; his excellency expressed himself much pleased, and thanked me for having so completely satisfied him of the impossibility that any mistake could arise in the execution of orders so important. The force destined to cross the river was placed under the command of Colonel Thornton, of the 85th; an officer every way calculated for the duty — cool as he was brave, and adored by his men. After waiting some time for sufficient water to fill the newly-excavated canal, this gallant body pushed off; and, as so much depended on their success, they naturally bore with them the sincere good wishes of all who witnessed their departure.

The night of the 7th of January was one of intense anxiety; the newly-arrived troops had, by their gallant bearing, infused fresh vigour among their comrades, and victory was looked on as certain.

Long before daylight, on the morning of the ever-memorable 8th, I accompanied Colonel Dickson to the front; and, after inspecting the various batteries, we took up our position in the gallery of La Ronde's house, which commanded a tolerable view of the enemy's lines, and where we could also observe the result of our cannonade. Soon after our arrival, the batteries opened their fire, and our

shots appeared to have effect; anxiously, nevertheless, did we look towards the opposite side of the river, for the co-operation of Colonel Thornton, which was not yet apparent: a very short time would have sufficed to ascertain it, but, alas! our brave commander-in-chief did not await this brief interval, but in a fatal moment gave orders for the firing of the rocket, which was the signal for advance.

Speedily a tremendous line of fire was perceived, extending from one end of the enemy's position to the other; and to our dismay we soon observed the column on our right wavering. Hastily galloping to the scene of confusion, we found the men falling back in great numbers. Every possible means were used to rally them; the majority of the retreating party were wounded; and one and all bitterly complained that not a single ladder, or fascine, had been brought up, to enable them to cross the ditch. A singular illusion, for which I have never been able to account, occurred on our nearer approach to the American lines: the roar of musquetry and cannon seemed to proceed from the thick cypress-wood on our right, whilst the bright flashes of fire in our front were not apparently accompanied by sound. This strange effect was probably produced by the state of the atmosphere and the character of the ground; but I leave the solution of the mystery to time and the curious.

I gave all the assistance in my power to Sir John Tylden, a gallant and zealous officer, in an endeavour to reform the stragglers. It was in vain; the ground was absolutely ploughed by shot, and the few who had escaped the murderous fire from behind the cotton-bags hastened to get out of range.

In the midst of this terrible scene, I perceived my kind friend, General Keane, on foot, and supported by his aide-de-camp; he had received a severe wound in his thigh, and Captain Persse was leading him in search of surgical assistance. I offered my aid, which he declined, and, although suffering great torment, assured me he did not yet fear but that the day would be our's, if the left column was successful.

I hastened to the redoubt, which had been appointed as a place of rendezvous and *point d'appui*, during the action, and communicated to Colonel Dickson the confirmation of our complete repulse on the right. Scarcely had this painful truth been told, when an officer and some men of the 7th Fusileers entered the redoubt, bearing in their arms Major King, whom they fondly believed might still live. No sooner had they placed their burden on the earth, than it was apparent that all hope had fled; poor King was dead, and his sorrowing friend gave me the painful intelligence that the gallant Packenham was also numbered with the slain.

My colonel refused, at first, to believe this disastrous news; and, determining to ascertain the truth, hastened towards General Lambert's brigade. Fresh tidings of ill-fortune awaited us; the brave and much-loved General Gibbs had been conveyed to La Ronde's, mortally wounded. With his dying breath he accused Colonel Mullins of having caused the ill-fortune of the day.

The command devolving on General Lambert, he immediately despatched Colonel Dickson to communicate with the troops on the other side of the river. Had it pleased the god of battles that our lamented commander-in-chief had awaited the result of Colonel Thornton's attack, New Orleans must have fallen, complete success having crowned his efforts; he had driven the enemy from his batteries, and would shortly have been enabled to sweep the Americans from their lines, by taking them in flank. Fate had ordained otherwise.

Colonel Dickson left me at La Ronde's, to answer any inquiries made by officers of artillery, and to give any instructions required. The scene now presented at La Ronde's was one I shall never forget; almost every room was crowded with the wounded and dying. The bodies of two gallant generals lay close to each other, and another was severely hurt; mortifying defeat had again attended the British arms, and the loss in men and

officers was frightfully disastrous. I was the unwilling spectator of numerous amputations; and on all sides nothing was heard but the piteous cries of my poor countrymen, undergoing various operations. The 93rd Regiment had suffered severely; and I cannot describe the strange and ghastly feelings created by seeing a basket nearly full of legs, severed from these fine fellows, most of which were still covered with their hose.

I gladly hailed the return of my chief, as it enabled me to quit this scene of suffering; but I had yet the melancholy duty to perform of ascertaining the casualties in my own corps. To my great joy, I found that none of my brother officers had been touched, and, comparatively, but few of our men.

Whilst occupied in collecting the return, I entered a hut nearly filled with wounded officers of the Rifle Brigade, and all well known to me; amongst them two glorious fellows named Travers, brothers in blood and in misfortune. The elder was sitting with his knees close to his nose, his wounded arm tied up, for the nonce, with his black silk handkerchief, his wig pushed nearly off his head, and his countenance more strongly expressing rage and disappointment than pain. The instant he saw me his face brightened, and with a voice somewhat weakened by loss of blood, he said,

"Oh, well, there's comfort yet, after all the mis-

fortunes of this infernal day, which they say were brought about by an Irishman. Oh, Hill, if you love me, save my life, like a dear soul, and give me a pinch of snuff. I've been dying for one ever since a b——ed backwoodsman gave me this agreeable mark of his regard."

I hastened to present my box to him.

"Nick, you devil!" he continued, turning to his brother, "I never could teach you this luxury; there—" sniffing up the pinch with great apparent enjoyment, "after that, I don't care a curse for General Jackson, or any damned Yankee that ever drew trigger!"

Glad to afford some relief to this excellent fellow, I insisted on his accepting half the contents of my box.

"But where will I put it? I've lost my own in the skrimmidge of this precious day's work; oh! I have it, here's a capital notion," and with some difficulty he contrived to turn round and open the small cartouch-box, which formed part of his uniform. "You see, my dear boy, we never discover the use of a thing till we find it out."

The troops from the opposite side were withdrawn; and, with feelings of deep mortification, Colonel Dickson, Ord, and myself, returned to take up our quarters again at Villerés.

None but gloomy faces were to be seen next day;

all hope of ultimate success appeared to be abandoned, and precautions were taken to prevent the enemy from acting on the offensive. It was speedily apparent that the object of this ill-fated expedition had been defeated; and all that now remained was to make good our retreat, unattended with the disasters which had befallen our attack.

On the 10th, leave of absence for seven or eight officers appeared in general orders, and this notification confirmed the opinion that we should shortly quit the shores of the Mississippi. It was also notified that letters for England would be despatched.

Had it been possible to have perused the various accounts transmitted, what strange and contrasted details would have met the eye!—Many letters, doubtless, contained complaints that the army did not advance on the morning after the night-attack had been so gallantly repulsed; others might lament that so much precious time was wasted before we *did* advance, affording the enemy such an opportunity of strengthening his works; some might blame the impetuosity of the gallant Packenham; others the policy of Lambert in soliciting a suspension of hostilities, even when victory was still in our power; many, smarting under wounds, and suffering from privations, almost beyond credence,

might curse the hour when the subjugation of New Orleans was first proposed by Sir Alexander Cochrane, and regarded by him as a conquest as easy as it was certain to afford him a vast share of prize-money; but, surely no pen was used that did not record the name of Mullins, and attach to it epithets of detestation and execration.

I need scarcely say I embraced the opportunity to inform my family of my safety, although I was unable to inform them where letters would reach me.

I have already mentioned that, on the disastrous 8th, General Keane received a wound from a rifle ball. A curious circumstance occurred whilst he was under the hands of the surgeon: the lower limbs of the gallant officer were encased in pantaloons of double-milled elastic web; the ball had penetrated to a considerable depth in the thigh; and the doctor, even before probing, deemed it advisable to pull away from the mouth of the orifice as much of the pantaloon as possible, which operation, from its adhering so pertinaciously to the flesh, inflicted considerable pain on the general; great, however, was their surprise and delight, when, after some agreeable tugs at the aforesaid doubled-milled, the bullet fell out, and although the elastic web was rendered nearly as fine as a cobweb, it had resisted the progress of the ball, and

had effected its removal more skilfully than the finest pair of forceps.

Should this memoir ever see the light, who knows, but in the event of a war, there may be a great demand for pantaloons of such an invaluable property!

CHAPTER II.

BLACK GEORGE IN A FRIGHT—AN AMERICAN'S GRATITUDE—PURCHASE OF LIVE-STOCK—NEARLY ENTRAPPED—A RACE FOR LIBERTY—RETREAT—FISHERMEN'S HUTS—MARCH THROUGH MORASS—CROSSING A LAKE—LOST AND FOUND—JOYFUL MEETING WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE—DANGERS OF A TROUGH SEA.

ON the 14th, a general order appeared, intimating that no slave should be taken away, or liberated by the British force, and requesting that no officer would take a black inhabitant into his service.

As soon as my man, Turner, had communicated this to my man Friday, he was thrown into a state bordering on madness: he vowed, by all the saints in the calendar—for George was a rigid Roman Catholic, and held in utter abhorrence the wooden idols of Africa—that, if he could not get away from the power of his old master, and follow his new one, he would "incontinently drown himself." It was in vain that Turner explained to him that I should be subject to much blame in not obeying orders, and stay behind he must.

"Neber, Massa Turner, neber! If dat debil of Scotch Yankee, dat I run away from, in New Orleans, catch me, he kill me for true, but not all in one day; he skin me alive wid dog whip, and den show him dam teeth, and put pickle to my back say do me good. No, Massa Turner, you tell de captain when he go, give me wink of him eye, den I know what do; I go before nobody angry den, cause he no take me; me savez ver well how go George, swim like fish. Me dam hell, if me stop!"

The boy had proved so useful, and appeared so much attached to me, that I felt quite desirous to save him from the vengeance of his late employer; and, unwilling to be guilty of a breach of discipline, thought the best plan I could adopt was to give George his own way in the matter.

Our retreat was now spoken of as certain; and, as both officers and men made it the conversation, I was not surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Cox, had become aware of the intended movement.

"And so, my kind friend," he said, "you are about to quit your present quarters. You will, I guess, never forget the scenes in which you have lately been engaged. I have too much respect for you to make a single observation on the disasters which have attended the attempt on the British to add to their territory the City of New Orleans: I trust, however, your generals have learnt the dif-

ference between combating against legions of mere mercenaries, and men who fight for their hearths and homes. Nay, do not look offended, or put an unkind construction on my words. I thank you heartily for the kindly disposition and friendly services you have favoured me with, and I beg to know if it be in my power to make any return, as I should be proud and happy to convince you how deeply I feel your debtor."

"Convinced of your sincerity, sir," I replied, "I will avail myself of your offer; a dear and intimate friend was wounded on the night when you were taken prisoner; his condition is hopeless; any attempt to remove him to our ships would be attended by his immediate death. He must be left behind us. If, sir, you can soothe his last hours—if, by a kind word, my gallant friend may be assured that he is not utterly deserted, and that he has still some one near him on whom he may rely for kindness—you will indeed repay my poor services a hundred-fold."

"Rely on it, every care shall be taken of him. Where shall I find him, and what is his name?"

"I will point out the hut which he occupies. His name is Christie; a braver soldier never fought, a milder, sweeter disposition I have never met with. He is worthy of your care, believe me."

We walked towards the hut. Mr. Cox reiterated his assurance of attention, and we parted.

Colonel Dickson apprized me that, when we retreated, the Royal Oak was the ship appropriated to receive himself and staff, and expressed a great desire to obtain, if possible, some live-stock to take on board. In the immediate neighbourhood of our position it was hopeless to expect any; and I volunteered to explore the country in our rear, in the hope of gratifying his wish.

Next morning early, I started on my purveying expedition, and, passing our picket, proceeded for about six miles along the road, leading to a bend in the river known by the name of *Le Detour des Anglais*. Previously to reaching this point, I had been joined by several officers of the navy and army, who were employed on the same mission as myself. We soon found a narrow opening to our left; and shortly arrived at a small village, designated, by its inhabitants, San Bernardo, but called, by the Americans, Spanish Town. It consisted of a long and straggling collection of farm-houses, a narrow stream, which communicated with Lac Borgne, running close to the dwellings. The people were principally French or Spanish; and, as they found that liberal offers were made for their poultry, treated the purchasers with great attention and respect. The female inhabitants struck us as remarkably handsome: doubtless, we were the more disposed to admire them, as we had not been blest with the sight of any of the *fair* sex for some weeks.

I was fortunate enough to procure four large turkeys, three geese, four couple of fowls, and two couple of ducks: these devoted bipeds were fastened together by cords and haybands, and slung over the neck and crupper of my pony. No sooner did I mount, and set off homewards with my purchases, than it was speedily evident they had never anticipated the equestrian mode of conveyance, for each and all of them began to cry out after their peculiar fashion; and such a concatenation of sounds had never before assailed my ears. Several of my companions were bending their steps to the camp, few, if any, so well loaded as myself, yet each sufficiently encumbered to form an object of merriment to his fellows. A Cruikshank would have found ample material, had he viewed the ridiculous groupe; but it would have required the magic pencil of an Edwin Landseer to have painted so extraordinary a collection of red-coats and four-legged animals, loaded with feathered prisoners of the most varied plumage.

The trouble I had taken in collecting so many heads of live-stock was overpaid a thousand-fold by the commendations bestowed on me by my colonel, who was greatly pleased at the success of my journey. Anxious to prove how much I valued his approbation, I determined, without intimating my intention, to repeat my visit.

The following morning, having made some pretext for absenting myself, I set off again for San Bernardo. On arriving at the picket-house, the officer in command advised me to relinquish my intention, as he had received orders to withdraw his small force before dusk, besides which I should be alone on my expedition, no regimental officers having been allowed to pass his quarters, agreeably to instructions he had received from the general. Pleading that this order did not affect me, as belonging to the staff, on I rode.

On reaching the village, I felt convinced that it would be useless applying to the farms previously visited, and therefore determined on exploring its farthest extremity. A large house, surrounded with offices, shortly presented itself. Perceiving abundance of stock in the yard, I halted: the proprietor approached, demanding my pleasure; and I explained my readiness to exchange dollars for certain turkeys, geese, and fowls, if he felt disposed to deal with me. No objection arose, and he begged me to dismount and enter his dwelling. Complying with his request, I found his family was numerous, and some of them exceedingly handsome. The females offered me refreshments; but I declined, being desirous of getting back to quarters before dusk, and pressed the farmer to name immediately the sum I had to pay.

The old man appeared in no sort of haste to conclude our dealing; his manner became confused, and his look mysterious: I half repented that I had not listened to the prudential advice given me at the picket-house. To add to the uncomfortability of my situation, one of the sons came in, holding a formidable-looking old-fashioned key, and exchanged significant glances with his parent. This increased my suspicion; but I felt my only chance of escape was putting a bold face on the matter: so, turning to the gentleman who had "so kindly undertaken, at a short notice, to play the part of jailer," I said,

"Come, come, let us settle this mighty affair at once. Two turkeys, two geese, half a dozen fowls, and three ducks, are all you will spare me; now oblige me with a little cord, and say if a doubloon will satisfy you."

"Before I answer your question, you'll reply to me, I calculate; how many doubloons do you vally yourself at, young Britisher? because I guess Andrew Jackson wouldn't mind paying me for the trouble I should have in keeping you here, until your folk had left us, when I might take you along with me to New Orlines, to show my duty to the general."

"I shall follow your example, friend," I replied, "and put a question to you, before I answer your

very polite query. Do you think, for one moment, that any British officer would be so stupid as to put it in your power to make him prisoner? You suppose, because I am in advance of my comrades, that I am alone; in five minutes you will find out your error. A troop of dragoons accompanied me to purchase forage; and, although they have received the most strict orders to treat the inhabitants with respect, and to pay them the full value of their purchases, still, I can assure you, that the slightest attempt on your part, or any of your neighbours, to detain or ill treat either officer or man of the party, would be punished in the severest manner. I should be sorry to see your farm on fire, or your sons hung up on the opposite trees; yet a word from me would carry both into effect—and, hark! I hear the advance of my fellows; 'tis not too late for you to save yourselves from much inconvenience, by tying up those fowls, and letting me meet my men with a good account of your conduct."

Every branch of the family now evinced as much anxiety to get rid of me, as their worthy father had lately felt to detain me. The pony was loaded, the doubloon received with many thanks, and I was permitted to depart.

As soon as I was fairly out of sight of these kind friends, who had anticipated the pleasure of enjoy-

ing much more of my company, I put my horse into a smart canter, to the serious annoyance of the thirteen unfortunates, who hung in graceful clusters about my saddle. On reaching the river-side I checked my pace, in pity to the screams and cackling of my load, as well as to give the poor horse a little breath; but this well-meant intention was shortly frustrated, as, happening to look behind me, I perceived two horsemen following in hot pursuit. Nothing was left for me, but trying the mettle of my beast; not a moment was to be lost: laden as I was, the chances were against me; yet to lose what I had obtained with some little risk and trouble would be mortifying indeed. I resolved to trust to my spurs in the early part of the chase, and throw out ballast as occasion demanded.

For nearly half an hour this race for liberty and live stock lasted; my pursuers were fast gaining on me, and the geese were about to be sacrificed, when I saw, to my infinite relief, the red coat of a centinel. I pushed on with redoubled speed until I was within range of his musket; and then, feeling myself secure, had time to take a glance of those who followed me. They were attired in a sort of rude uniform, armed with sabres; but ill mounted on heavy cattle, adapted for farming purposes. Observing that my pace had slackened, they increased

their's. No sooner, however, were they aware that I was finishing the chase under the protection of British muskets, than they gave it up; and, suddenly turning their horses off the road, disappeared amongst the trees.

On arriving at the Picket-house, I related my adventures to the officer from whom I had received the caution, who congratulated me on my safe return. During my short stay here, the fowls had been taken off the pony, and I had the satisfaction of being able to present my host with four eggs, which had been laid during my visit; whether the rapid jolting the birds had undergone had hastened their production, I know not; but I did know an old woman in Ireland, who used to beat her hens, when requiring eggs in a hurry, and her system of fustigation was always attended with success.

My re-appearance at our hut was hailed with shouts of laughter, my strangely laden horse and self being nearly covered with mud, whilst the sides of my trowsers were ornamented with an embroidery, not at all regimental, for which I was indebted to my feathered fellow-travellers. When the merriment had somewhat subsided, and I recounted the gallop I had been forced to take, the colonel expressed his regret that I should have exposed myself to hazard, merely to gratify him.

Understanding that we were positively to retreat the next day, I paid a farewell visit to my dear friend Christie; he was much grieved at the idea of being left behind, assured me that he was confident of recovery, if he could be removed to the frigate of his relative, Captain Gordon; thanked me most gratefully for having interested Mr. Cox in his behalf; and, with a smile, held out his hand to bid me adieu. Never shall I forget the burning fever of that hand—I could scarcely sustain his grasp, which seemed to scorch my healthful palm; and, dearly as I loved him, was heartily glad to conclude a scene so trying.

The morning of the 18th was occupied in packing up, preparatory to our departure in the evening; Black George lending a willing hand, and disappearing as soon as every thing was ready for the move. Long before sunset, our servants and baggage were on their way down Bayou Catalan; and I, shortly after their departure, received instructions to proceed to the fishermen's huts already named, with a communication for Captain Gordon, under whose superintendence the troops were to recross the Lake. On reaching the landing-place, I found a boat just starting, and gladly availed myself of the offer of a seat in it.

The tall reeds on the right-hand side of the Bayou had been cut down, and a path marked out

for the intended retreat; the engineers had done all in their power to render this road passable, but they had to contend with a morass, hardly capable of sustaining the weight of a solitary individual, much less the march of an army. Our boat had made but little way, when we were overtaken by a most terrific thunder-storm, accompanied by an absolute deluge of rain; snugly coiled up under a tarpaulin, I had reason to congratulate myself that I had not to contend with the elements on foot.

It was dark before we reached the huts; the rain still came down in torrents, and heartily rejoiced I was to find myself by the side of a blazing fire; thanks to the friendly invitation of Captain Gordon, who occupied the largest building Soon after midnight, various officers sought the shelter I enjoyed; they had undergone the misery of forcing their way through the morass, which had not been effected without the most painful exertion, as it had been found expedient to form the line of march in single file; and, consequently, when any poor devil, exhausted by fatigue, sunk upon the quagmire, the progress of those in the rear was retarded, until he was either placed on his legs, or pushed out of the way into the high reeds by his comrades, to follow when returning strength enabled him.

The stains of this accursed swamp were visible

up to the hips of our new comers; but a valued friend of mine, Colonel Beattie of the Fusileers, whose stature was anything but gigantic, bore its marks as high as his epaulettes.

Although the retreat was attended with so much difficulty, it must be allowed, regarding it in a military point of view, that it was very skilfully managed; the enemy were not aware of our movement until daylight the next morning, and even then imagined that the British had retired in the hope of drawing them from the stronghold of their entrenched camp: this belief prevented pursuit, and enabled our stragglers to join without molestation; nor do I think a single prisoner was captured by the Americans on this occasion.

By break of day, on the morning of the 19th, nearly two-thirds of our poor fellows had succeeded in wading through the sea of mud; and the banks of the Bayou were covered by large masses of men and officers, occupied in washing off the traces of their night-march.

Our servants had been fortunately conveyed here in a man-of-war's boat; Turner informed me, that he had hardly got the things on shore, and commenced covering them from the rain, when he was joined by George, who did not at present choose to give any account of the manner in which he had found his way so opportunely.

A solitary tree stood close to these wretched huts; from its topmost branch the British flag was displayed, and the summit of its trunk was used as a look-out; frequently during the day did the zealous Gordon mount to its top, in spite of the disadvantage of his wooden leg; but he saw no demonstrations that Jonathan intended to follow up his retreating enemy.

But, although relieved from the presence of human foes, a formidable and numerous race occupied our vicinity, and it was necessary to keep a sharp look-out for these unpleasant neighbours. This horrid region of swamp was thickly inhabited by alligators; and, during the short time we occupied their territories, we were constantly annoyed by their appearance; numbers were destroyed, but, fortunately, without any accident occurring on our side.

As fast as boats were disposable, the troops were sent off from this infernal halting-place: in the course of two days most of the artillerymen had been re-embarked; and, before noon, on Sunday the 22nd, Major Munro and myself, accompanied by his servant, and two gunners of his company, set off in the jolly-boat of a transport, to make the best of our way to the shipping, the nearest of which were at anchor seventy-five miles from the mouth of the creek.

Our stock of provisions was but scanty for such an enterprize; it consisted of a tolerable allowance of biscuit, a bottle of rum, two of Madeira, a roast fowl, and a small portion of ration pork. The day was unusually fine for the season; and, as we left the shore, it became clear and bright: the Major steered, the gunners rowed, whilst Thomas and myself superintended the distribution of the provisions.

Desirous of giving our poor fellows a little rest after some hours' pulling, Munro proposed our stepping on shore, on a spot elevated about a foot from the water; and thus rendered remarkable, as for miles along the shore nothing was to be seen but the lofty reeds rising, as it were, from the surface of the lake; not a single tree was visible, to vary the feature of monotony that prevailed. On this important headland, of some ten or twelve inches from low watermark, we accordingly landed; pulled the boat high and dry, and prepared for dinner. Whilst our stores were parading, Munro retired a few paces to make his toilet, and I amused myself by cutting down the reeds within my reach. An hour soon passed, devoted to rest, food, and cleanliness. At its expiration, we again took to our boat.

Invigorated by their repast, our rowers urged us over the lake at a rapid rate; and, long before the

shades of evening fell upon us, we had gained considerable way. The major, who was provided with a pocket-compass, and knew how to bend his course in a very seaman-like style, wished to ascertain the exact time, that he might the more easily calculate how far we should be able to proceed during the night. To his utter dismay and consternation, he discovered that he had left his watch behind him, at our late resting-place. He was seriously afflicted; it had been presented to him by a most dear friend, and was very valuable. Of its merits as a time-keeper you, my kind reader, are already aware, for it was the same chronometer mentioned in the first volume.

The men lay on their oars, whilst we consulted what steps were most advisable to be taken.

"It would be madness to think of returning," observed the major, in a tone that implied he would gladly be contradicted; "we should never be able to distinguish one part of the shore from the other. No, 'tis of no use, so pull away, my lads."

"Stop, major," I said; "let us, at all events, make a trial; it will be time enough to despair, should we fail in our endeavour to recover it. What say you, lads, to a tumbler of Madeira, and a pull back?"

The gunners cheerfully assented, and "bout ship" we went. Many and many a weary mile did

we retrace our course; at length we were persuaded that we must be near the spot we sought. In spite of the increasing darkness, we endeavoured to discover the trifling inequality of ground I have mentioned; oftentimes mistaking heaps of foam for the wished-for object. The major unwillingly admitted that all farther search was vain. At this moment I perceived something which promised to crown our endeavour with success; and, interrupting Munro's regrets, cried out,

"Lads, pull away about two boats' length, and hug the shore close — easy now. My life on't this is the identical spot; I little thought, when I was amusing myself in making what Jonathan calls a clearing here, that I should ever visit it again."

Thomas leaped on shore; and, in less than a minute, announced, in joyous accents, that he had found the watch. We gave him a hearty hurrah. Munro's joy was unbounded, he thanked us all for having persuaded him to return, regarded his recovered treasure with delight, inquired the state of the liquids; and, ascertaining that a whole bottle of Madeira, and nearly half a pint of rum, still remained, all hands were supplied with a bumper; and once again we resumed our course.

It was not to be expected that our rate now could be as rapid as when we last traversed this portion of our journey; to increase our difficulty,

the wind began to freshen, and a heavy swell came rolling in from the sea; still we persevered, the Major and Thomas every now and then taking a spell at the oars, in pity to our poor boatmen, who were evidently much fatigued.

It was past midnight when a bright glare of light appeared right ahead of us; and, uncertain whether it had been kindled by friend or foe, we thought the wisest plan would be to pass it unnoticed. Our intention was shortly prevented by hearing "Boat ahoy!" loudly shouted from the direction of the fire. We answered the hail; and, on approaching, found a man-of-war's launch lying-to, and the sailors busily employed round their temporary cabouse. The midshipman in command of the launch, hearing that we had been pulling for more than twelve hours, recommended our coming aboard his craft, for the sake of the fire, and some hot grog. So kind an offer was not to be refused; our tiny boat was fastened to its larger companion; and the exhausted gunners, after enjoying the luxuries promised by the kind-hearted reefer, stowed themselves away under shelter of the baggage with which the boat was loaded, and shortly fell asleep.

Our successful search for the major's watch was told to our new friend, who remarked,

"It's rather unlucky you were forced to put back; because, if you had held on your course,

you, perhaps, might have reached the transports before the gale, which is fast coming up. For my part, I'm only giving my boat's crew a little rest, as I know we shall have tight work to keep afloat, with all this cursed load. However, if you like to remain with me till daylight, well and good; that washing-tub of your's is not exactly the thing I should like in a sea like this; so I think you had better not part company just yet."

Not long after this consolatory speech, he gave orders for a fresh departure. Fitful gusts of wind swept over the lake, succeeded by heavy showers of rain. The fire was extinguished, and our only light was from a large lantern, lashed to one of the thwarts close to a compass-box. Munro had laid himself down in the stern sheets; and, as I did not like to interrupt the midshipman by my conversation, I was left to my reflections: these were somewhat gloomy—many miles of turbulent sea rolled between our boat and the fleet; the gale increased, as my companion had foreboded; and he appeared by no means pleased with the situation. In this unenviable condition, it was my good fortune to perceive a torn and dog's-eared book lying under the seat; I hastily snatched it up, and, with unspeakable delight, discovered that the greasy and well-thumbed volume contained the adventures of Humphrey Clinker! Bending to the light, feebly

afforded by the battered and clouded lantern, I was speedily transported to the scenes of my youth. Clifton, the Hot Wells, Bath, and all the beauteous scenery of that beloved region, were vividly portrayed to my mind's eye; the storm was forgotten; I became insensible of hunger and cold, whilst revelling over the letters of my darling Winifred Jenkins. I laughed, shouted, and stamped, with delight, to the utter amazement of the reefer, who, after regarding me for some time with an expression implying his conviction that I had lost my senses, said, in a half angry tone,

"For God's sake, do sit still, or I cannot keep the boat trim."

Spite of the necessity for obedience to this request, it was with difficulty I could repress the thousand joyous feelings excited, as I proceeded with my story. Would that any description of mine could do justice to this triumph of genius over time, place, and circumstances!

The first streaks of day still found me poring over this found treasure. I had been carried home, or rather home had come to me; and the happy oblivion, which, like enchantment, had been thrown over me, had banished sleep.

As the dawn increased, the wind lulled somewhat; and the major, awaking from his slumber, no sooner perceived this favourable change than he

resolved to trust himself once more to his own boat. Thanking the youngster for his kindness, we too leave. Scarcely had we lost sight of our companion, when it began to blow hard, and the swell became every moment more formidable; our miserable little boat seemed scarcely able to contend with the rolling waters; and, every time she descended into the trough of the sea, it seemed hardly possible she would ever rise from it. Our poor fellows behaved most manfully, though it was easily seen they were conscious that our situation was nearly hopeless.

For many hours, each of which appeared an eternity, did we struggle with the raging and mighty element that momentarily threatened our annihilation. What little remained of the wine and rum was given in small quantities to the almost exhausted men, who, strange to say, during these hours of peril, had never breathed a murmur of regret that their present suffering arose from the time occupied in search of the watch.

At length the masts of some vessels were visible; this sight inspired our rowers with new life and energy—the bottles were drained to the last drop, and every nerve was strained to reach the distant ships. Oh God! how eagerly did we turn our gaze towards them! — what emotions of joy and gratitude filled our hearts as we neared them! The wind and tide being completely against us, hours

were passed in this struggle for life. Who shall describe our sensations on hearing a voice hailing us from the deck of the first vessel we approached, with the welcome mandate,

"Make fast astern, and come aboard!"

How gladly we hastened to obey! Several large boats were under the ship's lee, prevented by the gale from crossing the lake. Stepping from one of these to the other, we joyfully scrambled up the stern ladder, and found ourselves safe on board the Mary transport.

CHAPTER III.

TRANSPORTED AT OUR ESCAPE—THE BELLE POULE—REJOIN NORGE—WELCOME FROM OLD SHIPMATES—BLACK AND WHITE—THE MIDSHIPMAN'S PRISONER—LAND ON MOBILE POINT—ATTACK ON FORT BOWYER—INTERVIEW WITH AMERICAN COLONEL—THE POINT CARRIED—ALL IS NOT FISH THAT COMES TO THE NET.

WE were received with hearty congratulations by Captain Lane, and the officers of the Rocket Troop, who were, for the present, inmates of the Mary. Her skipper, a warm-hearted rough sailor, also offered us a cordial welcome on board.

"I have kept," he said, "a look-out for your boat for some hours past, and expected every moment to lose sight of it for ever, particularly, as I saw, from the first, there was not a sailor on board; and how the devil three sogers and two officers could come across that thundering lake, in such weather, I can't for the life of me imagine."

The major and myself made a most particular request that every possible care might be taken of our poor fellows, which the captain promised; for ourselves, we were sure of kindly treatment from

our brother officers. After devoting some time to the luxury of washing and shaving, we were summoned to dinner, which consisted of a leg of English mutton, some Cork potatoes, and fine old port, in capital condition. Here was "a feast for the gods," and surely no two men ever enjoyed a dinner more than Munro and myself. The transport was not sufficiently large to afford the accommodation of berths, but an ample supply of buffalo-skins upon the cabin-deck made more than amends.

Two days were passed on board the Mary. We had both received a pressing invitation to visit the Belle Poule frigate, her commanding officer, Captain Baker, having been a frequent guest at the negro hut at Villerés; the weather proving propitious, we took a grateful leave of our friends, and, after a pleasant row, found ourselves alongside the frigate. I have scarcely ever met a man with manners so truly engaging as Captain Baker: none of the proverbial roughness of the sailor was visible; his address was elegant and winning, his countenance beaming with sincerity: those who knew him best were unanimous in their opinion, that a nobler fellow or better officer never walked deck. His ship was his idol, and certainly I never saw any vessel in such complete order; nor was this state of things the result of severity; he was

adored by his crew, who felt a pride in declaring that they 'belonged to the Bel Pool, the finest frigate in the sarvice.'

The cabin was fitted up with every attention to comfort; a considerable collection of standard English works, and some excellent engravings, hung against its sides; numerous choice plants filled the recesses of the windows: these objects were naturally rendered more acceptable to me after the misery and privations to which I had lately been exposed. The dinner, with all the agremens of plate, cut-glass, and handsome china, almost appeared some fairy feast; but, when I retired for the night, and got into a cot, with sheets as white as snow, I was able to understand the sensation of poor Nell in Lady Loverule's bed, and like her was ready to exclaim—

"Oh, I died last night, and went to heaven, and this is it!"

Recollect, dear reader, how long it was since I had experienced the comfort I now enjoyed, and you will envy me.

A week passed rapidly. The troops by this time had all been re-embarked; and, the smaller class of vessels having now joined company with Sir Alexander Cochrane, I was obliged, on the 2nd of February, to bid a reluctant farewell to my most excellent friend.

Leaving Munro in his snug quarters, I determined, in the first place, to visit my old ship, and ascertain the safety of my servant and baggage. On my way to the Norge, I could not help speculating on the probability that a misunderstanding which had arisen between F—— and some of the officers, previously to our leaving the ship, might militate against my welcome; and this painful anticipation occupied me so entirely, that I was surprised to find myself close under the huge black side of the noble old ship, long ere I had calculated on reaching her. My boat was hailed by the midshipman of the watch; he recognized my voice, and I eagerly awaited the throwing out of the side ropes, that I might get on board: a pause of some minutes ensued, during which brief period a thousand strange surmises crossed me. Although conscious that I had parted with my old shipmates on the most friendly terms, I still dreaded the possibility of my being involved in F——'s unpopularity. The sidesmen at length appeared; I clambered up, and to my unspeakable surprise found every officer on deck. I was quickly informed that they had left their dinner-table to give me this assurance of regard; hearty shakes of the hand were exchanged, and I was hurried away to take my seat at the dinner-table. Just as I was about to descend, Captain Dashwood, whose notice had been at-

tracted by the unusual assemblage of officers on deck, stepped from his cabin and welcomed me on board, with a kindliness of manner that warmed every drop of my blood.

My true friend, Fletcher, who was President of the day, made room for me close to him, and our's was indeed a social meal. Many a tough yarn was spun that evening, and certainly the remark of an Irish friend of mine, that "conversation was the bane of society, because it stopped the bottle," was in the present instance proved untrue, for, although we talked, sometimes, indeed, all at the same time, the wine passed with unexampled rapidity.

On looking round the table, I suddenly missed one of "the old familiar faces," and anxiously inquired for the purser.

"Poor old Meadows!" sighed the kind-hearted Fowler, "he's gone. You may laugh at what I'm going to say, if you like, but it's true; the old boy was never himself after you left the ship, there was nobody left aboard to make him sing 'Mrs. Tippet,' or fill his glass with rum when he asked for water: he severely felt the difference when forced to sneak to bed unnoticed, instead of making his exit under a shower of biscuit and lime-peel, as he used to do; he died drunk, and with the hope of a blissful eternity. Here's to poor Nippy's memory!"

Our wine was succeeded by supper and grog;

and the spirit of the defunct purser would have smiled to perceive that his mantle had descended on many of his old companions. Norwesters were the order of the night, and I blush to to confess, that I never remember to have experienced so much difficulty in getting into my cot as upon this occasion.

I was roused from my heavy slumbers the next morning by the voice of my faithful Turner, who came to tell me it was eight bells; my head was somewhat confused from the debauch of last night, and I was forced to rub my eyes repeatedly, before I could clearly define any object. Looking in the direction of the voice, I beheld the grinning visage and pearly teeth of black George; for a moment I could scarcely believe my senses, but, jumping up in the cot, found that I had not been deceived; there he was, ready to assist Massa Turner in stowing away the bedding.

"George!" I exclaimed, "why, what the devil brought you here?"

"Me come help roll up captain's hammock, sar, ki! me very glad see you gen, sar."

"But how did you escape, you black rascal?"

"Me no scape, me come in boat, Massa Turner no know me in it; when go away fisherman hut, he tink me bit of old blanket cover the baggage, 'till him see me look in him eye, den me say, 'Gor

Amighty, Massa Turner, me gib Yankee buckra him slip. Neber see de day go back New Orleans gain.'"

"What could I do, sir?" put in Turner; "I couldn't pitch him out of the boat, and I've kept him on my own rations ever since I've been aboard, and Mr. Fletcher gave me the jacket and trowsers he has got on, out of respect to you, sir." Then, *sotto voce*, the honest fellow added, "You'll find him useful, if we stay in these parts."

I confess I was gratified that the poor boy had made good his retreat from his American persecutor, and determined to attach him to my service permanently.

My next object was to seek Colonel Dickson, from whom I had been separated ever since I had left the shore. I was really anxious to hear how he and my friend Ord had fared since we parted; and I therefore requested Captain Dashwood's permission to be put on board the Royal Oak, that I might report myself to my commanding officer. My request was cheerfully granted, and I had the satisfaction of finding both my friends in perfect health.

Our re-union was of the most cordial and friendly character. I accounted for my absence to the colonel's satisfaction, and was much gratified by the interest he evinced during my relation of the gale

which Munro and myself had encountered. In the present crowded state of the ship, the colonel recommended my return to the Norge for a time, explaining to me that the intention of the naval and military commanders-in-chief was to attack Pensacola, as soon as a fort on Mobile Point had been taken; and that I might rest assured he should summon me to his side, as soon as he could avail himself of my services.

The wardroom officers having invited me to join their mess, I learned, in the course of our after-dinner conversation, that a vast number of British had been made prisoners during the passage of our troops over Lac Borgne, and they feared that a midshipman and boat's crew of the Royal Oak had shared the same fate, as, otherwise, they ought, by this time, to have joined their ship. We were surmising the probable fate of the absent middy, when one of his messmates came into the wardroom, with a joyous countenance, announcing that Mr. Paisley was come aboard, and had brought some prisoners. All present were instantly on the alert, to learn the facts of the case, and hastened to the deck. Mr. Paisley and his principal captive were in the admiral's cabin, from which loud bursts of laughter were heard. In the course of the evening, I learnt as follows.

A purser in the United States' navy, with a

determined boat's crew, had successfully employed himself in making prisoners various small parties, that he had fallen in with on the lake; and on the preceding evening had succeeded in capturing Mr. Paisley and four seamen; their boat was sent adrift—its crew transferred to the purser's launch, which all night long traversed the lake in search of fresh conquests. The youngster by no means relished his situation; and, when daylight enabled him, implied as much to his men by the most significant glances. An intelligence was speedily established between them, and he felt assured that they would be ready to second any attempt made by him to effect their escape. The Yankee had placed his pistols on the thwart by his side; and Paisley saw, to his great satisfaction, that his captor now and then nodded, as though overpowered by sleep.

Eight stout fellows, armed with cutlasses, were at the oars, making the odds rather fearful; but this did not deter the young Englishman from making a desperate effort for liberty. A loud snore from the purser denoted a favourable moment; he seized the drowsy Yankee round the waist, and hurled him into the sea. The moment his head was visible above the water, one of his own pistols was levelled at him, and he was called on to surrender. The sailors had rushed on the rowers, and a terrible struggle ensued, which might have

terminated in favour of numbers, had not the astonished purser called out for quarter, and desired his men to lay down their arms. Paisley, to prevent the possibility of being served in a similar way, desired his fellows to tie the Americans back to back, and make them sit down forward, giving one of his hands a pistol, with orders to shoot the first man who attempted to rise. He then informed the unhappy man, who all this while had been swimming about the stern of his boat like a canvass-backed duck, that he must submit to the same discipline, until placed in safety on board the Royal Oak; where every respect would be paid him. Degrading as the terms appeared, the purser had been quite long enough in the water, to induce him to accede to them. Paisley hauled him into the boat, fastened his arms in such fashion as to render him harmless, in doing which he discovered a flask in the breast-pocket of his dripping prisoner, from which he tendered him a bumper of brandy, politely adding that he hoped it would prevent the possibility of his friend's catching cold after his dip in the sea.

Not a moment was lost by the five gallant fellows in steering their course to the fleet; and, as the morning's fracas had occurred at a considerable distance from the shore, they had, by dint of hard pulling, reached their ship at the hour I have

named. Admiral Malcolm had invited both the purser and Paisley to dine with him; and it was the American version of the story which had caused the merriment heard in the cabin.

The following day I returned to the Norge; and on the 7th inst. we came in sight of Fort Bowyer, our first object of attack. During the three following days, troops were landed at a slight distance to the eastward of the point, and I was again in full operation, superintending the formation of the park of artillery. The Fort stood on the extremity of a narrow neck of land, called Mobile Point, and appeared well calculated to defend the entrance of the Bay. The adjacent ground was thickly covered with sand, of immaculate whiteness, broken here and there by large tufts of palm or fan grass, and a few scattered pine trees. A huge sand hill, within excellent range, was speedily converted into a battery, and some heavy guns placed in position. Thus prepared, it was determined by General Lambert to summon the fort on the morning of the 11th: Major Smith, with a flag of truce, advanced for that purpose. The American officer, who replied to the summons from the parapet of the fort, requested till two o'clock the next day to consider terms, but, as such delay could not be allowed, he was forced to capitulate. The gate of the fort was accordingly given up to a guard of British troops,

the American flag lowered, and the Union Jack hoisted.

Next morning the garrison marched out, and laid down their arms, surrendering a pair of handsome colours belonging to the second regiment of United States' Infantry. Colonel Dickson desired me to obtain from the late commandant the flag of the fort, as the one lowered on the preceding day was only a "foul-weather Jack." I immediately walked towards Colonel Lawrence's quarters, tapped at the door, and, with as much respect as possible, told him my errand.

With a coarse brutality of manner, very unlike anything I had before seen even in low life, he replied—"I calculate, you see I'm pretty damned busy now—you had better come when I'm able to hear what you have got to say, mister."

"Will you be pleased," I replied, "to name the time that will suit you, sir?"

"How the infernal hell can I tell? You seem in an Almighty hurry, I guess."

"Not at all, colonel; I will return in half an hour;" and, bowing, although he had not condescended to rise, or return my salutation on entering, I left him. Until the expiration of the time I had named, I amused myself by walking up and down the broad wooden platform which ran round the fort, beneath which rude sheds were constructed as

sleeping rooms for the soldiers of the garrison; the officers were accommodated with large tents, to which chimneys of brickwork had been added. It was impossible to pass these canvass tenements without hearing what was said inside them; and, most undoubtedly, the language used by Colonel Lawrence to every person he addressed was of the grossest and most ungentlemanly description. It was evident he was not in an amiable mood, from the frequent "God d——d and everlasting"—"hell fire"—and "eternal hell:" phrases that he liberally scattered through his conversation. The half hour having elapsed, I presented myself once more at his door: tapped again: it was disregarded, or unheard, in the war of words in which he was engaged, for distinctly did I hear the irate colonel exclaim—

"I guess, major, you are telling a tarnation, everlasting, God d——d lie!"

"I calculate, it's gospel truth," was the reply, "and I've a pretty considerable notion *that* you'll find out to your cost, as soon as I report matters to Congress, colonel."

Unwilling to play the eavesdropper, I knocked more loudly and walked in; the Columbian Chesterfield stared at me like a wild cat, and, without removing the cigar from his mouth, said,

"Well, what do you want here, mister?"

Determined to preserve my temper as long as possible, I repeated what I had before told him.

"You don't seem much to care about interrupting me, I calculate, or you would wait till I was in the mind to give you an answer."

"Sir, I have waited, and will again, as I wish to treat you with every possible respect: at the same time I must fulfil my duty. If you will have the goodness to let any of your officers show me where to find the flag, I shall not trouble you with my presence again."

"I can't exactly say where about the colour is put just now, but it is to be found, I guess, if you use your eyes. If you can't lay hands on it, come back to me again in an hour; by that time, I calculate, I shall have shirted, and then I can make an *en*quiry about it."

I bowed, and left the colonel to his toilet, although his appearance bore not the least indication that he was in the habit of devoting an hour to such purpose: it was evident that if, by *shirting*, he meant changing his linen, that did appear a measure on which he had taken sufficient number of days to deliberate. I inquired of some of the non-commissioned officers of the American regiment if they could afford me any information about the flag, but they did not choose to be communicative, although their manners were very superior to those of their commandant.

I began to suspect that Colonel Lawrence did

not intend we should possess the trophy at all; and, whilst cogitating on what measures were the best to adopt, I perceived him in company with Captain Skene of the navy, descending from the platform towards the gate, and learnt they were on their way to the Asia, the ship appointed to receive prisoners of war. Stepping between them and the gate, I arrested their progress, saying,

"Colonel Lawrence, I have waited on you twice for the flag of this fort, which you have declined delivering over to me. It is my unpleasant duty to tell you, that you shall not leave this place until you have given up that flag."

"Oh hell! I forgot all about that: here, mister," he said, unlocking a small box at the foot of the flag-staff, "there it is, I guess."

And he threw the roll of buntine to me with an expression of ferocity and mortification. Having gained my object, I pulled off my hat to Captain Skene, apologized for having detained him, adding that I had nothing further to say to Colonel Lawrence: he was now quite welcome to depart.

The following day, February 13, his majesty's ship Brazen arrived, bringing the information that a treaty of peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, at Ghent, on the 24th of December, the very day after our landing in the neighbourhood of New Orleans; but, as this

welcome news did not reach us in an official shape, we were still obliged to retain our warlike demonstrations for the present. To our extreme regret, the Brazen brought no letters from England.

A large sein had been found in Port Bowyer; and, as abundance of fish were to be seen along the shore, it was speedily brought into use. A party of gunners, who had carefully thrown it out the previous night, hastened, at early morning, to ascertain the success of their labour. Numerous hands were required to haul it in, and nothing short of a miraculous draught was expected; when, to their mortification, they perceived that a huge alligator was enthralled in the meshes, and his struggles for liberty were so violent as to threaten complete destruction to the net. All the efforts of the monster to escape were vain: he was dragged on shore; the enraged soldiers endeavoured to destroy him with their short swords, but his armour was of proof; nor was he despatched, till a serjeant's halberd had been procured, and thrust into his most formidable looking mouth; when measured, his length was ascertained to be eleven feet, nine inches, the head occupying more than a fourth part of the proportion.

The fort being duly garrisoned, with Major Munro for its commandant, it was resolved on by Colonel Dickson that we should leave our present miserable encampment on Mobile Point, and cross

over to Isle Dauphine, already occupied by the main body of our force.

As I trust that the scenes I shall have to describe during our residence on the island will prove more lively than those I have lately attempted to record, I shall conclude this chapter, begging my kind reader to forgive its dulness.

CHAPTER IV.

Isle Dauphine—Encampment—Mixed Pickles—Getting up a Theatre—Amateur Committee—Interior—Scenery how painted—Shifts for Dresses—First Performance—Dying Alligator—Opportune Capture—Strange Object of Military Honours.

On the 16th of February, Colonel Dickson and his household took boat for Isle Dauphine. It was situated on the opposite side of the entrance to Mobile Bay, about five miles distant from the point on which Fort Bowyer stood.

Previously to the landing of the British, it had been under the undisputed control of one Mr. Cooney, a gentleman of Irish origin, who, at the age of forty, still held the dignified post of midshipman in the United States' Navy, and who had been sent to reside on "this lonely Isle," to perform penance for some misconduct. As our party advanced along a path newly constructed by the troops, through the thick wood which covered nearly the whole surface of this "Pine barren," we found many regiments encamped, and large parties occupied in constructing log huts for the better accom-

modation of their officers. Mr. Cooney had not been dispossessed of his dwelling, but General Keane had taken up his quarters in an outhouse attached to the small farm of the banished midshipman. Colonel Dickson wished to be as near General Lambert as possible; and, hearing that the commander-in-chief had pitched his tent about a mile's distance, and nearly in the centre of the island, we continued our route, until we arrived at a tolerably open space, round one side of which the marquees of the general and his staff were erected.

Permission was cheerfully given to the request of my chief to occupy the other side of the clearance; and before night our various tents were so arranged, as nearly to complete a half circle, opposite to that formed by the encampment of his Excellency. The picturesque effect of our white dwellings, contrasted with the lofty forest trees by which they were surrounded, together with a certain air of comfort and order pervading the spot, induced Captain D'Este, one of the aides-de-camp, to give to our new quarters the name of "Oatlands." Colonel Burgoyne, the commanding engineer, having joined our party, it was determined to construct a large log hut to serve as a mess-house, capable of containing some ten or a dozen persons; it was astonishing to see how rapidly this building, to use the phrase of the country, "progressed." The day

on which we first occupied it as a *salle-à-manger*, we narrowly escaped having our viands spoilt, by the quantity of resin which exuded from the newly-cut rafters of the roof, and descended in abundant streams upon our ration pork, beef, and biscuit. A few days remedied this evil; and it was resolved to invite Generals Lambert, Keane, and Power, the latter having lately arrived, to dine with us, as soon as any thing worthy of being placed before them could be procured.

Most opportunely, a vessel from Bordeaux, bound to New Orleans, was detained off Fort Bowyer, and from her we were able to obtain some excellent hams, besides numerous cases of chateau margaux, *premier qualité*. A fillet of veal, drest in England, preserved in jelly, and soldered down in a tin case, was furnished by Colonel Burgoyne. Thus amply provided, the intended feast was given, to the extreme satisfaction of all parties; if I may except that, on a slight occasion, the dignified demeanour of our principal guest was somewhat ruffled, and thus it happened.

Observing, on our rude sideboard, three or four square glass bottles, he desired a servant to hand him one, anticipating the addition of pickles to his repast; and, helping himself to the expected piccalilly, discovered, to his extreme horror, that he had fished up a young alligator, whose juvenile form,

after having been immersed in rum for some days, now lay stiff and sprawling on the plate of the highly-offended general, eliciting shouts of laughter, in which even his own aide-de-camp could not forbear to join. Astonished at observing how unwelcome our mirth appeared, I took the blame upon myself, apologizing for not having removed the obnoxious preparation before dinner, and assuring him that no one but myself was aware of the contents of the jar, nor of its being handed to him in time to prevent the untoward result. Good feeling was, however, shortly restored, and the evening passed away pleasantly.

About a week after we had taken up our residence at Oatlands, I had occasion to call on General Keane; and on my way to his quarters found some three or four hundred men busily employed cutting down a vast number of pine trees, under the superintendence of Mr. Steel, of the 43rd regiment. I was desirous to ascertain the object of this work of labour; and, although but slightly acquainted with the officer, presumed to inquire.

Steel was a splendid fellow, as fine a specimen of English manly beauty as need be *looked* on; he had doffed his uniform, and had adopted a sailor's jacket and hat, a costume which suited his fine form and features better than the formality of a military dress.

"Why," he replied, in answer to my question, "as we don't think there is much likelihood of any more fighting, and as we must stay on this island till we hear from England, the lads of my regiment, with the 7th, 85th, and Rifles, have determined to get up some theatrical amusements, and have left it to me to erect a theatre for them."

Need I say how rejoiced I was at this information? "How soon do you expect to complete your building, may I ask?"

"A few days will suffice, if we can get leave from the commanding engineer to land platform planks enough to construct a stage and form seats."

I hastened to offer what interest I possessed in that quarter, and intimated my readiness to join the corps dramatique, if permitted.

"No doubt, they will be glad enough to have you amongst them. Haymes, of the navy, is the manager; you had better speak to him."

Thanking Mr. Steel for his information, and wishing him all possible success in his present undertaking, I hastened onward to General Keane's, where I hoped to find Haymes, aware that he had for some time past acted as naval aide-de-camp to the general, but his new dignity was to me of much greater importance.

My visit proved opportune; several officers were assembled, debating on the subject in which I felt

so deep an interest; and, no sooner did I tender my feeble aid in the cause, than I was named as one of the committee for carrying the intended plans into effect.

Major de Bathe, of the 85th, was elected chairman, and the following important discussion ensued.

"Gentlemen," commenced Haymes, "I have the pleasure of presenting to you a volume of sterling English farces; here we have 'the Lying Valet,' 'the Mayor of Garrat,' 'Chrononothontologos,' and other classic productions; we shall be at no loss to select two of these for our first performance."

"But who shall we get to play the women's parts?" demanded a gruff rifleman, named Farmer.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," replied Colonel Beatty, of the 7th Fusileers, "that difficulty has been cared for; I have the gratification to inform you that Mr. Greaves, of my own corps, and two young gentlemen of the 43rd, now present, are most willing to undertake female parts."

"Bravo, ladies!" shouted all present.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the colonel, "as touching scenery, without which it would be impossible to perform so as to produce any illusion, I am directed by our excellent and talented quarter-master general, Major Forrest, to say, he will undertake the scenic department."

"But where shall we be able to procure colours?" asked one of the party.

"That point," replied the colonel, "I leave to the painter, and can only add, in the language of Shakspeare, 'Conclude it done.'"

"Our enterprising and industrious architect informs me," said the chairman, "that he expects to have the theatre ready in ten days: we will now proceed to decide on the pieces to be performed, and afterwards appoint actors for the various characters."

"Permit me, Mr. Chairman," said I, "to correct your phrase; for the future, be pleased to say *cast the parts*."

"Oh, he's damned well up to all the technicalities," observed one of the *young gentlemen* of the 43rd.

"Fie! fie! *Miss* Shaw," cried the colonel; "we must not suffer our young ladies to swear."

"Order, gentlemen and *ladies*," vociferated the chairman. "What say you to 'the Mayor of Garrat?'"

"I can't play Mrs. Sneak in trowsers," remarked Mr. Greaves; "and we have so few women on the island, that I despair of borrowing a decent gown and petticoat."

"Can't you have a great coat made into a riding-habit, and wear a foraging-cap? That will look very well."

"An ingenious expedient," remarked Colonel Beatty; "but Mrs. Bruin must not dress in a riding-habit too. Petticoats, gentlemen, must be provided, but that shall be an after-consideration. Now, as regards Major Sturgeon, who do you intend to play that character?"

"Who but yourself, Jack!" cried an old captain of the Fusileers, slapping his senior officer on the back; "no man in the world can play it better."

A warm debate followed, as to the respective merits of "Miss in her Teens" and "the Lying Valet;" the choice fell on the latter; and our chairman, to his evident satisfaction, was fixed on for Gayless, whilst the spacegrace servant fell to my lot. After the usual formalities, the meeting was adjourned to the following day.

I shall not attempt to detail the progressive rise of the theatre, to which so many eyes were anxiously turned; but content myself with saying that, thanks to the unwearying zeal of Steel, who, in this instance, absolutely outshone Beazley in rapidity of erection, it was declared fit to open in about twelve days from our first meeting.

Expect not, I implore you, courteous reader, that I can give you a florid description of the beauties of its architectural proportions, the elegance of its interior ornaments, or any of those particulars usually found on the opening of a building devoted

to the drama; but let me beg your indulgence whilst I attempt to picture our sylvan Temple of the Muses, of which, strange as it may appear, no foundation-stone was ever laid.

The intended area having been marked out, all the trees within the line were felled, leaving only a few feet of trunk above the roots: many of these trees were placed upright, in deep holes between those nearest the line, and the large branches lopped from the remainder were worked in and out, basket-wise, till a wall was formed of considerable height and thickness; a large opening was left at one end, to be used during the progress of building, and eventually to serve as the general entrance.

Opposite to this aperture the stage was constructed; here, the trees, root and branch, were cleared, and the sand sloped down from the rear, after the most approved angle: a trench of six feet was cut from the intended front of the proscenium, and from its base a gradual inclined plane was formed to the principal entrance; the pine-stumps were sawed away to accord with this slope, and, upon them, broad planks were placed for benches.

On the right and left, basket-work, of more delicate workmanship than that of the walls, was arranged, so as to contain seats for some ten or twelve of a side; and these wicker divisions, dignified by the

name of "stage boxes," were appropriated to the general officers. Two mainsails, kindly lent from the Royal Oak, were securely arranged as a roof to the whole, and a Spanish ensign of red and yellow buntine did duty for a green curtain.

Come we now to the scenery. I have already mentioned the doubt which had been entertained by one of our body whether the artist could possibly procure any substitutes for the various pigments essential for his purpose; our sandy isle produced neither red nor yellow ochre; the neighbouring sea was unconscious of sepia: neither Sienna nor Cologne could be visited to procure their precious earths; of Indigo, although an American produce, we were without a morsel; vermillion could not be extracted from the jackets of our soldiers, for they now resembled Spanish brown; and the very name of Lake was forbidden, as tending to remind both soldiers and sailors of their late sufferings. How, then, was it possible for Major Forrest to paint a wood?—how, without colours, produce effects of light and shade?

I much question if the united talents of those surpassing artists, Stanfield and the Grieveses, would have adopted the expedient, or employed with the same success the materials selected by the zealous major; certain it is that the columns and arch of the proscenium, a picturesque act-drop, a street,

and a chamber, were beautifully executed by him, with the aid only of the two most common ingredients in a soldier's possession—gunpowder and pipeclay!

Reader, it would ill become me were I to attempt to persuade you that black was white; but I must implore you to credit the fact that with the black and white just named our canvass was covered—be pleased to fancy an Indian ink drawing on an enormous scale, and you will have formed a tolerably just idea of our accomplished artist's scenery.

Various were the shifts, and considerable the ingenuity displayed by every son and daughter of Thespis, in collecting materials for something like an appropriate dress for the character about to be sustained; the ladies most especially were in difficulty, few women were to be found in the camp, and the poor souls who had followed their lords to the war were lamentably deficient in female finery. Ostrich feathers, ingeniously cut out of silver paper; green plumes, from the young shoots of the pine tree; a shirt cut in half made two well-sized aprons; whilst the sleeves, stuffed with dry moss, and tied with red tape from the adjutant's desk, were converted into becoming turbans; small fir-cones, and the dried berries of a shrub, name unknown, were drilled for necklaces; fans, of palm

grass; gold paper cut into brooches, earrings, and eye-glasses; these and a thousand other substitutes were resolved on, rather than evince a lack of zeal in the cause.

The important night at length arrived; our architect had considerately added a small wing to the back of the edifice, which served the purpose of a tireing-room. I need not add that it was, in truth, a *green* room. An excellent orchestra had been selected from various regimental bands—trusty, non-commissioned officers were stationed at the grand entrance to receive tickets; for none but subscribers were admitted—the stage lamps were lit; and, at seven o'clock, our manager gave the word to throw open the doors, meaning, thereby, haul up the canvass screen that served as a barrier. In a few moments every seat was occupied within the wicker walls, and a portion of the sail nearest the entrance having been quietly withdrawn, every branch of the lofty trees without, that could command a view of the stage, was thickly crowded with anxious spectators from amongst the soldiery.

"God save the king" was performed by the orchestra; then the proud cognizance of Leon and Castile rolled up, and the comedy commenced. Each actor was warmly greeted on his entrance; but the shouts that followed the appearance of our fair Melissa, Kitty, and the Mesdames Gadabout

and Trippet, rent the air. The two first, being well drilled in their parts, acknowledged their flattering reception by courtesies, setting their admirers off again in peals of laughter; whilst the bow of Mrs. Gadabout, and the military salute of Mrs. Trippet, were fresh signals for mirth.

In justice to the audience, I must remark that they were remarkably attentive, very plauditory, and evidently assembled determinately disposed to be pleased. The time occupied in changing dresses for the afterpiece was agreeably filled up by Captain Deacon's display of his vocal powers in the favourite song of "The Death of Abercrombie," which elicited great applause, especially from the occupants of the branches, proving that a gallery audience are invariably the best supporters of national music.

Colonel Beatty's personation of Major Sturgeon was admirable, and the other characters were well sustained, affording the utmost satisfaction to a brilliant and crowded audience. A present of claret, having been sent to our green-room, by some patron of the drama, who chose to keep his name a secret, every bottle of the case was drank before the actors separated; so that I found it near daybreak before I reached my tent at Oatlands.

The next day, our last night's efforts were warmly approved through the whole encampment. The

manager informed me that numerous new subscribers were added to his list. I was well pleased to hear this, as the money was appropriated to the purpose of rewarding the soldiers who had built the theatre, the band, and, last, not least, the poor women who had so good-humouredly lent portions of their scanty wardrobe. Another performance was "hotly called for;" and "Miss in her Teens" having been selected, the parts were given out to be studied.

To quit for awhile things theatrical, I will mention an extraordinary instance of the pertinacious tenacity of life which exists in all amphibious animals. I was sent to the north-east point of the island, with a communication of importance for Sir John Tylden. On my way, I encountered a Negro, who good-naturedly cautioned me against the danger of my horse being frightened by the body of a large alligator, lying on the left of the road. Thanking Blackey for his civility, I rode on, and soon came up with the subject of his warning. I perceived that the head of the creature was nearly beaten to a jelly. The eyes were closed; but a slight movement of his limbs and tail betokened that life still lingered. I reached my destination, found Sir John at breakfast, shared his meal, and set off homeward. On arriving at the spot where I had seen the wounded alligator, I was

surprised to find its position shifted to the other side of the road, and attributed this to the interference of some passers-by. Towards sunset fresh orders were to be conveyed, countermanding those of which I had been the bearer in the morning; and, as it was a fine bright afternoon, I started on foot, satisfied that the maimed creature I had observed must have been dead some hours. Arriving at the place where I had last seen the mutilated monster, my attention was attracted to a long track in the high grass. I followed it carefully; and, at length, perceived the object of my curiosity slowly making its way to the lake—impelled, doubtless, by some instinct that prompted it to seek the water, as a relief to the agony it could not fail to suffer. I hastened to perform the duty entrusted to me, determined, on my return, to put an end to the sufferings of a creature that had been so long enduring torment.

I found it on the very verge of the lake; as I approached, it made one desperate effort, and plunged into the water ere I had time to despatch it.

In less than a fortnight from the commencement of our theatrical campaign, another performance took place, which gave as much satisfaction as its predecessor; but, during which, nothing occurred worthy of record. For the third representation, great preparations were made. Presents of oil-

colours and canvass had been sent from the fleet, our artist designed and executed some new scenery, and the Fates themselves smiled on our harmless attempt at amusement; as they decreed that a small vessel, under American colours, and having on board a company of itinerant Spanish actors, making their way to Pensecola, should be captured by one of our frigates, the commander of which consented to land all the dons and donnas on the main, provided they would *lend* their gaudy, but valueless stage-gear to the officers on Isle Dauphine. This offer was eagerly accepted; and, accordingly, a chest, containing slashed jackets and puffed breeches, robes and ruffs for grandees, boots and hats for brigands, stomachers, petticoats, and mantilloes for signoras and duennas, was sent ashore by our friend of the frigate, and received with every testimony of delight by the members of the corps dramatique.

Nor was this acceptable present the only one landed from the frigate; but of the other I must beg leave to speak in the language of the friend to whom I was indebted for the information.

"And if I live to be commander-in-chief, I'll engage I'll never see such a sight as that again," laughed out Captain Travers, as I joined the groupe of brother officers by whom he was sur-

rounded, all apparently enjoying the joke he had just related.

"What sight, my dear fellow?" I eagerly inquired. "How unlucky I am in not having heard your story!"

"Story! by the seven churches, it's no story, but true as gospel—maybe, I didn't see it with my own eyes."

"Saw! what? do satisfy my curiosity."

"Why, the most remarkable instance of military honours that ever soldier witnessed; but, first and foremost, I need not remind you that, ever since we have been on this infernal desert island, our rations have been of the smallest; so that a good meal is a thing to talk of, as one of the has beens. Well, the captain of the frigate, who has been so civil to you play-actors, sent ashore a live sheep, for General Lambert; and, as the pretty innocent was lifted out of the boat, the soldiers ran to the beach to stare at it, as though the poor devils had never seen such a thing before, since their mothers bore them; but, would you believe it?"—and here he renewed his laughter—"would you believe it? as the beautiful creature was passing through the camp, the captain of the main-guard, anxious to pay all possible respect to such a distinguished stranger, turned out his men and presented arms to it!"

CHAPTER V.

NOVERFLOWING HOUSE—LOSS OF MAIL PACKET—THE DUCHESS AND THE GENERAL—NEWS OF PEACE—SHORT COMMONS—ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS—AMERICAN COMMISSIONER—SAIL FOR ENGLAND—HAVANNA—WOODVILLE'S CIGARS—CIRCUS—GAME OF MONTE—VOYAGE HOME—NEWS OF NAPOLEON—ENGLAND.

To afford an opportunity of displaying a portion of our newly-acquired wardrobe, Chrononotonthologus was selected, as one of the pieces to be presented, together with the Apprentice. Major Forrest, who had established his reputation as an artist, was on this occasion about to give "a spice of his quality" as an actor; and this was no sooner announced than, to use the phraseology of the newspapers, "a considerable sensation was created in the military and theatrical circles."

Towards the evening on which the performance was to take place, some gusty squalls from the sea tried the strength of our walls; soon after sun-set the wind lulled, and a heavy fall of rain succeeded. This did not deter the patrons of the drama from attending; an audience as numerous as on any former occasion congregated, and were safely sheltered

from the storm, by the canvass over their heads. Behind the curtain, unfortunately, matters wore a different aspect; two or three small holes were discovered in the sail, which covered the stage, through which the rain trickled in such copious streams as to threaten the extinction of the foot-lights: immediate, though ineffectual, attempts were made to stop the leaks, which occasioned some delay in commencing the performance, and created a display of impatience on the part of the audience so unmistakeable, that the manager resolved to keep them no longer in suspense.

The curtain rose, loud applause was bestowed upon a newly-painted chamber, exhibited for the first time; but, although the artist had taken all possible pains in the representation of an interior, the illusion was quickly dispelled by the entrance of Wingate and Simon, snugly ensconced under an umbrella; and the ridiculous effect was very speedily heightened by the appearance of Gargle, carrying a similar protection.

The stage-struck Dick had been confided to my care; and, desirous of convincing the audience that in their service "I smiled at the weak malice of the elements," I spouted away in spite of the rain, and even neglected to observe how very slippery the stage had become, from the unwelcome meeting of the waters; so that, having in the course of the

performance to kick open a door with apparent violence, I no sooner lifted one leg than the other fled from under me, and down I fell. A roar of laughter followed my accident, as, I blush to add, for the credit of human nature, is invariably the case, on similar occasions. I was, even then, old actor enough to know the difference between an audience laughing at, and laughing with you, and determined, if possible, to turn the tide of their mirth in my favour. I got up from my prostrate position, calmly advanced to the foot-lights, and, after allowing their laughter to subside, ventured on a quotation, which is not to be found in any edition of the farce, but which I thought the most applicable—

"When Roscius was an actor at Rome, then came each actor," &c.

The divine tragedy of Hamlet is too well known to require my finishing the line now, but its completion then fully answered the purpose intended.

Our new member, Major Forrest, would have carried away all the applause in Chrononotonthologos, had it not happened that a fair debutante, in the person of my friend Steel, enacted one of the Maids of Honor; and the feminine grace and modesty of deportment displayed accorded admirably with the dulcet sweetness of voice in which the language of the poet was delivered.

An event occurred at this period, which for several days threw a gloom over our whole camp. We had been absent from England nearly six months, and not a single letter had reached us; I need not say how intense an anxiety existed for the arrival of news from home—judge, then, what our feelings were on learning the unwelcome intelligence that the ship which had been employed in collecting letters for us at Barbadoes, Jamaica, and Bermuda, was lost; and, although the crew were saved, the numerous mail-bags had perished.

To dissipate the melancholy produced by this most untoward disaster, another play was proposed; and, as a copy of "the Honeymoon" had been found, it was determined to enact that very pleasant comedy of Tobin's. * Not to weary you, my dear reader, with any more lengthened details of our theatrical doings, I shall briefly say that more than usual pains were bestowed on its production, and that Major Forrest, who was to personate Aranza, in an unlucky moment, selected me as the representative of the haughty Juliana.

* Captain Cooke, of the 43rd, who has written an *amusing* narrative on the events of this period, in his mention of our dramatic doings, seems to imply his belief that West, of the Engineers, who performed Lampedo, was extemporaneously comic, when, on being ordered to swallow all his own pills, he said "one's a dose!" The gallant captain will, I trust, forgive my referring him to the play of the Honeymoon, where he will find that the joke is Tobin's, however humorously West might deliver it.

Perfectly conscious of my utter unfitness for the character, still I brought into action what little taste I possessed, to render my feminine costume as suitable as possible. Notwithstanding all my pains, I could not overcome the conviction that I was out of my element, and that all the labour bestowed on studying and dressing the part would prove in vain. "Coming events cast their shadows before;" the night, the fatal night arrived; an unusually numerous audience had assembled, and our two stage-boxes were filled with the three generals, and their personal friends. Never, surely, was any character so little suited for an unfit representative as Juliana! Her first speech is an absolute begging the question. Much flurried, I made my appearance: a suppressed titter, mixed with applause, followed my entrance, and thus I spoke—"Now, sir, what say you, do I to the life appear a duchess?"

"By Jasus, you don't, Hill!" roared out General Keane, from the infernal stage-box; nor was he singular in his opinion, if the most uproarious laughter that I ever heard might be received as a confirmation.

The following week, the official news of peace reached us, and a communication was immediately opened with New Orleans. Messieurs La Ronde, Bienvenu, and Villeré, either came, or sent their representatives, to the island, to look after the

slaves, male and female, who had contrived to follow us on our retreat; but these gentlemen arrived somewhat too late, as the most valuable members of their live stock were, long before this, on their way to Demerara, having, it is said, expressed a strong desire to serve Mr. Cochrane Johnston; and his relative, Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, had been so obliging, doubtless from the most disinterested motives, as to gratify their wishes.

A vast number of these wretched creatures, however, were still in our camp, and every possible facility was afforded to their proprietors to assist their endeavours for reclaiming their stray sheep.

My black boy, George, no sooner heard of the arrival of the planters, than he resolved to "adopt invisibility," until they had retired; and so cautiously did he keep himself hidden that, of all the Negroes who had enlivened our camp, he was the only one left, when the proprietors departed with their recovered treasures.

For a length of time past, our rations had been reduced to about a fourth of their usual quantity, and our poor fellows almost subsisted on oysters and other fish, of which fortunately an abundant supply was easily procured. The ever-zealous and kind-hearted Admiral Malcolm had made all possible exertion to remedy the evil, hitherto in vain; a frigate had been despatched to Jamaica for pro-

visions, and their arrival was hourly expected. Observing the admiral on the beach one afternoon, telescope in hand, I could not resist inquiring if he had any news on so important a subject as beef and biscuit. He informed me that our present situation was most distressing; as he did not think there could be found, either in the fleet or on shore, an ounce of meat per man; and with so frightful a certainty he could not rest, but had been half a dozen times down to the shore, hoping to get sight of some friendly sail.

Evening was fast approaching, but the horizon was bright and clear; along its line I watched the sweeping of the admiral's glass, and the look of disappointment which followed it. I was about to take my leave, when, in joyous accents, my companion apprized me that he saw three vessels bearing down upon the fort; less than half an hour brought the strange craft sufficiently near for the practised eye of the gallant officer to make out that they were store-ships. His noble face was now lit up with smiles; and he requested me to lose no time in getting to Oatlands, to inform General Lambert that all fear of starvation was at an end.

The next day, an ample supply of beef, pork, biscuit, and rum, reached us; and with these came, to our inexpressible delight, a vast file of English newspapers. Amongst the varied and in-

teresting intelligence they contained, was the Gazette, recording the elevation of my kind and valued friend, Colonel Dickson, to the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath; similar honours had fallen to the share of Generals Lambert, Keane, and Power; but on no one could the distinction have been conferred who was more richly deserving than my dear chief.

The month of March was drawing to a close—preparations were made for the re-embarkation of the troops, during which it was resolved to give one more dramatic representation. I cannot omit recording the proposition of one of our *corps dramatique*, whilst we were consulting on what pieces we should select for our last evening's entertainment.

"I vote," said Amphlett, "that 'Don Juan' be the final performance; and, as we have no shower of artificial fire, to represent the region to which the Libertine is ultimately consigned, let us set the theatre on fire, and have a little Hell of our own."

Had this bright idea been carried into execution, it could not have failed in producing an effect at once unique, and unequalled in reality of representation; in compliment to Steel, however, the huge basket was suffered to remain; the stores lent by the fleet and engineer department were returned; but whether the Spanish dresses ever found their way back to the right owners I cannot take upon myself to declare.

A day or two previous to our departure from Isle Dauphine some American officers came, as commissioners, to receive Fort Bowyer from our hands. The senior of the party, a colonel in the service of the states, was a very elegant and intelligent man; he took some refreshment at our log hut, and I shall remember, as long as I live, his saying,

"I fear, gentlemen, you have not formed a very favourable idea of the manners of my countrymen; they have much to learn and unlearn before they can be fit associates for English society." We felt disposed, even at the expense of sincerity, to allow that most of the officers we had seen were well-bred men; I could not, of course, help excepting Colonel Lawrence.

"Ah!" added the American, "I can easily understand how strangely uncouth their conversation and habits must have appeared to you; for I have passed ten years of my life in England, and I am spoilt for even the best society of my native country."

The two last days of March were occupied in preparations for our departure; and on the 1st of April we left this island of alligators, rattlesnakes, bull-frogs and pelicans, once more to the control of Mr. Cooney, the venerable midshipman.

A noble ship, the Royal Oak, was appointed to

convey Sir Alexander Dickson and his staff to England. On reaching her we found an unusual complement of passengers on board, arising, doubtless, from the high respect that every one entertained for Sir Pulteney Malcolm, whose flag-ship she was. Sir John Keane, Sir Manley Power, and their A. D. C.'s, together with my chief and Major Ord, were the admiral's guests. The Emerald Isle could not produce two more splendid specimens than the two generals, whilst Scotland might proudly boast of Malcolm and Dickson. Ord was the only Englishman of the party, and a finer fellow never trod the earth.

The wardroom was tolerably well filled, having, besides its full complement of officers, four of my own corps, Mr. Scovel, a civilian, and myself. We sailed on the 3rd: and, after a pleasant passage, reached the island of Cuba, on the 21st. Our entrance into the harbour of the Havanna was first indicated by an unusual gloom pervading the wardroom, occasioned by our passing close under the lofty ridge upon whose summit the Moro Castle was situated. The view from the deck was of a singularly interesting character. On our left frowned perpendicular rocks, crowned with extensive fortifications; these, by a gradual descent, were united to a portion of the town, seen over our larboard bow; whilst the main portion of the

city, with its numerous churches and religious houses, spread from the starboard quarter, terminating in a low fort, built on the sand, which formed the opposite entrance to the harbour, and strangely contrasting, like the threatened change of mirth to sadness, so frequent in the language of schoolboys, with the other side of its mouth.

As we slowly advanced to our intended anchorage, a large convent on our right attracted much attention; its numerous windows were covered with impenetrable jalousies, whilst the garden-walls, hanging over the harbour, were profusely ornamented with aloes, prickly pear, cactus, and other gigantic specimens of tropical vegetation. Numerous vessels were moored off the extensive quays, and the colours of most European nations were to be observed, producing a pleasing and gay effect in the groupes of shipping.

Early in the day we let drop our anchor, and I hastened to get on shore. The streets of this extensive city are remarkably narrow, and built in a series of parallels, with cross streets at right angles. The houses are principally of stone, and, with few exceptions, constructed after the fashion of old Spain; commodious verandas projecting from the upper stories, and a large gateway in the front, opening upon a quadrangle. The shops make very little display of the wares they profess to sell,

but, to make amends for the absence of the realities, have, in most instances, very gaudy paintings of their separate commodities, covering the front of the lower part of the house; some of these were really skilfully handled, particularly the fruit and preserve stores, and the depôts for silks, cottons, and damasks.

The extreme heat of the climate is certainly a sufficient excuse for the absence of bodily exertion, which, I presume, in some measure, accounts for the extraordinary number of vehicles to be found, on hire, in the streets; these, denominated volantés, are invariably of one form, a cabriolet-shaped body, with a large square opening at the back for the advantage of air, drawn by one horse in shafts, and driven by a Negro postillion. The drivers deserve mention: they were attired in jackets of scarlet, blue, green, and orange, ornamented with a profusion of gilt or silvered buttons; straw hats of endless variety; inexpressibles certainly, but no stockings, as their lower limbs were encased in huge jack boots, equal to any seen on the Normandy route to Paris. This portion of French costume was universal, whilst many added still more to the resemblance, by sporting huge false queus, dangling from their woolly heads.

Another reason exists for the immense number of these volantés, in the fact that no one but the

governor is permitted to have a plurality of cattle attached to his carriage within the walls of the city.

The government-house forms one side of a handsome square, and is a very superb building; it was occupied, at the time of which I am speaking, by an old acquaintance of our glorious Nelson, Admiral Appodoca.

Churches, in Catholic countries, are always most invitingly open; no wonder, then, that, to avoid the intense heat, I speedily took shelter in one; it was a magnificent structure, dedicated to Saint Domingo, and adorned with numerous pictures, representing passages in the life of that holy man; the great altar was embellished with wax-tapers, choice flowers, and a profuse display of jewels and precious metals. Descending to the cloisters, I found their walls ornamented with frescoes, painted in a masterly style, each subject surrounded by a deep arabesque bordering, whose vivid colours were only to be compared to the combinations of a kaleidoscope.

Vast numbers of monks were to be seen in all directions, not only within the precincts of their monasteries and churches, but in every street and square of the city; the various habits of their separate orders were not more striking than was the variety of the human face divine to be observed beneath their cowls; some, beaming with bene

volence and intelligence, were worthy representatives of holy Mother Church, whilst others, with bloated visages, and obese persons, gave ample indication of the life of luxury and sloth they led.

A large party of English assembled at one of the principal hotels, and an excellent dinner was placed on table, which could not fail to afford satisfaction to fellows, who, like ourselves, had been some months unused to the luxury of a well-spread board.

The following day found me early on shore ; and, hiring a volanté, I set off to visit the celebrated manufactory of Woodville, whose cigars are now known all over the world : the establishment was some distance from the city-gates. The country through which I passed possessed nothing very remarkable to recommend it to notice, with the exception of some extensive gardens, filled with exquisite-looking fruit, and flowers of a size and brilliancy of colour, exceeding anything I had ever seen in the choicest conservatories in England.

Arrived at my destination, I encountered many of my brother officers engaged in selecting cigars ; my object was to obtain a quantity of a particular snuff, for which the house was famed. I experienced great civility from one of the overseers of these extensive premises, who escorted me over them. Under long open sheds were seated, each

at a separate table, a number of Negroes, and the leaf and cut tobacco was supplied to them by young black urchins, who skipped about with incredible activity, considering the state of the atmosphere; upon a portion of flattened leaf enough of the cut herb was placed, and then, by the application of the wet fingers of the operator, whose saliva was in constant requisition, these materials were speedily rolled into a cigar, the twist at the top being given by placing it between the back teeth.

In spite of the disgust I felt at thus learning the art and mystery of their fabrication, I bought some bundles of the "best yellows," and a few of the smaller sort, called Pahillos, so extensively patronized by the ladies of Cuba.

Returning to town, I found my servants waiting at the hotel, to carry on board the various purchases of the day. The landlady, a Creole woman, who spoke very tolerable English, after having surveyed George with the eye of a connoisseuse, said to me—"You do not mean to trouble yourself with taking that nigger with you to England—he can do no good there, better leave him with me: I will be a good mistress to him, for he is a strong young fellow, and I want just such a chap for an under-waiter."

"I am sorry, madame, to refuse you," I replied, "but I have not the remotest idea of parting with

him; he is a very intelligent fellow, and, in time, will make an excellent servant."

"Ah, you don't know them black people so well as I do: the whip is the only thing to make them learn. Now you take my advice—let him help your buckra servant to do what you want now, and tell him to come back here at night; and, instead of him, you shall have your purse the heavier by a hundred and fifty dollars."

I do not mention this to take any merit to myself for resisting her offer, but to show what a mere matter of traffic human flesh and blood is considered in this region. Directing Turner to keep an eye on his companion, I sent them off as quickly as possible.

About an hour before sunset I accompanied a large party towards the verge of the town, to witness some equestrian performances. The circus was of considerable size, consisting of two tiers of boxes, beneath which was abundant standing-room for the lower classes. The circle nearest the ring was the resort of the *haut ton;* it contained a large box fitted up for the governor, surmounted by a handsome canopy, and the portrait of Fernando Septimo adorning its front. The building had no roof, being only used for daylight exhibitions. Vast numbers of our naval and military officers were attracted to this Transatlantic Astley's;

amongst them were two of our generals, who were attended by the British consul.

I shall content myself with mentioning the conclusion of the performance, which was so timed as to take place just as it became dusk.

The clown of the ring entered the arena on stilts, so high as to place him on a level with the company in the boxes; to his mouth he held a cigar of enormous size, about which he made a variety of jokes, that were highly relished by the gentlemen below, but which, I lament to say, I did not understand. The witty smoker was speedily followed by a knight, mounted on his war-steed, and caparisoned in a strange looking armour and harness, hardly to be defined in the declining light; whilst the gallant cavalier was capering and curvetting round the ring, he of the stilts requested permission to light his cigar from the pahillo in the lips of a donna, who drew back much scandalized at the familiarity of the parti-coloured varlet, his burlesque apologies to the offended fair-one serving only to draw all eyes upon her: ultimately succeeding in obtaining his request, he now approached the equestrian, who, by this time, had taken up a position in the centre of the circus, and, applying the cigar to the crest of the helmet, both man and horse were in an instant enveloped in a *feu d'artifice*, which fell in myriads of brilliant sparks, whilst

the well-trained animal pawed the earth, keeping time with the band, who played "Viva el Rey Fernando."

It was my intention to have gone on board this evening, as I understood we were to sail in the course of the following day; but I was prevented by the sentinels posted round the harbour, who would not suffer a shore-boat to put off without express permission. Nothing was left for me but to return to the hotel where I had dined, and remain there till sunrise, at which time communication with the shipping commenced. As I strolled at a leisure pace, enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening, my attention was suddenly arrested by the voices of some unseen persons singing a lively Spanish air, accompanied by the guitar. I soon ascertained that these sounds proceeded from a spacious court, within the gateway of a large and elegant mansion; and, as the wicket stood wide open, I could not resist the temptation of trying to see as well as hear. I speedily found myself entering a handsome quadrangle, covered by striped awning, tastefully fastened to some umbrageous trees, whilst orange, lemon, and pomegranate shrubs, some bearing fruit, others in full blossom, were arranged round the sides. In the centre was a large circular table, with massive silver branches, holding numerous wax lights, and round it were seated some ele-

gantly-dressed senoras, a few senors, and ten or twelve monks, all busily employed at cards.

Imagining that I had intruded upon a private party, I was about to withdraw, when a black man, in a showy livery, presented me with some iced lemonade, on a richly-chased salver, and addressed me in Spanish, a language of which unfortunately I was totally ignorant. Perceiving that he had failed in making himself understood by words, he had recourse to pantomime: his gestures and actions were so admirably expressive, that I quickly learnt from them that my presence was by no means unwelcome. Beckoning me to follow him, he made way for me at the table, and seated me next to a venerable padre, whose beard nearly reached to his girdle: the old man welcomed me with a smile; so, finding myself thus suddenly in the presence of women and priests, I concluded I had little to dread.

I watched for some minutes the game they were playing: it appeared very similar to lansquenet; and I observed that my holy neighbour invariably backed the cavallos (the knave in the Spanish pack is thus designated, from his being represented on horseback); and, thinking I could not do better than follow the example of the pious gamester, I placed a quarter-dollar on the next cavallos that appeared: his knaveship brought me back double my stake. I ventured next to sport a dollar upon the

equestrian honour, and was again successful. The banker seemed quite delighted at my good fortune, doubtless from some benevolent motive of his own; the old monk, too, seemed flattered that I had adopted his favourite card. Thus encouraged, I was insensibly led on, till I hesitated not to stake that beautiful coin, the doubloon, which weighs an ounce of nearly pure gold, and fortune still favoured me. A liberal supply of choice fruits, cakes, chocolate, coffee, wines, and liqueurs, were handed round, whilst the winners laughed, the losers waxed wroth, and both ladies and friars, judging from the violence of their utterance, vented their rage in oaths and unseemly exclamations. The bell of a neighbouring convent, tolling for some midnight mass, compelled many of the monks to leave this exciting amusement; it was evident they did so with great reluctance. Taking advantage of their departure, I left also; on reaching the hotel I hastened to count the contents of my purse, and found, to my surprise, that, notwithstanding my ignorance of the game and the language of the players, I had won no less than thirty-two doubloons.

I reached my ship in time for breakfast, and learnt that we were to weigh anchor before noon. Doubtless, my kind friends at the Monté table lamented the suddenness of my departure, as depriving them of all chance of regaining their gold.

One of the American schooners, captured by the gallant Lockyer, on Lake Borgne, had been appropriated to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, as a tender; and this beautiful little vessel was duly manned and victualled, previously to our leaving the harbour: the midshipman in command of her was also apprized of the intended course of the Royal Oak, and desired to keep as much as possible in our wake.

About eleven o'clock on the 23rd, we stood out to sea, in company with the Seahorse frigate, Captain Sir James Gordon, and the tender. For many days the weather proved so favourable, that Sir James and his passenger, Captain Lockyer, boarded us frequently—either to dine with the admiral, or to pay a visit to the wardroom, for the purpose, as the good-humoured commodore was wont to express himself, of "burning backy." Smoking is usually accompanied by drinking, and many a boozing-bout followed our visit to the isle of Cuba.

Our fare on board was excellent: the caterer had purchased a most liberal stock, not only of sheep, pigs, and poultry, but wine, porter, and fruit. Pines and water-melons were placed on table nearly every day during the voyage, and delicious green limes added much to the flavour as well as the fragance of our punch.

A continuance of fair wind had enabled us to make prodigious progress on our course; when, towards evening on the 2nd of May, a strange sail was descried. The admiral ordered a shot to be fired to bring her to; and, as soon as she was within hail, he took the speaking-trumpet to overhaul her: it proved to be a merchantman from Liverpool, bound for Boston.

"Have you any news?" demanded the admiral.

"Yes," replied the skipper, "great news—Boneyparty 's in Paris."

"None of your impudence," cried the incredulous querist. "What news have you?"

"Just what I told you, sir. I am rather short of hands aboard; but, if you'll send a boat to me, you shall have a Times paper, with all the particulars."

A boat was instantly lowered, and put off; the intelligence spread, like wild-fire, through the ship; and the deck was soon crowded with officers, who impatiently awaited the confirmation of an event apparently so incredible.

"By Gad!" exclaimed Sir John Keane, with his usual vivacity, "if that Liverpool chap has been trying to hoax you, admiral, I hope you'll sink him."

Our boat returned; a soiled and greasy copy of "the leading Journal" was handed to Sir Pulteney

who instantly retired to his cabin, followed by his guests. After an absence of but a few minutes he returned, and, with his usual kindness and consideration, read the account aloud to the assembled groupe. I never witnessed more intense excitement than the intelligence created: a certain continuance of war inspired the brightest hopes of promotion; lieutenants almost fancied themselves captains, and middies looked askance at their shoulders, as though already adorned with that golden badge familiarly denominated, in the navy, a swab.

The greatest desire prevailed to reach Europe as quickly as possible; a gale was springing up; all hands hoped it might bring an increase of favourable wind, but in this we were disappointed; it blew right in our teeth: and, after knocking about for nearly a week, under bare poles, we found ourselves separated from the Seahorse and the tiny tender; how they had weathered the gale no one could say. The breeze was succeeded, as is often the case, by a dead calm, accompanied by a tremendous swell, which materially deranged the economy of our breakfast and dinner tables: plates found their way to the floor, and soup into the lap, in the most agreeable manner possible; in vain were pea-puddings—I don't mean the concomitant to boiled pork, but long tubes filled with dried peas—lashed to the table; inanimate things appeared

to be gifted with life, rolling, or gracefully twirling about, just as they pleased. This state was too blissful to last; fair weather succeeded foul, and on went the gallant ship. We contrived to beguile the tedium and sameness of life on shipboard, by establishing a picquet club, and many an otherwise dull hour was killed by that fascinating game.

Before we made the Scilly islands, a frigate bore down on us, with orders from government that all ships with troops on board were to proceed to the Downs, and await further orders. We ascertained that no active warlike demonstration had yet been manifested by Napoleon, and congratulated ourselves on the prospect of being in time for the commencement of hostilities.

The kind-hearted Sir Pulteney had frequently expressed his deep regret at the probable fate of the crew of his tender; on the 29th, Mr. Keith, his signal midshipman, descried the little vessel, and hastened with the welcome intelligence to the admiral. He was overjoyed at the news; watched, with eyes half filled with tears, the approach of the craft, and, when it came alongside, was the first to apprize the fine young lad who had so skilfully made his way across the Atlantic that he was promoted, by desiring Lieutenant ——— to come on board. Need I say how nimbly the newly-created officer got up the ship's side?

The evening of this day, being in all probability the last which many of the passengers would pass on board, Sir John Keane and Sir Manley Power paid a farewell visit to the wardroom, and their unaffected good humour and relish for mirth contributed much to the happiness of the party.

On the 30th, at daylight, we were off the back of the Isle of Wight, and, before seven o'clock, anchored at Spithead. With what sensations of delight I looked on "my own, my native land" again I shall not attempt to describe. Taking leave of my companions, I lost no time in getting on shore. Scarcely had I set foot on the steps of the landing-place, when Turner congratulated his fellow-servant to the following effect:—

"Now, Master George, you may snap your fingers at your Yankee master. I'd advise you to keep those shoes with the dirt on 'em all the rest of your life; for that bit of English mud has made you a free man, you young rascal, so take care to behave yourself like one."

CHAPTER VI.

PORTSMOUTH — HASTY VISIT — KEAN'S MACBETH — OFF FOR FLANDERS—OSTEND—BRUGES—ST. ELOI—RUMOURS OF DEFEAT—MAJOR PERCY'S ARRIVAL—A FRENCH SPY—GHENT —SIGHT-SEEING—A GREAT GUN.

"WHAT would you like to have, gentlemen, besides tea and coffee?" asked the waiter at the Crown, where many from the Royal Oak had assembled to breakfast.

"Every thing you have in the house!" said one.

"Plenty of cream and milk," cried a second.

"Hot rolls and lots of butter," shouted a third.

"Above all, some new-laid eggs," added a fourth.

"And, d'ye, hear?—water-cresses, if they are to be had for love or money."

"I should prefer some Isle of Wight shrimps."

"Shrimps be damned! they are so troublesome; give me slices of ham, and thin bread and butter."

Trifling as these various orders may appear to those who every day have sat down to a good breakfast, they were, in our case, matters of much moment, as very many weeks had passed unconscious of milk, eggs, and fresh bread: judge, then,

how truly we enjoyed these simple things, as luxuries long denied.

Whilst one waiter was laying the cloth, another employed himself in arranging various articles upon the sideboard. In order, I presume, to save time, he threw into the street some water from a cut glass jug; this action excited a cry of horror from many present. The man stared, wondering what he had done to cause such feeling. A moment or two sufficed to remind those who had been shocked at the wilful waste, that, although they would have given yesterday two or three dollars for a jug full of such water, yet, for the present, they would not be forced to allay their thirst with a liquid nearly as thick as treacle, as yellow as copper, and with a perfume that forced the drinker to close his nostrils whilst swallowing it.

As some time would elapse before the arrival of my company, which I was now about to rejoin, Sir Alexander kindly permitted me to have a few days leave of absence, with the understanding that I should reach Deal before a week's end, as, in all probability, the transport, which Major Munro and my brother officers were aboard, would, ere then, have got to the Downs. I gladly availed myself of this brief period to pay a visit to my family, and reached them on the next day. Amongst the many subjects we discussed, I learned that my friend

88222

Prescott had been playing at Bristol; during which time he had been a guest at my home.

One entire day was all I could devote to those from whom I had been so long separated; on the 2nd of June I again bade them farewell. Whilst changing horses at Bath, Prescott, who had been apprized of my return, past a few minutes with me; we had only time to exchange mutual greetings, and for me to learn the gratifying intelligence that he was satisfied with the success which attended him in his new and arduous profession.

The following morning I transacted some necessary business with my agents, and would have left in the evening for Ramsgate; but Kean was to act Macbeth at Drury-lane, and I resolved on seeing him, anticipating a rich treat. Resorting to the theatre in the most uncritical mood, with a predetermination to be pleased, I must confess that I was woefully disappointed in that wonderful little man's personation of the ambitious Thane. To my poor thinking, there was a lack of dignity in his performance; he was, besides, gaudily dressed. The beautiful costume of old Gael was beplastered with spangles and gold ornaments, destroying its noble simplicity. I was certainly pleased with his reading of the passage, "Hang out our banners;" because, as a soldier, I knew that from "the outward walls the cry" would naturally arise of the ene-

my's approach; and that *there* it was not usual to risk the loss of colours by displaying them. Nor can I omit my unqualified praise of his splendid display of swordsmanship. The fight with Macduff was far superior to any other portion of his performance. There was an earnestness and reality about it that was highly exciting.

I reached Ramsgate on the morning of the 5th; and "reported myself present" to Major Munro, whom I found domiciled with his intimate friends, Lord and Lady Edward Bentinck. Her Ladyship was a daughter of Cumberland the dramatist, and possessed a considerable portion of her father's talents.

The Major and myself proceeded, as speedily as possible, to Deal; and found the company on board a Dutch vessel, named the Frederick, which got under weigh immediately on our arrival. My friend F —— met me with great warmth; I had not seen him since the fall of Fort Bowyer; but I carefully avoided the mention of our New Orleans' campaign, conscious that it would awaken painful recollections.

Ostend was dimly visible the following morning. About noon, having been obliged to wait for sufficient water to carry us across the bar, we entered the harbour. So many transports were unlading, men, horses, and munitions of war, that three hours

elapsed before we could proceed to the town. After marching the men to the *Place*, and procuring billets for them, I had time to look about me; and, certainly, the quaint old buildings, with their gables towards the street, and their innumerable windows, were unlike any others I had yet looked on. The people, too, realized the groupes seen in the works of Teniers, Cuyp, and Wouvermans: no change had apparently been made in the fashion of their garments. We were recommended to dine at a table d'hôte at the Hotel de Maison Ville; and, although we mustered a strong party, were waited on solely by a good-looking young vrou, whose attention and activity rendered farther assistance needless.

Early next day I accompanied Major Munro round the works, it being a matter of importance to render them as defensible as possible, the French garrison of Nieuport having made two or three manifestations of an intention to attack a town which had become so valuable as a landing-place for British troops. Various preparations for defence were made, and alarm-posts fixed on, in case of our neighbours carrying their threat into execution.

I could not resist expressing my hope to my senior officer that we were not to remain in our present quarters, but, as soon as another company

arrived, that we should move on to join the Duke at Brussels. I was informed, in reply, that it was very improbable any change of our present destination would take place, as the state of the garrison required the advantage of experienced officers. To use an American phrase, "I bit my breath, but was a lectel madded."

A café, in the Grand place, was the general rendezvous of the officers of the garrison, both British and Dutch: and I remember being somewhat astonished the first time I visited it, at hearing the call of "*Garçon*" answered by a little old man, with a most awful obliquity of vision, and a pair of knees that rubbed one over the other, as he hobbled about the room, to attend on the company. 'Tis true that, in England, we call our chaise-drivers, postboys; no matter whether they be eighteen or eighty: still this droll old fellow did not, if I may use such a phrase, translate in his person the word *garçon*. The walls of the room were covered with well executed paper-hangings, containing a series of subjects illustrating the voyages and death of our great circumnavigator, Cook; and, as they were decidedly of French manufacture, I was not a little pleased at the compliment paid to the enterprize of my ill-starred countryman.

Our small mess, which we had established at the

Hotel de Maison Ville, was, on the 9th, augmented by the arrival of a troop of horse-artillery. Its captain, Norman Ramsay, was brother to my poor friend Alic, of whom I have before made mention; and it was my melancholy duty to detail the particulars of his last moments to his gallant brother, little dreaming that, in ten days, Norman's fate would be similar.

Sunday afternoon, to my extreme joy, a transport arrived, having on board my servants and baggage, which enabled me to appear, for the first time since my landing, in uniform; what duty I had been called on to perform had been *en bourgeois:* a frock coat, round hat, and coloured neckcloth; this costume occasioning many *contre-tems* with the men and officers of my own corps, to whom I was not personally known.

On the 13th, Sir Alexander Dickson, accompanied by Mr. Henegan, Chief Commissary of Ordnance, passed through, on their way to head-quarters. It was a source of extreme gratification to me to receive an assurance from the colonel that, if he were fortunate enough to obtain a command, I might rest assured of being again attached to his staff.

Sir Thomas Picton landed in the afternoon, and, although somewhat late in the day, set off for Brussels. Another and another company of Artillery ar-

rived and departed, and still it was our fate to remain stationary.

By this time I had made myself familiar with every part of Ostend; had visited the theatre, museum, town-house, and all its objects of attraction, and now more than ever longed for a change of quarters; as that appeared unlikely, I took advantage of being off duty on the 17th, and, with a friend, named Bruce, rode to Bruges. The entrance to this picturesque and fine old town is peculiarly striking. Beneath the long avenues of trees on each side the chaussée, many mendicants were congregated; this spot had been their chosen resort time out of mind, and I could not fail to remember that it was the same which Beaumont and Fletcher had immortalized, in their comedy of "the Beggar's Bush."

It was fortunate that we had determined on visiting Bruges on this particular day, as it happened to be set apart in honour of St. Eloi, whose bones, once in a century, are removed from their sepulchre, and carried, with great ceremony, to various quarters. The streets through which we passed were decorated with tapestry, green boughs, and bouquets, tastefully arranged; and we had not dismounted many minutes at the Hotel d'Angleterre, ere the procession came in sight. A number of ecclesiastics first appeared, attired in white robes,

and wearing strange-looking conical black caps, with a round tuft of worsted on the top; laymen, bearing lanterns, tapers, and banners, followed; then came a body of choristers, singing as loud as their lungs could clink; on a bier, carried by some dignitaries, whom Bruce, by the way, struck with the richness of their habits, denominated Field Officers, in the church service, was placed a small chest, inlaid and decorated with steel, having a massive lock curiously ornamented, and this case was supposed to contain the bones of the saint; whether it did or did not, he who kept the key could best say; the good citizens, however, took it for granted, and prostrated themselves, in pious adoration, as the sacred relics were carried past them. The burgomaster, or mayor, I forget the exact title of the official, and a body of townsfolk, male and female, closed the line of march. As soon as the coast was clear, my companion and self took a ramble through the streets, and were rewarded for our pains by the sight of some splendid vestiges of architectural grandeur. There was little indication of the activity which once pervaded the good town, when it was looked on as the mart of Flanders, and when its merchants were, in point of wealth, superior to those of any other nation, little England excepted.

It rained in torrents on the morning of the 18th,

but it was imperative that I should return to quarters, and a complete soaking was all that fell to *my* lot, on that ever-memorable day.

On the 20th, I was making my way to the lodgings of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who had only come on shore the previous day, when I perceived an unusual number of the inhabitants, clustered in detached bodies, and all apparently occupied with some subject of intense interest, but who, at the same time, spoke low and looked mysterious. In passing one of these groupes, the words "Emperor victorious," "British flying before him," "Brussels burnt," "Wellington wounded," struck upon my ear, and I instantly requested to know their authority for such statements; they did not appear at all disposed to answer my questions, but drew back with a distrustfulness of manner, as though they feared that holding communication with an officer of the defeated British army would entail on them the vengeance of Napoleon the Great. I was not, however, in a mood to be treated with disdain by a set of boors, and told them so in as good French as I could muster, interlarded with some words unmistakeably English; I assured them they had been deceived, for, if a battle had been fought, the British commandant would be the first to hear of it.

"You will, perhaps, alter your opinion, mon-

sieur," said one, "when you have perused this paper:" and he put into my hand a proclamation of the emperor's, calling on the inhabitants of the Pay Bas to acknowledge him as their true sovereign, and this modest request was dated from the palace of Lacken, which my friend told me was between Brussels and Antwerp; and he argued that the document I now held was sufficient evidence that the British forces had been driven from the former city. It was in vain I endeavoured to impress upon them the fact that Buonaparte had often issued manifestoes in perspective, looking on victory as certain; but, on those occasions, he had to deal with Austrians or Russians, and not an army commanded by the Duke of Wellington; still they would believe nothing but that our forces had suffered defeat, and that we should be obliged to get on board our ships as quickly as possible.

Hastening to the admiral's, I communicated what had passed: we had hardly time to talk over the subject, when a loud huzza was heard at some distance, which increased, as though approaching his house. Scarcely had we gained the window, ere a cabriolet drove up to the door, in which Major Percy was seated, displaying to the hundreds who had followed him the eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, taken from the foe on the glorious plains of Waterloo. Admiral Malcolm's first inquiry was for the Duke.

"He is safe and well, and in full march on Paris," shouted the gallant major. His countrymen, on learning that their noblest captain had escaped unhurt, rent the air with shouts, whilst the *brave Belges*, hearing that he was about to visit Paris instead of taking to his ships, sneaked off, uttering abundant *sacres* and other emphatic epithets, with which they are wont to express their feelings.

Major Percy alighted, and, in few words, related to the admiral the leading features of that fight, on which the destinies of Europe depended. Having thus fortunately obtained such valuable information, I took leave, and hastened to apprize my brother officers of news so cheering.

The whole garrison was immediately ordered under arms; a royal salute was fired; and the Dutch troops vied with the British in manifesting their delight on this splendid triumph; whilst the inhabitants speedily abandoned the air of distrust and dread which had been so apparent in the morning. At night, the Maison Ville was illuminated; bands played national and patriotic airs in the *Place*, which was thronged by people of all ranks.

The following day I found several of my acquaintance in the shop of a handsome woman, rejoicing in the name of St. Amour, listening and

laughing at an adventure, which had befallen the narrator, a handsome, gentlemanly-looking man, with a peculiar vivacity of manner: he was so obliging as to begin his story afresh at my request, and I am therefore able to tell it in his own words.

"You must know, gentlemen, that I came over to this place with the intention of giving a little entertainment, which I thought might amuse the officers generally, but most especially any of them that were my own countrymen. Well, two days agone, I went to a quiet part of the ramparts to refresh my memory, by looking over the patter, as we call it, that is, the words I spake to bring in the songs: so I laid meself down on the grass convainiently, and was studying away as quiet as murder, when a soldier came up to me, with a sort of a charge bayonet kind of manner, and he says to me, 'Me man,' says he, 'you'll get out of that, or its better you had.' The moment I heard him spake, I knew he was a Connaught man, and so, by way of a joke, I began jabbering away in a sort of gibberish, which I intended he should mistake for French. 'That's no excuse at all,' says he; 'so, if you don't move off, I'll give you a small taste of this;' and he put his bayonet close up to me. I continued my lingo, put my hand in my pocket, and offered him a franc or two, making signs that I wished to be left alone, to go on with my papers;

after pocketing the coin mighty quiet, he said, 'Oh! I'll engage you do, you French foreigneering thief: here, Lanty!' and he sung out to the next sentry on the walls, 'come here, and help me secure a prisoner.' Lanty joined him. 'What's the row?' says he, as soon as he came up to us. 'Och! bad luck to the harm at all; only I've got him now, the devil's cure to him; but here comes the relief, so we'll trouble the mounseer to step as far as the main-guard with us.' To this I made not the slightest objection, and was marched off a regular prisoner to the guard-house. The officer soon ordered the party before him. 'Well, what have you to say, Mic, and who is this gentleman you have brought with you?' 'Sorrow the bit of a gentleman at all,' answered Mic, 'but the biggest spy that ever was cotch'd: there's Lanty Mulvaney and meself seed him making the most ille gant drawings of the town and fortifications, you ever seen.' 'Och! yes, your honour,' joined in Lanty; 'I'll swear to that, any way.' Mic went on. 'He measured every gun upon the ramparts, and, I belave, would have spiked the most of them, if I hadn't kept my eyes upon him, the schamer. More be token he kept looking continually over his left shoulder, with a queer sort of a turn of the head, and twitched his arm about in a way that showed he was after no good.' To think, now,

gentlemen, of the blackguards taking notice of the way I've got, but on he went. 'Tis unknown the trouble he's been taking to make a sort of a map of the place; he has them papers all thrust into his breast, your honour, so you may judge for yourself.' The officer directed the serjeant to hand him the papers, to which I made no opposition, only keeping quite silent. 'What's this?' said the captain, turning them over; 'As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,' 'There was an old man and he had but one cow,' 'St. Patrick was a gentleman, and came of dacent people:' why these papers are all in English.' 'May be so, your honour,' replied Mic, 'I'm not spaking of the writing, but the drawings.' 'I see no drawings at all,' observed the officer: 'Pray, sir, who are you?' 'Who am I, sir,' says I; 'why, then, I'm Paddy Webb, so called, and what those two vagabonds have been saying are as big lies as ever were told.' I then turned round upon Lanty and Mic, and opened a volley upon them in their native language, calling them by every pretty name I could put my tongue to, and ending with a curse that none but an Irishman can understand. 'Save and guard us!' cried Mic; 'why didn't you say at once that you were an Irishman?—that is, if you are a *man* at all, for it's my belafe you are neither better nor worse than the doul himself.' The officer was about to

reprimand the poor lads severely, but I explained to him it was my own fault, so he kindly let them off at my asking; but I'll be bail that, as long as I live, I shall remember being taken up as a French spy, by a couple of my own countrymen.*

The garrison assembled on the afternoon of the 24th, to perform the melancholy duty of attending the remains of the lamented General Picton to the vessel in which they were to be conveyed to England. I had known Captain Tyler, aide-de-camp to the deceased hero, at Marlow College, and really never witnessed more unaffected grief than he displayed; the loss to him was a severe one, as he had been accustomed to look up to Sir Thomas as to a father.

Great was my surprise and delight at learning, on the following day, that we were absolutely about to march, and the next morning saw us on our route. Bruges was our first halt, but we got in so late as to prevent my making myself better acquainted with this interesting town. As large bodies of troops were still on their march to the

* Benedick says, "A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age." I have learnt, from no less an authority than Mr. Webb himself, that few things can give him more annoyance than being designated "Paddy." I do not imply, in my anecdote of him, or rather his own relation, that Patrick was his name, but simply mention what I am sure he would not deny that he was so called.

interior, a difficulty was apprehended on the score of billets, and I was sent forward at an early hour to make arrangements. Taking the road by the canal side, in preference to the paved and circuitous chaussée, I had an opportunity of seeing many of the stately Trac schuyt, or barges, used as passage-boats from town to town; they were generally gaily decorated, a large awning, fantastically painted, covering the cabin-deck, seated beneath which the passengers were enabled to have a view of the country, beyond the banks of the canal.

By dint of hard riding, I reached my destination time enough to devote many hours to the wonders of Ghent, and the glance thus obtained only served to provoke a curiosity I feared would not be gratified. Fortunately, we were ordered to halt during the following day, and it was determined to devote it to sight-seeing. The cathedral was our first object: pictures, enough to fill Somerset-house exhibition-rooms, hung on its walls and columns; it was rich in monumental sculpture, many in pure taste, whilst others, from the introduction of various coloured stones, had an unpleasant and almost ludicrous effect. I will instance, as an example, the tomb of a cardinal, whose name has escaped me; his eminence was seated, in full costume, at a table covered with books; the head and hands of the effigy were carved in statuary marble, his robes formed from a

deep red substance, probably an inferior kind of porphyry; the table-cloth was of verd antique, and the book-covers were of Sienna marble, with white leaves. A quaintly-carved pulpit, intended to represent the tree of life, occupied an immense space; the branches were certainly espaliered to their full extent, for the purpose of affording room, not only for "all the birds of the air," but an endless variety of the monkey-tribe, whose strange attitudes and grinning faces were enough to put Adam and Eve out of countenance, and make the serpent ashamed of himself.

The Garden of Plants possessed some rare specimens from Java and Batavia; amongst these the guide pointed out to our particular notice a small Upas tree, and related, with a face of extreme gravity, such marvels of its poisonous powers, as to provoke the pet phrase of Mr. Burchell, "Fudge!" The library contained an extensive collection: a remarkably ingenious reading-desk stood in the centre of the room; it was, to use a homely comparison, constructed on the principle of our flying coaches, in which children are placed, at the risk of their necks, by tender parents at country fairs; two richly carved wheels supported eight shelves, which rose or fell as you required, and each of these were capable of containing three open volumes at a time, so that the reader, with the utmost facility, pos-

sessed the power of referring to four and twenty works, with the least possible trouble. I have often wondered that so convenient and simple a machine has not been introduced at the Bodleian, or in the library of the British Museum.

Of course, as artillery-men, we could not do less than pay a visit to the far-famed "Groot Cannon." This unwieldy piece of ordnance might, in the olden time, have been regarded as formidable, but it was now treated by the boys of the town with marked contempt, the youngest priding themselves in loading its chamber with any thing but gunpowder; and the base use to which it had arrived was rendered more apparent by the sign of the public-house in its immediate vicinity, representing it in its degraded state, with a fidelity only to be found in Dutch pictures.

The mansion in which the treaty of peace had been signed between England and America was pointed out. We, who had endured the defeat and misery of the New Orleans campaign, could but wish that the high contracting parties had been a little more speedy in arranging their differences, and thus have prevented so wilful a waste of blood and treasure as that infernal Cochrane-prompted expedition proved.

CHAPTER VII.

Communicative Sportsman—Brussels—Effects of French Cookery—Waterloo—A Spoilt Surtout—Old Friends in New Clothes—Joyful Prospects—Risk of Explosion—Mons—Join Prussians—Siege of Maubeuge—Burgoyne—Munden's Self-definition—Prince Augustus—Maroille Cheese—Capitulation of Landrecy—A Flemish Farm—Surrender of Marienbourg—French Retreat from Waterloo.

"The sun, that well-known gilder of eastern turrets, arising with his accustomed punctuality," as saith the divine Cherubima, we bade adieu to Ghent. At Alost, I was again deputed to precede the company, not only to secure quarters, but to order dinner, at some first-rate hotel.

About a league from Brussels, I overtook a peasant carrying a tolerably large basket, from the top of which a quantity of long and fresh-cut grass projected; conjecturing, from this appearance, that he was a disciple of the angle, I congratulated him on his day's sport.

"Monsieur will pardon me," he replied; "I do not carry fish: what I have in my panier will pro-

duce me more francs than though I were loaded with trout."

"I must not be so rude as to inquire," I said.

"And why not, mon capitaine? I have heard it said, that in your country you do not eat these *animals;* but I assure you the *bonnes bêtes* are excellent."

Bêtes and animals, thought I: in China they certainly sell cats and rats in the streets for food, but surely not in Flanders.

"And if," continued the man, "you were once to eat them, you would confess they made the finest dish in the world; and you would never think of *biftic* again."

"Still you do not say what your basket contains, and I am curious to know."

"Milles pardons, ces sont des grenouilles, par exemple. I am taking them to my good friend Henri, chef de cuisine of the Hotel Bellevue, close to the park—a house noted through all Flanders for its superb table d'hôte."

I thanked my friend for his information. On reaching Brussels, the hotel he had named appeared, from the magnificence of its exterior, to promise good fare; and I fixed on it as our mess-house for the day. Giving some private directions to the principal garçon, I retraced my steps towards the Port de Gand, to await the arrival of

my comrades. They marched in, about eight o'clock in the evening, and were well pleased to hear that dinner was waiting for them. I led the way — soup was not substantial enough to satisfy their craving appetites—fish was troublesome—the *róti* was overdone; and at my recommendation a white fricassee, which stood before me, was devoured with enormous gusto. F—— was the first to solicit a second helping.

"I should like a little more of your dish. 'Tis devilish good; but whether composed of rabbit or chicken I can't tell, for all the bones are taken out, I think."

"I will assist you with pleasure; and by the time you have eaten your nextplateful, you will perhaps decide that it is neither rabbit nor fowl."

"These miniature cabbages are delicious," observed the major. "How are they called, waiter?"

"Choux de Milan, monsieur."

"And, I say, garson, waiter," said F——, "commong sapel what I mangez?"

"Des grenouilles, monsieur."

"Green veal, dam'me; but you make it look white enough. I wonder what part of the calf it is made of."

"You have not been eating veal at all," observed the matter-of-fact Captain S——, "but frogs."

"Frogs!" screamed F——, turning pale.

"Yes, frogs; and if I had known it I would not

have tasted them even on any account; filthy reptiles!"

"I must get into the air," cried poor F——, whose Antigallican stomach was evidently disordered.

"And I must take some brandy," said the captain, "or I shall be in the same way as you are."

"Try this eau de vie de Dantzic; 'tis delicious."

"Much obliged; I shall have a care for the future how I take any thing of your recommendation."

"You won't refuse me, major, I'm sure."

"I should, indeed; but, after the infernal dish you were kind enough to provide for us, 'tis absolutely necessary to take a dram. You shall be spared the trouble of providing for us in future."

"With all my heart," I rejoined, "since I find that all my knowledge of gastronomy is wasted upon you."

A capon stuffed with truffles, a sweet omelet, and some first-rate hermitage, soon restored our little party to good humour: and, with the exception of F——, who did not show again, they were disposed to revoke the sentence past upon me, and restore me, with added honours, to the rank of caterer.

"July the first, in old Bridge town, there was a grievous battle."

So sung my friend, Malachi Fallon; and, on the

anniversary of the day, immortalized in Irish verse, I determined to visit the field of a battle, which, doubtless, proved more grievous than that fought in the ancient town of Bridge.

I breakfasted with Sir Alexander, and obtained from him the most interesting particulars of the action: he had been close to the Duke from its commencement to its glorious close; and, from his experience and knowledge in the trade of war, was admirably calculated to give a vivid picture of the events which occurred on that most memorable day. Treasuring his remarks, I set off alone for the plains of Waterloo. I am not, dear reader, about to weary you with details of the fierce conflict that had converted these peaceful fields into a region of graves; but confine myself to noticing one fact, which I have reason to believe has escaped, up to this remote period, the observation of those who have given descriptions of the scene and neighbourhood.

The farm-house, or château, par complaisance, of Goumont, rechristened, by the victor, in his despatches, Hougomont, by which name it will be known as long as a stone of the building remains, had been contested, with deadly strife; the principal buildings were, in consequence, nearly destroyed by fire. Attached to the farm stood a small chapel; its gable decorated with a wooden figure of

the Saviour on the cross, as large as life. The interior of this edifice had not escaped conflagration; but the flames had only scorched the feet of the image, whilst the smoke, leaving a dark black mark all round it, formed a dingy frame to the bright colouring bestowed on the flesh and drapery. Some centuries ago this miraculous preservation would have speedily enshrined the figure in a chapel built to commemorate its peculiar sanctity.

On the left of the chaussée huge heaps of bodies had been collected, and were now burning, filling the air with noisome effluvia. The only relics I gathered were a book or two that had belonged to French soldiers,* and a cuirass inlaid with brass, which I purchased of Da Costa himself.

Returning to the village, I visited Major Napier, of my own corps, who had been most severely wounded. His charming wife was in constant attendance on the sufferer; and, at his request, showed me the surtout coat he had worn. Never had I beheld a garment so tattered with shot. The most bloody-minded concoctor of melo-drama, nay,

* One of these had been the property of a Vincent Flierty, belonging to the first regiment of carbineers "de Monsieur" —the two last words were scratched through with a pen. I imagine, by the book falling into my hands, that poor Maitre Vincent had finished his military career close to the spot where I found his "*Livret.*" It appeared that he was twenty-three years of age at the time of the battle, and had only entered the service two years previously.

even Fitzball, who prides himself on his success "in the sublime and terrible," would have hesitated, ere he could have ventured to introduce the display of such a dress as the one now held up by the fair hands of Mrs. Napier; how her husband escaped with life is absolutely surprising; he had received more than a dozen bullet wounds on his left side, from the bursting of a Shrapnell shell, having unfortunately advanced too far in front of his *own* guns. His face and left side were perforated; his arm and thigh broken; and his left hand and foot crippled for ever. In spite, however, of the agony of his wounds, his spirits were unbroken, and he talked of recovery as certain.

On the evening of the following day I went to the opera, which boasted a very excellent company. His royal highness the hereditary prince of Orange, accompanied by a brilliant staff, entered the house soon after the performance had commenced, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of his welcome. The gallantry displayed by the Prince at Waterloo was then fresh in the minds of his father's Belgic subjects.

Understanding that an English company of comedians were playing at the small theatre in the Park, I resolved to visit them also. The 'Iron Chest' was the play announced for representation; but, before the curtain rose, the manager solicited

the indulgence of his audience, under the peculiar circumstances in which the performers were placed, by the vexatious interference of the douanier, who had detained the whole of his wardrobe. This, of course, obliged the actors to appear in their habits as they lived. The Rawbold family, who are supposed to be suffering the direst distress and privation, were remarkably well-dressed people. Sir Edward wore a green single-breasted coat, with gilt basket buttons, tight leather smalls, and a pair of top boots, that Hoby himself might have been proud to acknowledge. Orson, the rude and treacherous ruffian, was played by a pale young man, with very light hair; for, alas! the wigs of both ladies and gentlemen were in the ill-fated trunks; and Lady Helen had on a nankeen riding-habit, a man's hat ornamented with black feathers—a pretty dress to stay at home in. In spite, however, of all the disadvantages under which the actors laboured, their performance gave complete satisfaction to a numerous audience, composed almost exclusively of English.

The news from Paris, announcing the entrée of Lewis XVIII. into that city, seemed to indicate a cessation of all hostilities; I was, therefore, somewhat surprised at learning that many towns on the frontier still held out, in the name of the emperor; and their reduction was undertaken by a corps

d'armée commanded by his royal highness Prince Augustus of Prussia; assisted by a battering train of British artillery, under the direction of Sir A. Dickson. On this intelligence I built many hopes; the recollection of what had passed between the colonel and myself at Ostend serving to buoy up my expectations. I was not long kept in suspense. Munro sent for me to say he had received directions to send me immediately to Mons, the head-quarters of the battering train. Overjoyed at the intelligence, I was for setting off immediately; but my friend, the major, thought fit to check my speed, telling me I must take charge of an escort which was to leave that evening. I own I was deeply mortified at this intelligence; because I imagined that, the moment I was summoned to attend Sir Alexander, I was released from the dull routine of regimental duty; and thought it rather an evidence on Munro's part of a determination to make as much use as he could of me, whilst I was under his command.

The waggons, laden with ammunition, of which I was to take charge, were not ready to start till late in the afternoon, consequently the whole night was occupied on the march. Between Brussels and Braine-le-Compte, the driver of the second carriage discovered that an accident must have happened to some of the barrels, for a considerable

quantity of gunpowder had fallen on the chaussée, leaving a mark which he had traced for more than a quarter of a mile. This intelligence was somewhat astounding; one spark from a horse-shoe would have been quite sufficient to have sent us into the air; fortunately, the discovery had been made on a part of the road, where the paved portion occupied only about a third of its breadth. A halt was called instantly, and directions given for every waggon in the rear of the second to be drawn off the chaussée, as quickly, but as quietly as possible, and to pass on, so as to render the former leading team the last but one on the line; the carriage containing the broken barrels was then drawn off the paved road, the damage repaired, and sent on to rejoin the others. As soon as it had proceeded far enough to be out of the reach of mischief, I conceived that the best plan I could adopt to prevent the possibility of accident arising from the spilt gunpowder was to fire the train: it was a novel and beautiful sight to see the vivid light run along the ground, illuminating the trees and hedgerows in its progress, for many hundred yards, and I considered myself particularly fortunate that an explosion of a more serious nature had not occurred.

The escort did not reach Mons till sometime after mid-day on the 11th: an hour was occupied

in placing the ammunition and stores under cover; this done, and my toilet made, I hastened to the residence of Sir Alexander: he was from home, but his old servants received me with the greatest affection, and expressed themselves happy in having me once more amongst them. Nothing brings men better acquainted than the rub of a campaign, and these good souls had constituted our household in America.

An easy chair stood temptingly in the colonel's sitting-room, close to a collection of books, maps, plans, &c.; of this comfortable seat I took immediate possession, and attempted to read, but last night's march had rendered me somewhat drowsy, the volume fell from my hand, and I was speedily in a sound sleep. From this stolen slumber I was roused by the well-known and kindly voice of my much-loved chief.

"You are a pretty lazy fellow to be dozing at this hour of the day: why, I expected you last night. When did Munro get my letter?"

"Yesterday morning, my dear colonel, but he sent me in charge of powder waggons: so, having been on horseback all night, you will forgive my being caught napping."

My friend Ord joined us, and received me with the affection of a brother. I learnt that they had just returned from Maubeuge, to which the Prus-

sians were laying siege, and that I should accompany my friends next day, to be present at the operations. This arrangement did not, however, prevent our keeping it up till a late hour, talking over scenes in which the trio had been so intimately engaged.

The distance to Maubeuge was only fifteen miles, and, as we were all well mounted, it did not occupy much time to get there. The town was closely beleaguered, on all sides, and a battery of four-and-twenty pounders had opened upon it from the Elesmes road. Previously to our arrival, the garrison had made a sortie, in hopes of silencing these guns: but were driven back, with great spirit, by two regiments of Landwehr, stationed near the work. After a few well-directed shot, a white flag was hoisted; on which, Prince Augustus sent to know if they meant that display to inidcate truce or capitulation. The French commandant returned for answer, that the exhibition of the white flag was to be considered as a declaration on the part of the inhabitants and garrison in favour of the Bourbons. This was not deemed satisfactory by the prince, who allowed half an hour only for deliberation, whether or not the besieged would make an unconditional surrender. During this pause, preparations were made by the Prussians to ensure ultimate success; several heavy guns were placed

in position; the enemy, however, spared us further trouble; for, at the expiration of the time given, he acceded to the terms offered by the prince. This conquest being achieved, we returned to Mons, and sent off to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, in Paris, the result of the co-operation of our battering train with our faithful allies of Prussia.

Colonel Burgoyne, passing through Mons, on his road to Cambray, accompanied us on the 14th, to visit the newly-acquired fortress. This experienced officer and most amiable man is the son of the general, to whom it will be remembered the insurgent, General Arnold, surrendered during the first American war. By a strange chance, the two names have, for years past, been closely united; Colonel Arnold standing next in rotation to the son of his father's captor, in the list of the corps of Royal Engineers.

General Burgoyne is also known as the author of some very charming comedies, and I am here tempted to relate what befel a maiden relative of his, who had undertaken to be present at the rehearsal of one of his productions. Unlike the works of another soldier author, Farquhar, the comedies of Burgoyne were remarkable for the elegance and chasteness of their language: and, although the characters were placed in ludicrous situations, they spoke nothing that could offend

the most fastidious auditor. Miss —— attended the first representation of her cousin's play, and was extremely shocked at hearing phrases escape from the lips of one of the principal characters, such as she well knew did not exist in the MS. In spite of these naughty words, the piece was completely successful, and, at its conclusion, the fair spinster hastened to the green-room, to offer her thanks to the performers for their exertions. After assuring Munden how deeply indebted the author must ever feel for his splendid personation of the leading character, she added, with a demure face,

"Allow me, sir, at the same time, to observe that you introduced a vast deal of matter very foreign to the intention of the author, giving to the part a breadth, I could almost say a vulgarity, which he never meant: may I request that, on the second representation, you will avoid such a course, and chasten down your style a little, as I feel—"

"Chasten down, madam!" interrupted the astonished Joe; "tap my vitals, chasten down? I can't do it, ma'am. I'm a libidinous actor, a libidinous actor, and must give way to my feelings."

The green fan of the lady was hastily employed to conceal her blushes at such an avowal on the actor's part, and she very wisely determined to suffer him to indulge in his own reading of the part, rather than endanger the success of the

comedy, by entrusting a character of such consequence to another, who would have contented himself with speaking the words of the author.

On our arrival at Maubeuge, we found the Prussians in possession; the garrison having laid down their arms, and, remaining within the walls until they received instructions from Paris. I had the honour of being presented to his royal highness Prince Augustus, who received me with the most affable condescension. He was a remarkably fine young man, blest with a most intelligent countenance, great vivacity of manner, and totally free from hauteur or affectation.

For many succeeding days we were employed at Mons, in preparations for the intended attack of Landrecy; the 18th found us in its immediate neighbourhood; our family party received a billet on the farm of the Mayor of Maroilles, a small village giving its name to a delicious cheese, resembling that of Bath; the worthy mayor being the principal manufacturer of this highly-prized article. It is sent to Paris, each cheese enveloped in vine leaves, and encased in a small wicker basket; to secure a sufficient supply, the walls and roofs of the farm were covered with vines, giving a pleasing and novel effect to the numerous buildings. I had ridden forward to secure our new quarters, and was coldly received by Monsieur le Maire; but, the mo-

ment he learnt that he was about to receive British officers as inmates, his manners suddenly changed to cordiality and extreme politeness. A fillet of veal was ordered to the fire, ducks were removed from the pond to the spit, and preparations were made, both in parlour and kitchen, to provide his good friends, the English, with a dinner which he hoped they would approve. My black fellow soon made himself popular amongst the female domestics, and I found, in consequence, a bed-room provided for me, in which I could repose on "aired snow."

Throughout Flanders, small chapels, called Calvaries, are to be found, scattered abundantly along the roadsides, and oftentimes effigies of the Saviour, or Virgin, without being attached to any building. In the immediate neighbourhood of the farm, a large crucifix was erected, having upon it the figure of Jesus, the size of life, whilst two angels, holding golden cups, caught the stream of life which flowed from His wounds. As I approached the holy groupe, for the first time, I was much astonished at observing that the winged figures were absolutely fluttering in the air, and, as they were entirely detached from the cross, and stood out at some distance from it, I could not account for this extraordinary appearance in any other way than the effect of distempered fancy,

Had I lived in the good old times, before Calvin or Luther, I should doubtless have satisfied myself that it was a miraculous intervention for my immediate advantage; but, with all possible respect for the effigy, I wished to ascertain whether or not I had been deceived: approaching for that purpose, I perceived the cherubs still kept bobbing up and down; but why, or how, was not so apparent; a minute or two afterwards served to unravel the mystery; the blood was ingeniously represented by iron rods, covered with crimson paint, inserted into the sides of the figure, and, after being bent to the proper arc, fixed into the vases held by the angels, these irons being of sufficient strength to support the detached carved work, but not so strong as to prevent the action of the wind upon it.

Two or three days' cannonade was sufficient for Landrecy; it capitulated on the 21st. We paid a visit to it on the following Sunday, and saw the effect of our shot: the principal buildings had suffered materially. A review of part of our force took place in the large square, at which the colonel, Ord, and myself, *assisted*. A small walled town, called Marienbourg, which could hardly be dignified by the name of fortress, was our next object of attack. Previously to our departure, our excellent padrone, the mayor, insisted on our accepting a side of veal and some of his best cheese. He was

perfectly surprised, when Sir Alexander asked him the amount of his demand for forage and other necessaries supplied during our sojourn; and more so, when he learnt that the English army were not in the habit of living at free cost, as was the case with our friends the Prussians. Ample compensation was made him, and we departed loaded, not only with good things, but benedictions in the name of half the saints in the calendar.

We passed, in our route, the picturesque town of Avesnes, or rather what was left of it; for the accidental explosion of a large magazine had caused as much damage as though it had been exposed to the tender mercies of our battering train. At night we halted at Barbençon. Its château, standing on a precipitous rock, attracted our attention; it had suffered considerably during the revolutionary war, but time had been its chief destroyer; still there were some splendid vestiges of its former magnificence. The hall of the castle was an immense apartment; its ceiling of oak richly carved, and ornamented with innumerable escutcheons, exhibiting the armorial bearings of the once powerful lords of Barbençon. A small lake was visible from the dilapidated windows; its waters washed the foot of the rock, adding considerably to the beauty as well as to the strength of the building.

The prince had fixed his head-quarters at San-

zell; we accordingly paid our respects the following day, and found him in great spirits from the success that had attended him in his two recent attacks. The accommodations to be obtained at Barbençon were not sufficiently tempting to induce us to remain there, and we migrated to a village, called Aussoit, which boasted a commodious château. Like most other detached houses in the Pays Bas, it had been built with a proper regard to defence; in England, a farm-house is seldom constructed with a perspective notion that it may, one day, have the unenviable distinction of becoming the key of a position; but, since the days of Julius Cæsar down to my Uncle Toby, and from that beloved one's time to the present writing, "there have been terrible wars in Flanders!"

I will endeavour to give some idea of our new residence, which bore such marked characteristics of its warlike and peaceful capabilities.

The mansion formed one side of a considerable square. Offices, granaries, and sheds, occupied two others, whilst the fourth contained the large gateway, flanked on each side by small round towers, the walls of the enclosure being perforated with a double row of loopholes. A broad ditch, at the back of the house, served to protect it from surprise.

On ascending a handsome flight of stone steps, we reached a commodious hall. On its right stood

the principal apartment; it was of noble proportions, lit by three lofty windows; its walls were covered half way to the ceiling by carved panels of walnut-wood. A huge chimney-piece, of elaborate masonry, nearly filled one side. Above the capacious fire-place a painting was inserted, in a quaint frame-work of stone. It was almost too high for us to judge of its merits; but, as soon as we brushed away the long accumulated dust, we discovered it to be the building of the Tower of Babel — the workmen all attired in the most approved Flemish costume, of some two hundred years past. This picture, with a long uncouth deal table, and four high-backed worm-eaten chairs, were the only furniture to be found in this part of the building; the farmer, who had charge of it, preferring one of the outhouses as a residence for his family.

Marienbourg gave us less trouble than Landrecy, the inhabitants being sensible that a couple of days would be sufficient to raze it to the ground. It surrendered on the 28th. I had a long interesting conversation with the mayor, relative to the flight of Napoleon from the field of Waterloo. The emperor's sudden arrival here, late at night, on the glorious 18th of June, threw the functionary into a state of extreme consternation. The fugitive alighted in evident agitation; demanded what guns were serviceable, and the state of the garrison;

neither men nor ordnance were numerous; still he gave orders to have cannon placed at the northern gate of the town; and impressed upon the mayor that it was his most positive desire that any troops arriving should halt, and make a stand here. These directions he gave in a most hurried manner; his face livid, his whole appearance dejected and care-worn. The horses not being put-to as quickly as he wished, he buffeted the magistrate, with the most opprobrious epithets. His departure was as rapid as his arrival. He left the town without confessing a defeat, and the astonished mayor to his own conjectures.

"But, monsieur," to quote the Frenchman's own words, "never can I forget the scene of that night, and the morning which followed it! My poor little town was choked with the flying army, in unparalleled disorder—men of all arms mixed in the general melée—cuirassiers and hussars on foot—soldiers of the guard mounted on horses which had belonged to officers—some, even, on those attached to the guns—the harness cut hastily off, and hanging by their sides. The cry was '*En avant!*' and the stream of living beings kept pouring through our gates in a dense mass; such as I never before witnessed. In vain I attempted to enforce the orders left by the Emperor; the generals and officers of the état major had not the least

control; every thing in the shape of eatables and drinkables that the soldiery could lay hands on was snatched up as they passed. The possession of a loaf or a bottle of wine was contested with fierce oaths, and often blows, by the unhappy wretches, as they swept through the streets. My heart bled to behold that fine army abandoned to such terrible disorganization. Eight officers, of superior rank, stayed till some time after day-break in my poor house. Small as you see it is, monsieur, they threw themselves on the floor, overcome by fatigue, and victims to despair. The little wine I had in my cellar was not enough to supply their demands. Unfortunate man that I am! I had just laid in a moderate stock to replace it; and now these Prussians will deprive me of it. Why was I ever elected mayor of this ill-fated town?"

The anticipation of the probable fate of his cellar was quickly realized. On the following day, having the honour of dining with Prince Augustus, I learned that the claret and Burgundy had been furnished, after some unavailing complaints at the nature of the requisition, from my poor friend's bins.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVANCE ON PHILLIPVILLE — BIRTHDAY CHORUS — BOMBARDMENT — WIND OF SHOT—TOWN ON FIRE — CAPITULATES—LOYAL MAGISTRACY — FOREST OF ARDENNE — LEGEND OF COUVIN—CURE'S COOKERY—SIEGE OF ROCROY—SNUFF TRIUMPHANT—THE BLOODY ACRE—GUIDE OF THE ROUND TOWER.

The corps d'armée now advanced, forming a line of circumvallation round Phillipville, a fortress of greater consequence than any we have yet set down before.

But, ere I enter into the business of the siege, I must notice a scene such as few have had the good fortune to witness; although I feel I shall fail in my attempt to describe it, to excite in my reader the sensations created by the reality.

The third of August, being the birthday of his majesty the king of Prussia, all the men not absolutely employed before the gates of Phillipville assembled near the head-quarters of the prince, at Sanzell; they amounted to between six and eight thousand men, and were formed into a hollow

square. In its centre a turf altar was erected; and, on the arrival of his royal highness and staff, divine service was commenced, by a Lutheran minister. Sir Alexander, who had been apprized of this solemnity, determined on testifying his respect for the occasion, by having a brigade of guns placed, unknown to the Prussians, on an eminence above the plain, in which they were congregated for so pious a duty. I had received instructions to leave the square unobserved, when the service was nearly concluded, and give the signal for firing a royal salute. The benediction of the minister was given; and he selected a psalm or hymn appropriate to the day; singing, first, alone. He was shortly joined by the officers; the air being taken up by the front ranks of the assembled soldiery.

At this moment I left, to reach the guns; and as I rode up, through a sandy lane, the voice of every man present swelled into a chorus more sublime than any sound I have ever heard or dreamt of. I need not remind my reader that, in all parts of Germany, music is cultivated to an extent almost unknown in other countries; and, although I blush to confess that I am not a devoted admirer of the heavenly maid, still such harmony as I heard on that morning never can be erased from my memory. I listened till the peal had melted into air; then, giving the signal for the salute, hastened back to

join the colonel. The unexpected sound of cannon created an extraordinary sensation. The soldiers stood to their arms, whilst the officers were perplexed in their conjectures whence the sound could proceed. Sir Alexander explained the wish of the British to participate in the homage of the day. This the prince instantly communicated to the soldiery, who received the information with loud huzzas. The troops were marched off to their cantonments; and, after receiving from the prince his acknowledgments for the compliment we had paid his sovereign, we took our leave.

About an hour after the termination of this ceremony, I had occasion to pass through a line of bivouacs, occupied by some regiments of Landwehr, and was, positively, made more than half tipsy by being forced to drink bischoff with them, to the health of Frederick William. Camp kettles, filled with wine, were to be seen in all directions. Here and there a Seville orange, stuck with cloves, dangled over a wood fire, indicating that its owner possessed the proper recipe for concocting the favourite beverage. All was gaiety and good humour; and, as the landwehr, or militia, was principally composed of fine young men, the sons of farmers and tradesmen, their manner and address was very superior to that generally found in private soldiers.

The fortress of Phillipville stood on the crest of

a gentle declivity, having a natural glacis of considerable extent. From the height of the ramparts little was to be seen of the town but the roofs of houses, the small steeple of a church, and a huge caserne, capable of containing sufficient men for the defence of the place. On the exterior of the ditch rows of trees had been planted, beneath whose shade a gravel walk extended from gate to gate, forming a desirable promenade for the inhabitants. The commandant had refused to surrender at the summons of the prince; and the troops within evinced a most determined spirit of resistance. Their artillery was well served; and two or three could not gather together many minutes, before they received proofs of the enemy's vigilance. Over the gate which gave entrance to the town from the Beaumont road, a large imperial eagle, of burnished gold, glittered in the sun; and shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!" were now and then heard from officers of the garrison, who, mounting to the top of the archway, gave lusty evidence of their attachment to Napoleon.

Forming part of our force were two regiments of Pomeranian miners; and these men were so expert with the pickaxe and shovel that the trenches they constructed became the most complete cover. Nothing but shells could possibly do mischief, whilst sheltered within these deep hollows; but when

called on by duty to leave their security for the surface, the besieged speedily gave you reason to wish yourself off it. I witnessed the extraordinary effect of what is commonly called the wind of a shot. A private soldier, within a pace or two of where I stood, fell to the earth, as though mortally wounded; his face, in an instant, became as pale as that of a corpse; his comrades, lifting the body from the ground, vainly sought for the slightest evidence of a wound; a surgeon came up at the moment, and, aided by the men, stripped off the jacket of the poor fellow. Animation was completely suspended; the introduction of the lancet, however, speedily restored the dead man to life. I much regretted my ignorance of German, as the resuscitated appeared to interest those near him, in the account of his late very strange sensations. The adjutant of the artillery, Captain Huegan, afterwards informed me that the man was well known by his regiment to be one of the bravest of the brave. It is certainly great presumption in me to differ in opinion with so high an authority as the learned Dr. Paris; my only excuse in so doing is the simple record of a fact of which I was an eye witness.*

* Dr. Paris says, "An idea long existed that a ball might produce injury without striking any part of the body. This was supposed by some to arise from the violent commotion produced in the air by the rapid motion of the ball; and by others to de-

We had kept up an incessant fire during the whole morning of the 8th; and, before five o'clock in the afternoon, it was apparent that the shells from our mortar battery had taken terrible effect; columns of smoke were seen to rise from the centre of the town: and the fire from the walls sensibly slackened. The troops were doubtless occupied in subduing the flames. Our trenches had been pushed on almost close to the ditch; and the cries of distress from the inhabitants were distinctly audible. As it grew dark, the track of burning fusees more easily enabled us to observe the precision of our practice. Before seven o'clock, the large barrack I have mentioned was in flames, and burnt with fearful rapidity; now and then a shot from the walls seemed to imply that, in spite of this calamity, the garrison would not consent to surrender. The crackling of timber, the falling in of roofs, the screams of women and children, were plainly heard, during the pause between our shots,

pend upon an electrical shock on the parts, in consequence of the ball being rendered electrical by friction in the calibre of the gun, and giving off the electrical matter as it passes by. This, however, is contrary to all our received notions respecting electricity. Metals can never acquire such a property by friction.

"In avowing our total disbelief in the existence of such *wind-contusions*, as they have been called, we are well aware that we shall oppose many very respectable authorities. 'Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas.'"— *Vide Medical Jurisprudence*, vol. ii, p. 127.

which still were poured in upon the devoted town; the prince affirming that he would be master of it before midnight, or not a house should be left standing within the walls.

The conflagration every moment assumed a more terrific appearance; the beautiful trees upon the glacis were cut out against the red mass of fire, rendering each leaf and branch frightfully distinct; few persons were to be seen upon the walls. Suddenly an unusual uproar came rising on the wind, as though the inhabitants were all speaking at the same moment. This sound died away, and a drum was heard, on which the *chamade* was beaten; orders to cease firing were instantly given. The staff advanced towards the gate—the drawbridge was lowered, and an officer, mounted on a white horse, came towards us at a rapid pace.

Turning to Sir Alexander, his Royal Highness, with a smile of triumph, said, "This is a magnificent sight, Chevalier! what say you? Is it not like a splendid coup de théâtre, in the last scene of a grand opera?"

I could not help being amused, when I perceived how readily a Prussian takes advantage of opportunity, let it be ever so slight or brief. Whilst the prince was in conference with the French officer, some of my friends, the Pomeranians, had stepped into a garden, close to the drawbridge, and were

loading their aprons with vegetables; doubtless, determining that, let what might befal, they would have soup for their supper.

In less than half an hour the officer returned with the acceptance of the terms offered by the prince, and the gates were given up to strong picquets from our force. The following morning possession was taken of the town, the mayor and authorities meeting his Royal Highness at the gate; from which, by the by, the eagle had been removed; and certainly, if the sudden attachment of these municipal officers to the Bourbons was to be calculated by the quantity of white displayed, we had wasted much powder and shot upon this loyal magistracy. Never was anything seen more preposterous than the costume of these men. Cockades larger than pancakes were stuck in their hats; sheets and table-cloths were tied about their persons, forming scarfs that entirely concealed their bodies, whilst their lower limbs were hidden by the tasteful arrangement of their *ceintures*.

The few soldiers visible regarded us with faces of sullen discontent. Neither the garrison nor townspeople were aware of the abdication of the Emperor, until they received that information from the prince, when he offered the terms of capitulation.

Rocroy was the next place which the Prussians intended to honour with their presence. Our jour-

ney towards this important fortress led us through a large portion of the forest of Ardennes. Time and the charcoal-burners had obliterated the name of Rosalind; which, if we are to believe Orlando, and he was certainly a youth incapable of falsehood, had once been carved on every tree. The lions and snakes, that were to be found so opportunely assisting in the reformation of the wicked, had also disappeared; giving place to wild boars, which, we were assured by the peasants, were to be found in great numbers in the most retired districts of this fine forest.

During our ride, we made a trifling détour, to visit the ruins of the castle of Couvin; crossing some beautiful meadow-land, through which ran a stream clear as "the sea of glory" that adorns the Persian king's cap, we reached the rock on which the remains of the castle stood: a grey-haired peasant, who volunteered the office of guide, related to us the following legend connected with the ruins.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, the lord of Couvin was supposed to regard with hostility a powerful and amiable noble, the lord of Ch'may, who suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. A report was circulated that he had perished in the forest, a prey to wild beasts; his wife, family, and vassals, received this account as too probable, though they soon groaned beneath

the tyranny of the savage Couvin. Years elapsed: the lady de Chimay's sons were growing to manhood. A young peasant, practising with his bow, accidentally shot an arrow into a small aperture at the base of their enemy's castle; the boy clambered up the rock to regain his shaft, and was drawing it from the hole in which it had lodged, when a hand was pushed forth, arresting his intention, and a voice demanded who the archer was; he replied frankly, and the unseen then implored him to proceed to the château de Chimay, and inform its inmates of the cruel confinement of their lord, promising to reward the youth if his mission was successful. Touched with the piteous tale of the captive, the youth hastened to execute the strange task required of him. The children of the imprisoned noble roused the vassals, and hastened to demand the restitution of their long lost parent. The castle soon yielded to assailants inspired with such just revenge; the tyrant fell by the sword of the eldest son, and the lord of Chimay was restored to his much loved family.

A pretty village, with the pretty name of Bourg Fidèle, was our halting-place for the night. I received a separate billet on the house of the curé, a mild and benevolent-looking old man, who welcomed me to his poor home with great courtesy. I apprized the worthy priest that my ride had made

me hungry, and that I should be glad of an early supper.

"Alas, my friend!" he replied, "I have nothing to offer you worth notice. My fowls disappeared, as messieurs the Prussians marched through the village; and, for meat, I believe every animal fit for killing has been driven into the wood to preserve them from these rapacious soldiers."

"Well, monsieur, I must be content with bread and cheese."

"How unfortunate I am! 'Tis true I had some very excellent cheese about a month ago, but it has all been eaten: what can I do? Grace à Dieu! I have just remembered one thing; is monsieur fond of artichokes?"

"Beyond all other vegetables, my good friend: I could eat half a dozen at least."

"How fortunate! my garden is full of the largest and finest I ever saw; in half an hour supper shall be served."

Overjoyed at such a promise, I repaired to the stable to look after my horse, my own wants being so happily provided for. Turner and George had profited by the example set them by our allies, and soon found out in the village where bacon was to be had for money—or love. How dreadfully tardy the minutes appeared, until the time named by the curé arrived! I could restrain my impatience no

longer, but re-entered the house; a small table, covered with snow white damask, stood in the middle of the little parlour; plates, glasses, three-pronged forks of bone, oil, pepper, &c., were duly set out. This boded well, and I looked for the immediate realization of all the joys I had anticipated; my mouth ran over with ideal melted butter. Monsieur the curé appeared.

"I have," he said, "been fortunate enough to procure from a neighbour a bottle of good wine, with which we can finish our repast; so, now, we will commence; and, I think, you will acknowledge that finer artichokes were never cut."

He stepped, as he spoke, to a corner cupboard, and produced a pewter dish, on which lay some half dozen of my favourite vegetable, barbarously cut into quarters, and swimming in a sea of vinegar.

"Les voilà, mon bon ami! it is a supper for a prince."

Words cannot describe my horror at the sight. I felt more than half disposed to rush upon the old man, and sacrifice him to the insulted memory of Mrs. Glasse. I attempted to speak—rage and hunger choked me.

"In Heaven's name, sir," I at length asked, "how could you imagine that any one but a Frenchman would attempt to eat these, as a jackass does thistle-tops, undressed? They should have been

boiled—boiled, I say;" and I spoke so vehemently, from the effect of my disappointment, that the poor old soul began to look alarmed.

"We eat them with oil, vinegar, and pepper, and find them excellent," he mildly observed.

"But *we* do not; have you any more left in your garden?"

"Oh yes, abundance! and all at your service."

"Show me the way, my dear sir; for if I do not satisfy this raging lion—my appetite—before I sleep, I may, perhaps, be tempted into the sin of cannibalism, and make an attack on you or some of your household."

He trotted on before me; pointed out four or five of the largest, which I soon cut from their stalks, and set my servants to work immediately. I insisted that the curé should not wait for me, but commence his supper, as he then would have leisure for the opportunity of seeing, for the first time, how artichokes should be eaten. In less than half an hour, Turner appeared carrying a smoking dish, followed by George, bearing a boatful of melted butter. I commenced my attack most vigorously; the priest watching me with wondering eyes. I had the grace to request he would try one *à l'Anglaise;* he consented, and relished it so much as to vow that he would never eat another raw, as long as he lived. We finished the bottle of wine, and I per-

suaded my culinary convert to take a stiff glass of brandy punch; we became excellent friends, and the good old man told me at parting that he should now retire to rest without any fear of my devouring him *au naturel.*

Our heavy metal was employed during the 15th, and part of the 16th, against Rocroy, so effectually that, towards the middle of the latter day, a *parlementaire* was sounded, and his Royal Highness, accompanied by Colonels Dickson, Aster, and Roehl, advanced to settle terms; the other members of the état major remaining at about two hundred yards from the scene of conference. Immediately on the French officer's joining the groupe in front, he lifted his hat, and appeared to ask the prince a short question. A negative shake of the head was observed as the reply, followed by some conversation with Sir Alexander, who immediately set off at a gallop towards the spot we occupied; and, as soon as he was within hailing distance, my name was loudly uttered. I rode towards him, wondering for what purpose I could possibly be required.

"Give me your snuff-box," said the colonel; "the Frenchman says he has not had a pinch this fortnight."

I handed it to my chief, and took the liberty of remaining where I was, to see how its contents

would be relished. Making a profound obeisance, the Frenchman seized the proffered box, and, judging from his pantomime, relished with immense gusto the first pinch, for it was quickly followed by a second and a third. He then entered on the business of his mission; and, as the terms were proposed to him, it was easy to see which were readily accepted, and those to which he yielded a forced and reluctant consent: in the first case, he bowed only; but, in the other, he consoled his wounded pride by resorting to my box. The conference extending much longer than on former occasions, I had serious apprehensions that not a pinch would be left; at length he retired. On re-appearing, he notified to the prince that the terms offered were accepted, restored my tabatière to Sir Alexander, and took leave. The usual orders were given, and a general movement of the troops ensued.

Colonel Dickson had received an invitation to dine with his Royal Highness, in which Ord and myself were included. During dinner, Prince Augustus, addressing himself to me, said:

"I have to thank you for the fall of Rocroy, my good friend. I am persuaded that it would have held out much longer but for the excellence of your snuff. I salute you, and drink to your good health."

This condescending pleasantry could not fail to be

gratifying; most especially, as drinking healths is not customary among the Prussians, although we are told that we owe its introduction to our Saxon forefathers. The etiquette of the prince's table was very different from that observed at good men's boards in England; each dish being removed to a sideboard, cut into portions, and handed round in rapid succession; the plates being rarely changed, the knives and forks never. The wine was drunk out of tumblers, and only during dinner. Coffee appeared the moment the meal was finished, and the party separated immediately after.

Our present lodging was at the house of a farmer, at Cue de Sartz; our host was an old man, but hale and active as a boy. He took an early opportunity of getting into conversation with us on the subject of the present campaign, making many sensible and pertinent remarks upon the battle of Waterloo. He confessed his astonishment that so strong a fortress as Rocroy should have yielded after only two days' cannonade; talked of the duration of sieges in olden time, and finally volunteered to conduct us over the field of battle on which the great Condé covered himself with glory, in 1643; assuring us that he could point out every position, and explain every movement which occurred at that memorable action. We embraced his offer, and were much pleased with the minute

details as well as the general facts which our guide related.

With all my devoted attachment to my native land, I could not but mentally acknowledge the superiority of this farmer to his class in England. I never yet heard of an instance of a working man making himself acquainted with the particulars of any celebrated scene of conflict in his neighbourhood; so far from it, that I received from a person supposed to be gifted with more than common abilities for his station the following version of "the field near Tewksbury."

"Yees, sir," said my informant, "that there habbey war built by the monks, in the time of Julus Cæzur, and they had a subternacious communiation with the Maavern ills, whar they took aal thur berrins, and beside the dead did hide the living; far the wenchin used to be missed, and never found again, till their skilitons war dug up in a cave, and known by the clothes they had on when they war kidnapped like. Yees, sir, and that's the bloody acre, as we Tewksbury folk do call it; that's where the grand battle was fought, between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Marlbro, in the time of Queen Ann; just the very first engagement that ever they did use gunpowder in. You have a heard of the Duke of Marlbro, I'm bound; he was father to the Marquis of Granby;

well, he took the Prince of Wales prisoner, and had un tied hand and foot in fetters, which so aggervated the young man that he called Queen Ann, for, bless ye, she had a been all day long a-horseback, in the thick of the fight, and he called her by an ugly name, such as women don't like no how; and, upon that, the Duke of Marlbro stabbed him with his bloody gauntlet, and down he fell, as dead as a nit: however, *he* was served out at last, for they do go on to say that he was smothered in the tower of Lunnon, by order of the Duke of Gloster, the grand uncle to that nice portly gentleman that's now a-drinking the waters down at Cheltenham yonder."

A peasant, it is true, may be pardoned for such historical blunders, but what excuse can be offered for the mistakes eternally committed by guides to galleries of painting, or persons who gain their livelihood by showing the royal palaces? I remember a precious specimen of their usual jargon coming from the lips of a little old woman, who had charge of the interior of the round tower at Windsor Castle, and thus she spoke :—

" This apartment ladies and gentlemen you will please to take notice is covered with tapestry worked by the goblins of France. The story is in various departments, and represents the loves and unfortunate death of one Mr. Hero and Miss

Leander in foreign parts. He was very fond of she and she was equal fond of him, but their parents would not consent to their marriage tho' their banns was regular published ; so the poor young man used to swim every night of his life across the Hellspond for to see his sweetheart ; but at last he was one night suddenly taken with the cramp in his stomach and was drownded ; the young lady hearing of his awful fate threw herself head foremost into the sea and she was drownded too. Their bodies was picked up by a British frigate, brought home and buried in Windsor church yard it is usual to remember the guide."

CHAPTER IX.

A WARNING DREAM—ADVANCE ON GIVET—COLD-IRON COMPLIMENT—BORROW FROM BLUCHER—BONAPARTE'S BED—INTERVIEW WITH COUNT BOURKE—AGREEABLE SURPRISE—OPERATIONS CONCLUDED—BRUSSELS—INAUGURATION OF THE KING—THE VIRTUES IN DISTRESS—CATHOLIC LEGEND—COURT MARTIAL—FEMALE WITNESS.

THERE was still one more "place of strength" to be "pummelled" in the same fashion that Oliver Cromwell treated the residence of "Lady Jefferies;" and our next move was to the village of Yves. During my present narrative I do not think I have once trespassed on the indulgence of the reader, by dealing in the marvellous; and, as I profess to be free from superstition, I am to recount what positively occurred to me, without a single remark on the theory of dreams—a subject that has vainly occupied many heads much wiser than my own.

I must premise that my sable attendant had fallen under my displeasure of late, on several occasions; and, as I found that persuasion and remonstrance were wasted upon him, I had recourse to the horse-whip, giving him some half dozen tolerably smart stripes.

For weeks after this castigation his conduct was admirable; but, just before our last shift of quarters, I threatened him with a second edition with improved cuts. My present residence was at the mill of the village. A ladder-like staircase led to my bed-chamber—an apartment I never suffered George to enter, at any time. It was early morning, when I dreamed that I was struggling for life with the black boy, who held me down on the pillow with one hand, and with the other applied a razor to my throat. How long this violent effort lasted I know not; but, whilst at its height, I awoke. The consciousness that I had been only suffering from visionary fears had scarcely returned, when I perceived a figure at the foot of my bed examining the edge of a razor, which had been taken from the dressing-table. Without waiting to ask a question, I sprung out, and, recognizing George, on the instant, pushed him to the stair-head before he had time to recover from his surprize, and gave him a kick, which sent him at once from the top to the bottom. The noise of his fall alarmed Turner, then occupied in another part of the house, who, lifting his prostrate companion, hastened up stairs immediately to inquire what had happened. On learning the facts, he assured me that he had never authorized George to visit my room, and what he could possibly want with a

razor he knew not. I felt ashamed to confess the strange warning I had received; but gave directions that the movements of the young rascal should be carefully watched. I contented myself with the reflection that, supposing my bed-room had been invaded with no evil intention, the fall he had got in his precipitate retreat was only a just punishment for his presuming to enter it.

Givet and Charlemont, two towns upon the Meuse, as closely united as London and Westminster, and regarded, from their natural advantages, as the Gibraltar of Flanders, only now remained of all the frontier strongholds to claim the attention of Prince Augustus; accordingly, on the 25th, his royal highness made his first reconnaissance. No sooner was our advance discovered than the guns upon Mont Tonnerre opened upon us, although a white flag was flying from the portion of the fortifications nearest our approach. This cannonade, we were afterwards informed, was in honour of the day, it being the fête of Saint Louis. Had the commandant really intended to commemorate the sainted king, he might have paid his memory all due respect with unshotted guns.

The officers of artillery and engineers being of opinion that it would require considerable time before works could be constructed for the attack of this remarkably strong place, Prince Augustus,

with a promptitude every way worthy of his talents as a general, determined on sending to Marshal Blücher at Paris for the model of the place, that he might the more easily discover the weakest point for attack. It was, if I remember rightly, in the Museum of the Invalides that correct models of all fortified towns were deposited, and from thence we well knew the veteran could easily *borrow* what the prince required.

The church of the village of Romedenne was cleared to allow the model to be placed in it; and, on the 2nd of September, it was declared fit for inspection. I accompanied Captain Heugan, the adjutant of the Prussian artillery, to view it; and a more exquisite piece of ingenuity I never looked on. It was so large as nearly to fill the whole building. Constructed with an accuracy beyond praise, every portion of the towns and fortifications were perfectly defined. The gabions used in some of the advanced works were made of wire, twisted in the exact form of wicker work, and filled with sand; whilst fascines were indicated by small bundles of wire, tied up faggotwise. The trees formed of chenille—the river of looking-glass—miniature guns of various calibre in the different embrasures —drawbridges, that could be lowered or raised at pleasure—were to be found in this most beautiful specimen of art.

It was evident if the place, so admirably represented in little, contained a sufficient garrison for its defence, that we should have a difficult task to perform, before it could be induced to surrender; however, the proper point of attack was determined on, thanks to our loan from Paris, and preparations were made to commence the siege.

A few days after my visit to Romedenne, I was sent with a message to General Perck, who commanded part of our corps d'armée at Beaumont. Aware that this town was the last Imperial head-quarters previously to "the affair of Mont St. Jean," as the good citizens of Paris call it, I requested the general, with whom I had communicated, to permit one of his staff to point out to me the house occupied by the emperor, on his proud advance to that field from which he so ingloriously retreated.

With considerable naïveté the General said, "My good friend, you may be sure that the best house in the town was selected for Napoleon; and you may rest satisfied that the Prussians, anxious to pay off some of the civilities they received when the French invaded their country, calculate that what was good enough for an emperor will do very well for a general. This is the house Bonaparte occupied; there is the bed on which he slept, on the night of the 14th of June."

Hardly waiting for permission, I threw myself upon it, to the no small amusement of my friend, who laughed at my folly; and afterwards inquired, with a serious air, if I could possibly admire a man whose insatiable ambition had rendered him a monster.

The commandant of Givet, having, doubtless, received intelligence of the ultimate destination of his former master, opened a communication on the subject of capitulation with the prince; and, although our works were still carried on, various pacific messages were sent from the fortress.

Knowing the animosity existing against his own countrymen, his royal highness determined on sending his ultimatum by a British officer. Major Ord being absent on some particular duty at the moment, it fell to my lot to be the bearer of the prince's letter. Accompanied by a trumpeter, I reached the gates of Givet; and was escorted to the residence of his Excellency General Count Bourke. I was received with great courtesy by the commandant. He was a noble-looking man; of the most prepossessing exterior—a stalwart figure — handsome face—fair complexion —and blue eyes. Delivering my credentials, I expressed my readiness to await his reply for as long a time as should be necessary; or, if permitted, would return, at any hour named, for the honour of his

answer. After regarding my uniform, and ascertaining from my bad French, I suppose, that I was not a native of the continent, his excellency, with a good-humoured smile, said,

"Maybe, my good sir, it would be quite as convanient if we talked this matter over in English."

These words came tripping over his tongue, with as pretty a brogue as ever was heard from Jack Johnstone, when he played Sir Lucius O'Trigger, or Major O'Flaherty. I was both pleased and astonished at the proposition, and most gladly assented.

"You were not prepared to meet a countryman, I dare say; for, although a general officer in the service of France, I am proud to boast I was born in Ireland. My family have, for many ages, sought promotion away from their native land, conscious of the cruel barrier which existed to prevent their attaining military rank under the English government. But let me offer you some refreshment."

And, with an elegance of manner I never saw excelled, he assisted me to various good things prepared for my express gratification. Whilst finishing my repast, the count wrote a letter to Prince Augustus, and I soon after took my leave, elated with my good fortune of having had an interview with so interesting a person as General Count Bourke.

I delivered the letter, of which I was the gratified bearer, to Colonel Aster, Chef d'Etat Major, and recounted my adventure to Sir Alexander and Ord, who both envied me the gratification of such a meeting.

Understanding, the next morning, that hostilities had ceased, I accompanied my friend, Captain Huegan, young Roehl, son of the commanding officer of the Prussian Artillery, and two or three others, on an excursion to some of the pretty villages in the neighbourhood. At Florrenne we found a large château falling fast into decay. Inquiring to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the property of the Duke de Beaufort—a name that, in a moment, brought to my memory the princely domain of Badmington, in my own county, and the charming residence of the respected Dowager Duchess at Stoke, so constantly chosen as a subject for the tops of workboxes by the French prisoners at Stapleton.

Returning from our ride, we learn that Givet and Charlemont had accepted the proffered terms; but our pleasure at receiving this news was much decreased by the certainty that we should soon separate. Such cordiality had existed between our Prussian friends and ourselves as to render the prospect of parting a matter of deep regret. For my own part, I had so studiously cultivated an ac

quaintance with many of the officers—had given in so readily to their habits — had learned the pleasures attendant on a meerschaum, filled with canaster, replenished from sunrise till midnight — had not objected to *bischoff*—in moderation, or *schnapps* in still smaller quantities, that I was really grieved at the certainty of losing all chance of improving friendships thus commenced. However, *c'est la fortune de la guerre.*

Sir Alexander was anxious to offer his congratulations to the prince, on the termination of hostilities. We found his royal highness at Mont d'Or, one of the most commanding positions of his newly-acquired conquest; and, after visiting the extensive works, partook of a dinner given to commemorate the success attending the campaign. The prince was in a most gracious mood, and assured Colonel Dickson how sensible he was of the advantages he had derived from his skill and experience, and that he should mention him in the strongest terms of approbation to his majesty.

The disciples of Wilberforce, if any such have perused these pages, will doubtless be anxious to ascertain the fate of my black protegé; I, therefore, take this opportunity of informing them that all the kindness I had bestowed upon him failed to produce any beneficial results, and that, wearied out with his African sulk, his constant neglect of duty

and the certainty that, although no *saint*, I had been preserved by the goodness of Providence from his murderous hands, I dismissed him my service; and gave him free leave to seek his fortune amongst strangers, since he knew not the value of indulgent friends.

We returned to Mons, where, for many days, we were busily employed in re-forming the park of the battering train.

Understanding that Brussels was to be the scene of much gaiety, in consequence of the inauguration of the King of the Netherlands, I obtained leave to be present. The evening previous to the ceremony, I reached the quarters of my friend, Munro; he was most capitally lodged at the château of a Monsieur de Bie. The house being sufficiently large for the accommodation not only of the major but his friends, he had invited over from Ramsgate Lord and Lady Edward Bentinck, whom I found forming part of his family. I was kindly received by my old commanding officer, and experienced much gratification in the converse of his guests. Lord Edward was a very superior person, unaffected, yet highly bred: his lady possessed great vivacity and much of character; was replete with anecdote; but, if once she mounted her favourite hobby—the dramatic works of her father—it was difficult to keep pace with her; her listeners were

much sooner fatigued than her tongue. The major, with his usual love of comfort, had selected a most desirable billet. It was situated close to the outside of the Porte du Gand, and known by the inhabitants as the *Maison du Monde;* from a column supporting a large globe being one of the many ornaments of its extensive garden. Grottoes, fountains, labyrinths, trellised walks, and parterres of choice flowers, were all to be found within the walls of this domain. I will not say much for the taste that dictated all these varieties; still it was regarded by the possessor and the natives as superior to any thing to be seen nearer than Versailles.

Thursday, the 21st of September, was the day fixed on for the royal ceremonial. Determined to see as much of it as possible, I was early a-foot. On arriving at the grand place, the first object that attracted my notice was a lofty pole, decorated with ribands, flowers, &c. In trying to ascend it, a poor fellow had fallen and broken his neck; in consequence of which the police would not permit any more candidates for the prizes exhibited at the top.

The immediate neighbourhood of the palace of the Prince of Orange, in the park, was thronged by countless thousands. From thence, the king and heir apparent were to proceed to the church of Saint Jacques de Condenberg, previous to the en-

thronement. That the royal cortège might be duly conducted, numerous heralds and officers at arms were galloping about, pointing out the proper stations of the various persons who were to assist at the ceremony.

One of these officials was an elderly gentleman, whose small quantity of silver hair escaped from under his black velvet cap, and whose capacious form rendered it necessary that he should bestride a Flanders mare capable of carrying twenty stone. The tabard he wore, although of ample size for a moderate man, stuck close to this mountain of flesh, and his no neck was encompassed by a ruff, that would have hidden his face but for the projecting rim of his cap. It was evident that Quimbusflestrin was unaccustomed to horse exercise, as he kept his seat with difficulty; yet he must have been a Nimrod in his youth, judging from an antiquated pair of *jocki bottes à l'Anglais*, in which his legs were encased. A vast deal of duty fell to his share this day, for 'he was here, there, and everywhere; whilst streams of perspiration ran down his Dutch cheese of a face, and the unusual speed to which he put the animal he rode had covered it with a lather which a punster might have called *ecume de Mare.*

The procession at length began to move, preceded by Dutch and Belgic regiments; three hand-

some carriages appeared; the glance of an eye told of their Long Acre origin; no place but London could have produced such vehicles. The first, drawn by four horses, in sumptuous town-made harness, and decorated with ribands, contained some of the chief ministers of state. The second, with a handsome team of four, similarly bedecked, conveyed the great officers of the household. The state carriage followed, drawn by six long-tailed bays, ornamented with a profusion of orange ribands. In this vehicle sat his majesty and the Prince of Orange; half a dozen young pages in antique livery, after the fashion of Louis XIV, hung on behind. One or two family carriages, not so respectable as our glass coaches, contained their high mightinesses, next in rank to royalty, and these were followed by a most ludicrous display of hackney coaches, fiacres, and other public vehicles; strangely contrasting, by their wretched appointments and sorry jades, with the importation from England.

Whilst the good folks went to church and the stadt-house, I took an opportunity of surveying the preparations for that part of the exhibition which was to take place in the open air.

An immense platform had been erected in the *Place* at the top of the Montagne de la Cour, capable of containing all the worthies whose duty it was to attend on so solemn an occasion. In the

centre of this stage a temporary throne had been erected, with a handsome state chair under its canopy, and another close to its right, for the heir apparent: a carpet was laid down on this portion of the platform, and the steps leading to it. Figures, representing Justice, Mercy, Victory, Truth, and other allegorical personages, were placed at given distances.

A salute of cannon announced the return of the king, and now the order of march was reversed; the Brussel's jarvies leading the way, and setting down their fares, who were immediately seated under the direction of the heralds, every man in his place before the arrival of the king. His majesty was conducted to the throne with all due solemnity, and the oath of allegiance to the monarch being read to the representatives, they rose to give their ratification. At this moment, a circumstance occurred which created such hearty laughter amongst the spectators as evidently disconcerted some of the principal actors in the scene. It chanced that sufficient full-length Virtues had not been found to complete the required number, and the deficiency was supplied by placing busts upon poles, with coarse canvass drapery, covered with pipeclay attached to them, descending in massive folds to the same length as the figures near them. At a trifling distance this makeshift was not very apparent; but,

unluckily, the contriver of this ingenious artifice had neglected to fasten down the flowing robes of his dumbies; and, at the instant when the people were attentively regarding the solemn vow of the magnates of the land, a sudden gust of wind blew the stiffened draperies from their perpendicular positions to horizontal ones, leaving the mopsticks on which the heads rested bare; and forming the most ridiculous looking images possible. One female bust looked as though her petticoats had blown over her head, for the malicious purpose of exposing her wooden leg. Description cannot do justice to the droll effect of these fluttering draperies; and, as the wind continued to rise, and they became more agitated, the laughter increased. Some trusty adherents of the house of Orange contrived to hold down these vagrant robes, whilst the king underwent the ceremony of swearing to maintain the laws. His majesty read the form both in Dutch and French, with a clear and firm voice; but I remarked that, whilst his parent was thus employed, the Prince of Orange looked pale and agitated. Did he foresee the instability of the greater part of his father's newly acquired kingdom?

At the conclusion of the ceremony I strolled into the church which the king had visited; it had been profusely decorated for the occasion, and I remarked

a large piece of tapestry, on which a subject was represented that puzzled me excessively. A number of remarkably ill-looking men were assembled round a banquet-table; one had stuck his dagger through a thin cake, about the size of a muffin, from which drops of blood were seen to fall, to the horror of all present; and their alarm was increased by an attack made on them by fierce dogs, depicted in the act of rushing into the chamber, whilst the pillars and roof were under the influence of an earthquake. I inquired the history of this remarkable picture, and it was explained to me as a commemoration of the blasphemy of some Jews, who had met to insult the sacred wafer, which one of them had stolen from a priest's house. What followed the stabbing, the picture plainly told; and a most frightful scene of consternation it was.

It was my good fortune, shortly after my trip to Brussels, to see another crowned head. Late in the month, the Emperor Alexander passed through Mons, on his way to St. Petersburgh. His imperial majesty was received with all possible military and civic honours; he did not alight from his clumsy ill-built calèche, but received Sir Alexander with marked distinction. There was an air of nobleness in his semi-barbarous face, and his smile was very fascinating. I never remember to have seen any person of distinction whose portraits were so

inveterately like the original as those of the autocrat of Russia.

An artilleryman having beaten the man at whose house he was quartered, a court-martial assembled to try the offender. The prosecutor, a dapper little fellow, in stating his grievance to the court, said:—

"Gentlemen, if monsieur the Englishman had scratched my face, or pulled my hair out by handfulls, I should not have complained, but he shut up his hand very close, and gave me a knock on my chest, that I am sure will be black and blue as long as I live. I had heard before, but never knew till then, what to box was. God preserve me from such box again!"

The gunner, upon trial, relied principally for his defence upon the evidence of a female who had been present at the quarrel. She was called into court; her appearance was anything but prepossessing. Past the meridian of life, very plain, and deeply seamed with the small-pox, still she strove to make amends for lack of personal charms, by dressing in the most tawdry finery; a tremendous *toque* formed of a cotton handkerchief covered her head, large glass beads surrounded her neck, and flounces innumerable terminated her drapery. She advanced with becoming timidity to the table.

The oath to speak the truth; "la verité, rien

que la verité," she delivered with a theatrical voice and gesture. She was desired to be seated.

"Votre nom, madame?" inquired the president.

"Mademoiselle, s'il vous plait, mon capitaine."

"Milles pardons, ma'mselle; votre nom?"

"Hortense, Lucrece, Justine, Marie, Saint Remy."

The sponsorial and paternal appellations being duly entered on the records of the proceedings, the president continued,

"Votre profession, ma'amselle?"

Saint Remy rose from her chair, surveyed, with a leer, the members of the court; then, dropping a bewitching courtesy, in silvery accents, replied, "Fille publique, messieurs, à vos services."

So honest and ingenuous an avowal of her station in society commanded respect; although it was with difficulty that we repressed our laughter.

The lady gave her evidence in the most straightforward and lucid manner. She evidently entertained a favourable opinion of monsieur the cannonier, and held his prosecutor in excessive scorn. The complainant, interrupting the chain of Ma'amselle's evidence, addressed her rudely,

"You know well I was struck with great violence by the Englishman; you cannot deny that he beat me."

"He did you infinitely too much honour!" was the reply of the incensed Lucrece.

"You were the cause," continued the enraged little man. "I wonder how any Englishman could be so depraved as to associate with such a hideous wretch as you are."

Scarcely deigning to look upon a man capable of such want of gallantry, she cast an appealing glance on the assembled officers, saying,

"Je ne suis pas belle, messieurs! mais j'ai beaucoup de sentiment!"

CHAPTER X.

THE TRUMPET TOWER—VISIT TO PRINCE AUGUSTUS—PROSPECT OF A CROIX—HOW TO GET UP A WALTZ—PRESENTED TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA—TAKE LEAVE—TOUR OF INSPECTION—TOURNAY—THE INNOCENTS—BEET-ROOT SUGAR—THE DUKE'S NAME A PASSPORT—LILLE—THE APPLE OF DISCORD—MONEY MAKES THE MARE TO GO—YPRES—THE GOVERNOR—FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE—A FRENCH JARVY ON THE WEALTH OF NATIONS—TOURNAY CARPETS.

A singular custom had been kept up in the good town of Mons, it was said, ever since the time of Julius Cæsar, of having a watchman stationed on the top of a tower, built for the express purpose, whose duty it was to sound a horn, at stated intervals, if all beneath his observation remained quiescent; but, in case of fire, the advance of armed parties, that is, if he could see them, he was to "ring the alarm bell." The trumpet of this worthy guardian had been cracked for years; and the noise he sent forth, in token of peace, resembled the sound made by a person labouring under a heavy cold attempting to blow his nose. We visited the old man in his aërial chamber. He had occupied it

for nearly thirty years, descending but seldom to mix with the creatures of the earth—sleeping during the day, and playing his sonatas at night, whenever he felt disposed.

An orderly, despatched by Prince Augustus, arrived on the 5th of October, requesting Sir Alexander to repair to Maubeuge, for the purpose of being introduced to the king of Prussia, who was expected there. The mandate was obeyed. We found his royal highness at the house of the mayor, who had supplied his illustrious guest with a magnificent dinner—doubtless much more from fear than affection. The prince, after kindly greeting us, requested to be furnished with a memorandum containing the names, at full length, of Sir Alexander, Major Ord, and the humble narrator of these facts, adding that it was his intention to recommend us in the strongest possible terms to his majesty, as worthy of receiving from him some military decoration, in testimony of our services.

This intelligence was extremely flattering, and to me was highly exciting; already I fancied a pendent cross at my lapelle, and heard myself addressed as chevalier.

Not satisfied with the viands and wine which had been furnished by the civil authority, Prince Augustus, half in joke, and half in earnest, wrote another requisition to the magistrate, specifying his

wish to have the society of some dozen or two of the female inhabitants, as he felt disposed to indulge himself and his officers in the pleasure of waltzing, adding that the ladies might be sure of the most respectful treatment, and that he should further trespass on the mayor to supply a supper fit for the fair visiters. This was certainly the most extraordinary stretch of military power I ever witnessed; and I did not think it probable that such a demand would be complied with; but I was deceived. At nine o'clock, about twenty well-dressed and well-mannered women, wives of some of the most respectable inhabitants, were introduced by the lady of the house, to the prince; and they danced as merrily, and flirted as much, as though their visit was purely voluntarily.

Three days passed, in hourly expectation of his majesty's arrival; during which period we were constant guests at the table of the prince, so economically kept; and received repeated congratulations from those officers with whom we were most intimate, on the approaching honours that they were certain would be conferred on us.

Early on the 9th, the king arrived; he was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of attachment by his subjects. After reviewing the troops, his majesty repaired to the prince's quarters, and we were formally introduced. The king

not only expressed himself deeply indebted to Sir Alexander for the great advantage a portion of his army had derived in having the aid of an officer of such first-rate talent and experience, but, with great affability, addressed Ord and myself, in very complimentary language, shaking hands with us, with the cordiality of an Englishman. Soon after our presentation, he retired with the prince to another apartment; and, at the end of a tête-à-tête of half an hour's duration, he re-entered his carriage, and departed, receiving all due military honours.

I thought I perceived a look of disappointment on the fine countenance of the prince; and wondered what could have transpired between him and his august relative to cause the change. He was very shortly after closeted with Sir Alexander for a considerable time; and, when they rejoined us, it was evident both were somewhat chagrined.

Addressing Ord and myself, his royal highness said, "Gentlemen, you will learn from the chevalier the result of my recommendation to the king. I shall, therefore, say nothing on that subject; but, in taking leave of you, I beg you to accept the assurance of my best wishes; and that I am sensible of the zeal and ability you have evinced, whilst serving with me. Would I could give you substantial proofs of my regard; but I am denied. Adieu, gentlemen; rest satisfied that your services will be ever remembered by Augustus of Prussia."

As we were about to take a final leave of friends whom we esteemed so highly, I need not say it was a melancholy task, and one we hastened to get over. As soon as we had got clear of the town, Colonel Dickson informed us that, when our names were given to the king, with the strongest recommendation by our kind friend the prince, his majesty remarked, 'that not one of his officers during the present campaign had received any of the British orders of knighthood, and that he was too proud to set England the example.'

So faded all my hopes.*

Active operations having terminated, Sir Alexander, towards the end of the month, resolved on visiting Paris. I was prevented from having the pleasure of accompanying him, as it was his wish

* I have presumed to be thus particular in mentioning events on which my future fate so much depended. What trifles determine our destiny! A tiny cross, and an inch of black and white riband, would have bound me to the service for ever. I should have had the opportunity of wearing it in the West Indies, Ceylon, or Canada. Such an amulet, doubtless, would have preserved me from yellow fever, and the thousand other ills of colonial service. I should now have been half way up the list of second captains, after twenty-seven years' service, with the consolation of knowing that, if I lived ten years longer, I should command a company. How, therefore, can I be sufficiently thankful that the honour I then so eagerly craved was denied me? Instead of dragging on a miserable existence, in some detestable climate, I am happy in my own dear country; no longer subject to the tiresome routine of garrison duty, I have duties to perform that are pleasures to me.

that a portion of the force under his command should be inspected, and he had arranged that I should accompany the officer deputed to perform this duty.

Accordingly, Major Durnford and myself left Mons on the 27th. He had hired a carriage for the journey of somewhat strange construction; it was a cabriolet, or fleche, capable of holding four persons, having a fixed seat at the back, and a moveable one in front, on which the driver sat. Our coachee was a smart, intelligent fellow, fond of giving his opinion, and much addicted to smoking; his blue gabardine matched in colour and stitchery with his night-cap, which he wore with a jauntée air, deeming a hat superfluous. For the first league or two, we encountered trains of coal waggons, from the mines of Jemmape; the bodies of these vehicles were constructed of strong wicker-work, and had the most clumsy appearance. We speedily learnt that our driver was also proprietor of both horse and carriage; for, in spite of our desire to proceed, he affirmed that an hour's bait was essential, and stopped for that purpose at a wretched village called Basecle: the neighbouring scenery offered no temptation to explore it, and, like true Englishmen, we thought the best way to beguile the time was in eating and drinking. Here again we were baffled; it was Friday, not a solitary cutlet was to

be seen, or flesh in any shape that suited my appetite. Bread and cheese, at a road-side house in France, are very distinct things from that acceptable makeshift in England. What was to be done? Our Jehu was regaling on the last morsel of fish which the scanty larder had supplied, and we were at a non plus; most opportunely, a very pretty girl came into the kitchen with a basket of eggs for sale, and to our relief an omelette was speedily manufactured, that would have done credit to Monsieur Ude.

It was late in the day ere we reached Tournay; alighting at the hotel of the Singe d'Or, the first thing that I saw was an *affiche,* announcing a representation at the theatre for that evening: this was an unexpected pleasure, and I determined on taking advantage of the opportunity afforded of once more 'going to the play.' I proposed to the major that he should accompany me, to which he consented, on condition that it did not interfere with his dinner; for, to say truth, in my delight at the prospect of attending a theatre, I had forgotten the fact of not having dined.

By the time our meal was served, I had every reason to be satisfied with my friend's sensible arrangement, and contented myself with the knowledge that I should yet see a great portion of the evening's entertainment. On reaching the theatre

we were joined by two officers of our corps; and, during a pause in the performance, it was arranged that the inspection of the men should take place on our return from Ypres.

The last piece presented very much amused our whole party; it was called "*Les familles innocentes*," and its story, as well as I remember, was to this effect. An old man, father of three sons, lives in the neighbourhood of an old woman, mother of three daughters; the eldest boy is about six feet high, the second five feet eight inches, and the youngest four feet nothing: it happens that a similar gradation in size exists with the three girls; the old people have wisely resolved not only to pair, but match them, tall with tall, middle size with middle size, and short with short; but the mischievous urchin, "Dan Cupid," who has, from the beginning of time, been a greater agitator than Dan O'Connell, has decreed otherwise; Master Lankey is desperately smitten with Miss Dumpy, and Miss Maypole has flopped her affections on the youngest and shortest of the three; numerous embarrassments follow this course of true love; in vain the brother and sister, who form the comparatives in both families, exert themselves to prevent such preposterous unions; Love triumphs, the giant runs away with the fairy, and the tiny urchin reaches the lips of his adored by the aid of a ladder.

There was a feature in this ridiculous affair which added considerably to the comic effect; the three men were dressed exactly alike, allowing for the difference of size, and each was provided with a monstrous watch, ornamented with gaudy ribands and a profusion of seals; about these, and they were constantly produced, some local joke was made which convulsed the audience, but was unintelligible to me, as "All round my hat" would be to a Frenchman who had lost his way, and entered the Coburg.

The demoiselles were also attired in fac-simile costume of most ridiculous character. A circumstance occurred near the conclusion, which did not give me a very favourable idea of the humanity or gallantry of the audience; the six boys and girls were assembled under a great tree, at least, a clumsy and ill-shapen piece of board painted to represent one: the iron that supported it at the back gave way, and it fell upon the stage, bearing down by its weight the unhappy performers, who doubtless were much bruised. Instead of this accident creating any sensation of alarm, or commiseration, the audience, amidst roars of laughter, called out "Bis! Bis!"

'Tis strange that a wish for repetition is expressed by the French in Latin, and by us in French.

We continued our route early on the following

morning; as we approached Lille, we were surprised at seeing many hundred small windmills erected on the glacis, most of them in full operation, the movement of their sails producing a strange dazzling effect. Our driver informed us that they had originally been erected by order of the emperor, for the purpose of extracting sugar from beet-root. The man, forgetful for a moment to whom he was speaking, added,

"It was because Monsieur Goddem had taken our West India Islands from us that Napoleon tried the experiment; it never answered the expectations formed, and now these mills are used to extract oil from lintseed. I have heard the exact number of them, but cannot remember at this moment."

The officer in command of the guard at the Port de Tournay demanded our passport; I explained to him that we were on a particular duty, and had not deemed it necessary to provide ourselves with one. Hearing this, he refused to let us proceed, and gave directions to one of his men to lay hold of the horse's head and turn it round. This annoyed me considerably; I called out to the soldier to desist, and jumped out to argue the matter with this officious person; he was much disposed to be impertinent; but, I was determined to carry my point, without losing my temper. I told him, therefore, where we were going, and for what pur-

pose, the rank of my companion (who unluckily did not speak a word of French), and finished by producing the official letter from the Duke of Wellington to Sir Alexander Dickson, directing the inspection of artillery, cantoned in Tournay, Ypres, and other towns, in possession of the British. At sight of the name of Wellington, the Frenchman's colour rose to his cheeks, and he twirled his moustache with a look of fierce hatred; but, like an evil spirit under the spell of an enchanter, he was forced to submit to the power of that dreaded name.

Our detention had brought a number of idlers round us, who were more astonished than pleased, when they perceived that we had obtained permission to pass through the town. Durnford begged me to urge the driver to get to the outside of it as quickly as possible; for, although he did not understand the language, he could not but perceive that the expression on the faces of the people was any thing but friendly.

"The more haste the worse speed," saith the proverb, and so it proved with us. Coachee, in turning a corner into the *Place*, upset a table covered with apples, the property of a woman, who screamed out so loudly at the accident, that I feared she had received a mortal hurt; the boys began to scramble for the rolling fruit; the market-people took part with the offended Pomona; our driver

" Sacre—d !" in return; and, suddenly, the very agreeable sounds reached me of "*A bas les Anglais! —ces sont des brigands Anglais.*" Our situation became somewhat critical; three or four ill-looking fellows, *ex militaires*, seemed very much disposed to overturn our cabriolet; which outrage, I have no doubt, would have been followed by our destruction, the tender mercies of a French rabble warranting the opinion. Durnford, like Dumbiedikes, thought there was no ill but what " siller would mend;" and, with extraordinary coolness, pulled out his purse, threw the proprietress of the " bully-versed" table a five franc piece, and then scattered a handful of smaller coins amongst the crowd, who commenced as eager a scramble as the boys had shown for the apples.

" Now," said I to our terrified coachman, " don't spare the whip; but, for God's sake, take care of fruit-stalls."

He obeyed: the tone of the multitude was changed; " *Vivent les Anglais !*" was shouted, and we made our way to the outside of the walls, without farther let or hindrance. As soon as we were fairly on our road, the driver confessed that he did not expect we should have escaped alive. He knew the people of Lille well; and, although we might have observed numerous devices in honour of Louis XVIII, that they were the rankest Bonapartists in France.

For many miles the country round Ypres was inundated; a mode of defence often resorted to in Flanders. In answer to the challenge of the Dutch sentinel at the gate, we merely replied, "English officers," and were suffered to pass on without the slightest delay. We halted at the hotel of the *Tête d'Or;* and, whilst enjoying an excellent dinner, talked over our affair of the morning, congratulating each other that we had got out of the scrape so easily.

The day after our arrival, being Sunday, the people were, for the most part, attired in their holyday suits, and were flocking to mass in crowds. Major Durnford thought that our first duty was to pay our respects to the governor of the town. We walked to his residence, sent in our cards, and were admitted. The general was an old man, bearing evident marks of having seen much service and change of clime. He received us very graciously; but, as soon as the usual compliments were over, asked, rather pointedly, when we arrived. As his discourse was in tolerable English, the major replied to his question.

"Last evening!" said the commandant, with surprise. "No such names are inserted in the book kept at the gate—the officer must be punished for such neglect."

We explained the little difficulty which we ex-

perienced in getting into the good town under his care; which served the more to arouse his anger against the officer.

"Your name is very familiar to me, major," he said. "I once served under a Colonel Durnford, of the British Engineers in America."

"He was my father, general."

"Indeed! Yes, I acted as assistant engineer, when your father built a fort on the Mobile Point. I wonder if it still exists?"

"On that, sir," said I, "permit me to speak. It fell to the British early this year. I was present at its surrender, and am aware of its restoration to the Americans, when peace was concluded."

"Strange! How many pleasant recollections are associated with Colonel Durnford's name! May I hope you will dine with me to day?"

Our intention to return as soon as the inspection was over prevented our accepting the proffered hospitality; but Durnford, who was one of the kindest-hearted men that ever breathed, begged, as a personal favour, that the general would withhold his anger from the offender who had omitted to forward a name to him which had awakened such recollections; and the good-humoured veteran acceded to the request.

After fulfilling the duty entrusted to us, and taking a hasty survey of the noble buildings of

which the good citizens at Ypres may be justly proud, we prepared for departure; but, no ways anxious to risk a repetition of the scene at Lille, determined on halting for the night at Courtray. Our Jehu was well pleased when he learnt the route we intended taking, and, as the distance was only sixteen miles, he got over the ground in better style than usual.

Five o'clock found us safely deposited at the hotel of the *Lion d'Or*.

"Messieurs," said our driver, "with you English every thing is golden. You stop at no other hotels but those whose signs are covered with that precious metal; first the Golden Monkey, then the Golden Head, and now the Golden Lion; ah! it is well to have an English purse."

Courtray strongly resembled its neighbours, but possessed nothing that has given me a lasting recollection.

Not so Tournay, where we passed the following day; as its superb carpet manufactory alone would ensure its being remembered with delight. The senior officer of our's, stationed here, Captain Bridge, kindly undertook to introduce us to the proprietor of this far-famed establishment, and we met with the most polite treatment from that enterprising and ingenious gentleman. Constantinople and St. Petersburgh, he informed us, were his principal mar-

kets. He complained bitterly of the enormous price he had been forced to give, during the war, for cochineal; but good humouredly added,

"I hope, gentlemen, now that you have disposed of your inveterate enemy, and brought back the good old king, colonial produce will be more easily obtained. A propos of Napoleon, let me show you something which we were making for one of his apartments at St. Cloud — there is little chance of its ever being finished."

A portion of a most magnificent carpet was unrolled; its ground was of sky blue; on which the imperial bee, in gold colour, was thickly strewn. The border was composed of a bold Grecian scroll, and each corner ornamented with a trophy of arms surmounted by a classic shield, bearing the name of one of his most celebrated battles.

We were next shown into a room, where a carpet of costly fabric was in progress. A man sat holding before him a portion of the pattern, painted in oil colours, and divided into squares of about the fifth of an inch. Two youngsters, with various coloured worsteds by their sides, received instruction from the man how to proceed. Before them on a frame were numerous perpendicular strings, and above their heads various horizontal ones; to one of the boys the holder of the pattern said: "One green, one white, two blue;" to the other, "Three

red, two rose, one dark green ;" and, as the number and colour were called, a long loop of worsted was formed and fastened so as to hang at the back of the line to which it was attached. When each upright had received its proper number of loops, one of the horizontal lines was let down and similarly served; on its completion, it was forced upon the part below by heavy and clumsy-looking machinery. The operators were not at all aware of the effects they were producing, or the figures they formed, but implicitly obeyed orders; yet, when the loops were properly sheared, the most exquisite and highly finished representations of fruit, flowers, and other subjects, were the result of this simple process.

I once heard the captain of a coasting vessel affirm that all the Cork butter was made in Waterford, and I learnt here that every yard of Brussels carpet was manufactured at Tournay.

We accompanied our brother officers after dinner to the theatre; an operatic piece was performed, in which two Parisian stars appeared. They were warmly greeted by the audience, but did not afford me one half the gratification I had experienced in witnessing the loves of "the Innocents."

Our duty being fulfilled, we returned to our homes, which we reached without any adventure worth recording.

CHAPTER XI.

An Adventure in New Zealand—Royal Breach of Faith—The Fraternal Craft robbed of an Hypothesis—Horrible Punishment—The Billet System—The Hotel du Val—The Mayor and the Emperor—The Incognito—A Fatal Duel.

An old Limerick acquaintance of mine, Captain Finucane, was British commandant at Mons; he kindly invited me, shortly after my tour, to meet the Belgic general and staff. I accepted the invitation, and was much pleased with General Heyliger's conversation; he had seen much service, and had undergone all the horrors of the Russian campaign. Whilst giving some interesting details of the retreat from Moscow, he assured us that, in many instances, the wretched soldiery had been driven to the revolting alternative of eating human flesh; not, however, until they had eagerly devoured every horse they could lay hands on.

Finucane had been secretary to General Macquarie, at New South Wales; and he related a circumstance which occurred during his residence in Australia, which might, in after days, have occa-

sioned extraordinary speculations, amongst a large class of society. It was to this effect:—

The principal chief or King of New Zealand arrived at Sidney to gratify his curiosity, and form an alliance with the new comers from Europe. The governor had received his tattooship with marked distinction; as he well knew that the islands afforded an almost inexhaustible supply of fine timber for ship and house building, a requisite commodity in a new settlement so far removed from the mother country. Accordingly, Tippahee, for that was his brown majesty's august name, was treated with much respect and ceremony; well fed, and, for the first time in his royal life, *decently* dressed. A treaty was concluded between the Zealander and Governor Macquarie, for allowing the British to cut down and bring away as much timber as they required; for the which a consideration was to be given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if such an officer existed in Tippahee's cabinet; or, in short, to any one he, Tippahee, might appoint. The day on which this important arrangement was concluded, Finucane presented his majesty with a large silver masonic medal, attached to a purple riband; it was most joyfully accepted, and instantly placed round the chief's neck. Loaded with presents, he speedily departed for his territories; and, shortly after, a vessel was sent with a

number of carpenters and others, fit for the purpose, to fell a portion of the wood named in the aforesaid treaty. No sooner, however, had the artisans landed, and commenced operations, but they were assailed with a shower of arrows from a multitude of the natives; one man was killed, and several badly wounded; the astonished workmen hastened to their boats, and were glad to get out of the reach of these skilful archers. An attempt was made to hold a parley with the hostile party, in vain, and the ship returned.

Governor Macquarie speedily determined to avenge this breach of treaty, and vowed, like Earl Percy, to take his pleasure in the Zealand woods for as many days as he chose. Accordingly, a sloop of war, with Captain Finucane, a strong party of marines, and the unmaimed carpenters on board, sailed with orders to bring matters to an immediate issue.

The captain, who knew much of the manners of the natives, landed with a small detachment from his force, and, providing himself with a palm-branch, as a symbol of peace, advanced towards the first collection of huts visible, near the spot where the aggression had occurred. He perceived that a stout stockade had been constructed in front of the town, or village, and that it was speedily manned by a host of natives. The palm branch was held up in

token of parley, and the party moved onward. The treacherous Tippahee was soon distinguishable, surrounded by his savage warriors: he was invited to come down and hold a conference, but this he refused; and, mustering as much English as he was master of, desired the intruders to retire. Finding that this order was not obeyed, some arrows were discharged over the heads of the British. This signal of determined hostility was sufficient; Finucane and his men retreated towards the landing-place, which movement was hailed with a yell of triumph by the savages. They reckoned, however, rather prematurely; he made the concerted signal for the rest of the marines to come on shore, and the sloop to haul in as close as possible; this done, and his force increased, he again marched forward. His pacific overtures being once more rejected, he gave orders to fire, and a volley was poured in on the naked wretches with terrible effect; a few of the bravest attempted to resist the advance of the red coats, but it was soon evident that powder and ball must carry the day. Another round drove most of the savages from their defence, and the stockade was carried. The first object that met the eye of Finucane was the dead body of the king; the masonic medal still ornamented his person, which the original possessor did not hesitate to secure. The islanders disappeared, trees were felled without molestation, and the party returned.

"Now," added my informant, "let us suppose that no such event had occurred; that we had met no opposition from the natives; and that the chief had lived to a good old age; and, after due embalming and baking, had been deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. Suppose some hundred years to have elapsed, and a European traveller discovering the favourite ornament round the neck of the defunct king, would it not have occupied the attention of all the lodges in the civilized world, in their endeavour to trace the introduction of masonry to this remote part of the world? How much trouble I have saved, by repossessing myself of the medal!"

I had, for some time past, employed all my leisure in copying plans of the towns on the frontier, with the operations against them by our Prussian allies; a very intimate friend, named Holcombe, had undertaken to supply Sir Alexander with sketches of these places, to complete his portfolio. It was at my young friend's billet we used to devote our time to drawing. He occupied a spacious room on the ground-floor; exactly facing the win dows stood a large well, round the wall of which, on market-days, the country women chose to congregate for purposes more suited to privacy. We both determined, if possible, to prevent their selection of this particular spot. Providing ourselves

with a brace of horse-pistols each, we took our stations at the open windows; and no sooner did we perceive a female place herself in an unbecoming attitude, than she was loudly hailed, and the unloaded weapon levelled at her head: away she would scamper off, screaming or groaning at thus unexpectedly being obliged to bear "a secret grief about" that she did *not* "wish to bury in a recess."

Crossing the square, on my way to dine with a Rifle Corps friend, I became the involuntary witness of an execution, according to some particular law of a district in the department. I had heard that an unfortunate wretch had been placed on a scaffold, seated at the foot of a stout post, and fastened to it by an iron collar round his neck, and I had imagined that such an exposure was the extent of his degradation. The temporary elevation was so placed, that I could not fail to pass near it in my walk to my friend's hotel. Very few persons were assembled, but a priest was earnestly addressing the malefactor. As I drew near, scarcely had I looked on the face of the culprit, when it became in a moment hideously distorted in the pangs of death—a screw, turned by the Herculean arm of the executioner, at the back of the upright beam, having tightened the iron collar sufficiently to occasion instant strangulation. A more frightful or indecent spectacle I never witnessed: there was no attempt to

conceal the agonized features—they soon became rigidly fixed in all the dreadful horror of violent death! I rushed away, and the hospitality of my friend was vainly offered me—"that day I *ate* no more."

In my own dear country I never heard of any persons but hotel or tavern keepers being obliged to furnish lodgings for officers and soldiers: how different is the situation of the inhabitants on the Continent! The respected and venerable lady, whose house I occupied at this period, gave me a pitiful account of what she had suffered from this system of military encroachment. Her husband, the Baron la Fontaine, had died many years ago, leaving her with two sons and a daughter. Soon after her bereavement, the Austrian army occupied the town in great numbers, and her house was crowded with foreigners. The ill-fated attempt of the Duke of Brunswick to preserve Louis and his queen brought numerous strangers under her roof. At the battle of Jemappe her eldest boy fell, pierced with revolutionary bullets, and the distracted mother was forced to give food and shelter to his murderers; Dumourier's force taking possession of the town immediately after the conflict; then followed the constant movements of the army of *Sans Culottes*, and speedily the forces of Pichegru were to be provided for. A few years passed,

and the ambitious views of Bonaparte served only to increase the numbers of the soldiery cantoned on her dwelling. Of later days, the allies, both advancing and retreating, in 1814, and the British since Waterloo, had severally been her guests.

"I can assure you, my good young friend," concluded Madame la Fontaine, "I shall ever remember with gratitude the contrast between the conduct of your countrymen and that of other nations, including even those of my own land. For yourself, you have been a protection to my house ever since it has been favoured by your presence."

"Nay, madame, do not flatter me."

"I am sincere, believe me: you have prevented my being annoyed with Prussians or Austrians;" and the old lady, indulging in the wit of the mortified Parisians, called these nations *Les Preux chiens, et les Autres chiens*, "those insatiable monsters, who will have what they demand at the sword's point; and never treated me with the respect due to an aged woman, the widow of a man of rank."

The son of this excellent lady offered to show me the house of the "greatest man in the town," Count Du Val, and I accepted his kindness. It was certainly a very comfortable mansion, with some tolerable pictures, and a few casts from the antique. The only room in the house that was noticeable, as

Wordsworth has it, was the salle-à-manger; it was a capacious apartment, the walls from ceiling to floor covered by draperies of orange satin. I expressed my surprise to my companion at the extraordinary absence of taste in the arrangement of this costly material; as it was not surmounted by any cornice, or placed in folds near the windows or doors; but absolutely nailed up, as though serving to cover the real ornaments of the walls; and this was truly the case, as I was speedily shown. Monsieur La Fontaine explained that Count Du Val was a most servile Bonapartist; and had expended vast sums of money in fitting up this salon for the reception of the emperor, on his way to Antwerp some years ago. He awaited in full court costume the arrival of Napoleon, and directed the driver of the imperial carriage to proceed to his house; this order was instantly countermanded, in an angry tone, by the man he delighted to honour; and the coach proceeded as customary to the Poste Imperial, for change of horses. Baulked of his intended guest, Du Val was not wholly shipwrecked; he hurried to the *Place*, and, in his capacity of mayor, presented an address, and commenced a complimentary speech, on the honour bestowed on the town by the presence of the august visiter. In this loyal effusion he was hastily interrupted. "Drive on!" was the word, and the speech was finished almost as soon as begun.

But Du Val had taken some pains in studying this eloquent and elegant compliment; and he determined it should not be lost. Aware that the emperor would stop, for a short time, at Brain le Compte, he ordered his carriage, and contrived to reach Hal before him. No sooner did Napoleon appear, than, prefacing his intended oration by announcing himself as Count Du Val, Préfet of the Department, he commenced his speech:—"Bah! ènçore Du Val! allons, vîte!" was the only notice bestowed on the courtier here. There was but one more chance; he was a member of the municipal body of Brussels; and, in that city, he felt confident of being listened to with attention. Onward he went, and, by dint of hard driving, through a cross road and a short cut, accomplished his wishes. He hastened to the square near the Park, where his brethren of the magistracy were assembled, awaiting the expected arrival, and had sufficient influence to obtain from them permission to welcome the great idol of his affections.

Shouts, which rent the air, announced the presence of the emperor. Up steps monsieur the count—"Sire," he begins, "the mayor and authorities of your loyal city of Brussels have deputed me to congratulate your imperial majesty. I, therefore, the Count Du Val —." "Sacré tonnerre!" exclaimed Napoleon, with a withering look,

"this Monsieur Du Val is mayor every where;" and, alighting, pushed past the disconcerted functionary with such violence as to throw him off his equilibrium, to the evident danger of his embroidered suit.

In spite of these rebuffs, the ubiquitous mayor continued to vaunt his devoted attachment to the man who had evinced such utter contempt for him. The banishment of his idol to Elba vexed him sorely; principally because the sums he had lavished upon eagles, bees, and other favourite symbols, were thrown away; still his lingering affection for his old master was so strong, he could not endure the notion of having them utterly removed. He speedily bethought him of a plan which would prevent the necessity. It was rumoured that some portion of the Bourbon family were about to visit Mons; and as he felt assured he was the "greatest man" in the town, they could not think of stopping at any other mansion than his. Accordingly, a quantity of white satin was purchased, and carefully attached to the walls, completely hiding all the original garniture. The salon continued to wear its virgin vestments until the emperor was once more seated in the Tuilleries; then its white hangings were hastily taken down and removed out of sight.

When the French army advanced to Waterloo,

the count amused himself by brushing up many of the ornaments that had somewhat tarnished in their concealment. Anxiously did he await the report of the battle. News was brought him, on the morning of the 19th, that Napoleon was defeated, and the Prince of Orange in full march upon Mons. The fortune of Du Val was ample. With money wonders may be effected. All the *orange* satin in the town was purchased instantly, and numerous workmen employed; so that before nightfall the proprietor had the satisfaction of seeing the metamorphosis completed.

"The best of the joke is," added young La Fontaine, "that nor Bonaparte, a Bourbon, nor the Prince of Orange, has ever been within side this extraordinary apartment: but pray look how beautiful the original design and ornaments are."

Lifting the arras, I saw a large portion of one of the walls exhibiting the most elaborate and splendid ornamental work; all constructed in honour of the being who was now on his way to the rock on which he terminated his eventful career.

The fair hostess of the Hotel Royal had, on one or two occasions, been remarkably civil to me, in accommodating friends passing through the town, and other delicate attentions; and as, during Sir Alexander's absence, I was obliged to live *en garçon*, I thought I might as well dine at the

table d'hôte of my sprightly friend, and called to ask if she could make room for me.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed; "I'm glad you mean to dine with me to-day; because you will have an opportunity of seeing a very extraordinary person. He has just arrived, and asked at what hour the dinner was usually served; to say truth, I expected he would have ordered refreshments in his own room; but he is alone, and, I suppose, prefers dining in company."

"Who is this person, madame?"

"Ah, ha! that is my secret. I shall not tell you who he is, till he is gone; but contrive to sit near him, for he is one of the greatest men of the day."

"Is it Count Du Val?"

"Du Val! diable, non! *Girouette* and *bête* as he is, I would not sit down with him. The gentleman I mean is a man of honour and principle; not one who cries, Vive l'Empereur and Vive le Roi in the same breath: but say you will come; 'tis but half an hour to the time."

"If so, why need I go, madame?"

"As you please; we shall find something to talk about, or amuse us till then, doubtless."

Time fled.

"*Madame, le diner est servi,*" announced the garçon.

Offering my arm, I led the lady to the head of the table, and then looked about for the stranger: travellers by the Diligence filled almost every chair; one was vacant, opposite to a stout, middle-aged man, with ruddy complexion, coarse features, and the appearance of a farmer or carcase butcher. Madame, without calling this guest by name, paid him the most civil attentions; he ate rapidly, and drank his wine like a man accustomed to it. He presently asked me to assist him to something near me, and this led us into conversation; but, instead of "What a fine day it has been!" or "Do you think we shall have rain before night?" which is constantly the commencement of acquaintance in England, the stranger said:—

"You belong to the English Artillery, I perceive—have you many of that force here?"

"Not at present, sir; it is the head-quarters of a particular portion, but our men are much scattered."

"Have you served? What is your rank?"

"I have served a little; I am a lieutenant."

"Were you in Spain?"

"No; my first service was in America."

"In the Canadas?"

"No: in Louisiana."

"Hah! you were defeated there," and his eyes flashed as he spoke. I bowed in acknowledgment. "Who commands your force here?"

"Colonel Dickson."

"Dickson!—the same who was in the Peninsula?"

"Yes."

"He is a good officer—an excellent officer; he knows his business well."

"May I beg to tell him of your commendation, and ask your name." The unknown's brow lowered.

"Excusez! I may praise him without any need of that."

"I request your pardon for my having committed such rudeness."

"Not at all; 'tis natural. Madame, let me have coffee in my own room."

Bowing to me, as much as to imply that I had not driven him away, he retired. I became anxious to know who he was; there was certainly about him that peculiar air which showed he was in the habit of being treated with deference, although his manner and voice were as vulgar as his person was coarse and ungainly. Madame had resolved to keep her secret till his departure, and all my endeavours to satisfy my curiosity were fruitless, although I stuck to her skirts, and tried all the means of persuasion in my power.

At length the travelling carriage of the incognito came to the hotel-door; he drove off, and now the mystery was to be explained.

"Well!" demanded madame; "what do you think of my guest?"

"Nothing particular, either good or bad."

"Who do you think he is?"

"Oh, a sutler, a vivandier, who has grown fat by selling bad brandy to the troops."

"Fi, donc! he is no marchand, but a marshal."

"Provost-marshal, I suppose."

"Coquin, no! he is a peer of France."

"He must look well with a coronet on his bull head."

"He is a duke, and one of the first soldiers of the day."

"Well, I thought he was a soldier, I confess, by his honest praise of my colonel."

"Your colonel would have given his little finger to have had the opportunity of seeing so great a man; but you, you little wretch, have been ogling me all dinner-time, and spoiling my stockings with your dirty boots instead of attending to ——"

"To whom, then? Out with it at once."

"To Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia; he it was, you graceless monster, that you dined with: are you not overwhelmed with the honour?"

"Au contraire; I would rather sup with you, tête-a-tête, than dine with all the marshals of France."

The following day I was passing the cavalry bar-

rack, and observed a large groupe of people above whose heads I caught sight of the gleam of sabres: imagining that some soldiers were practising the sword exercise, I rode up to the spot. To my surprise, I found two private dragoons engaged in a duel; they were stripped to their trowsers, and their fair skins were streaming with blood.

Just as I pulled bridle, one of the combatants fell from the effect of a severe wound that moment given; and, before I could speak to any of the assembled party, the Major de Place, an Italian by birth, burst through the surrounding spectators followed by a picket, directed some of them to carry off the prostrate body, and applied his cane smartly to the shoulders and arms of the other man, who was in no condition for such an infliction. I could not bear to see this, and respectfully begged him to desist. He told me fiercely it was his affair, and that I had no right to interfere. He then ordered the bleeding man to be taken to the black hole: the poor fellow entreated he might have his wounds dressed, but this was refused, and he was hurried off to confinement. Despairing of obtaining mercy from the brutal wretch who had so far forgotten himself, I rode at once to the house of General Heyliger, and briefly recounted what I had witnessed; assuring the kind-hearted old gentleman that the soldier would certainly perish if not looked

to by a surgeon immediately. Major Hoel, Chef d'Etat-Major, was instantly sent to the horse-barracks, with orders to remove the man from his dungeon to the hospital, and investigate the affair.

I learnt the next day that my interference was in one instance fortunate, as the poor dragoon was all but dead when Hoel opened his prison-door; but his antagonist had died ere they could bear him from the scene of combat. They were both young men of good character and undaunted courage; and the dispute which had terminated so fatally had originated in a game of dominoes.

What ultimately became of the survivor I never learnt, but before I left Mons I was informed of his perfect recovery.

CHAPTER XII.

A Mourning Coach—Meet a Great Man—The King and the League—Change of Quarters—Count Dillon—An Eventful Life—Malines—Antwerp—The Romulus—A Grateful Host—The Returned Exiles.

Passing through *Rue de Cinq-Pommes*, I first saw a singular vehicle used by the humbler ranks, as a conveyance for the departed and mourners. It was a large-bodied carriage, capable of containing six persons inside, two on the seat with the coachman, and two on the footboard behind. Beneath the perch was suspended a square case, for the reception of the coffin; the body of the coach was black, decorated with skull and cross bones, flying hour-glasses, and cherubim's heads in white; but the mottoes principally claimed my notice. On one door was inscribed the quaint but moral truth, "*Aujourdhui mon tour, demain le vôtre;*" whilst the other was as remarkable for its politeness as its piety, "*Un de profundis, s'il vous plait.*"

Sir Alexander and Ord returned from Paris, and

related the many sights they had witnessed in that extraordinary city.

"And what news," said Ord, "have you for us in return?"

"Oh, very pleasant news; the theatre will open here to-morrow night, and, I hear, with a capital set of actors."

"How like Hill that is!" observed Sir Alexander; "a theatre seems to be the summum bonum of his life. We will all three go, however, and support his favourite place of amusement."

Our family party accordingly went to the Salle de Spectacle on the opening night; the house was crowded to excess; and, finding no room in the boxes, we were on the point of retiring, when a smart dapper little person, addressing Ord by name, requested that he and his friends would share the box he occupied, and expressed a great anxiety to be made known to the Chevalier Dickson. The introduction took place, and I learnt that the offer of seats came from no less a personage than Count du Val. I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing this patron of satin draperies and would-be orator, and not a little pleased at obtaining a chair commanding a good view of the stage.

Over the centre of the proscenium, a large imperial eagle held in his beak an orange silk flag. The piece first presented was a clever two act

drama, called *Le Roi et la Ligue*, founded on a portion of *Henri Quatre*'s history. Unlike our version of the doings of that period, Gabrielle was a very prominent character; and it was well sustained and admirably dressed, by a very lovely woman. The representative of le bon Roi was blessed with a most appropriate nose for the part; and threw into his performance all that chivalrous gaiety and love of adventure for which the original was renowned.

The concluding scene of the piece took place without the walls of Paris, where, after a most moving appeal to the citizens, the red flag of the League is hauled down, and the *drapeau blanc* floats in its place, whilst the orchestra play the national air of "*Vive Henri Quatre!*" At this dénouement, Count Du Val was in ecstacy.

"*Oh! mon Dieu! que ç'est frappant! que ç'est touchant!* What glorious days for France were these! All in our time is dull compared with these stirring events."

"And yet, Monsieur le Comte," I took the liberty of saying, "if the change of a flag be a stirring event, how fortunate you have been! for you have seen the tri-colour, the white, and the orange, give way to each other with a rapidity never before equalled in history."

To my extreme annoyance, I was obliged to quit

the comfortable billet I had so long occupied at Madame La Fontaine's; and this troublesome change, I shortly ascertained, was by the order of the Major de Place, who had never forgiven me for my interference on the subject of the wounded dragoons, and thus vented his low spite. The house to which I was removed was inhabited by a Madame Ducarron, an intimate friend of the Italian beast; and from her I learned that her gates were closed early at night, and no one admitted after a certain hour. In reply, I informed her that, whenever I returned from duty, no matter at what hour, I should demand an entrance; but, if detained late by pleasure, I would take particular care not to disturb her or her family. And, in both instances, I kept my word—in the first, to her infinite annoyance; because she knew I had the law on my side: and, in the second, oftentimes at the risk of my neck, as I used to be hauled in at the window by faithful Turner, who had rigged out a chair for the purpose; taking the hint, doubtless, from the apparatus he had seen used for hoisting ladies in or out of a ship.

We were sitting over our wine, by the fire-side, like true Englishmen, one evening, when a servant announced Count Dillon; and a tall and handsome old gentleman entered. He was attired in a plain brown silk coat, with his hair highly powdered.

He advanced towards Sir Alexander with the most courtly manner, offering him, in French, congratulations on his return from Paris. A chair was placed by the fire, and wine-glasses upon the table.

"Ah, my dear sir!" said he, in very excellent English, "this reminds me of the happy days I passed in your country. Your young friends are surprised, doubtless, to hear me speak in their language; but, it would be strange if I had not learned it; as, I am proud to say, I was, for twelve years, a captain in the West York militia." This was the more surprising still, as I knew the count to belong to a family originally Irish; whose members had for years held commissions in the Irish brigade, in the service of France; and that he was the brother of Count Theobald Dillon, who had been inhumanly massacred by his own troops at Lille, in April, 1792.

In the course of conversation, our visiter asked Sir Alexander if General Köhler, of the Artillery, was still alive; and I heard, from a foreigner, a name, for the first time, of an officer of my corps, whose history I gathered that evening, and which I consider so singular and eventful, that I do not hesitate to relate it.

When General Elliott was occupied in the preparations for the memorable defence of Gibraltar, Mr. Köhler, a subaltern of Artillery, was quar-

tered there, and, although a most steady and attentive officer, was unfortunately an object of dislike to the general; so much so, indeed, that he was directed to send all his communications in writing, his personal intercourse being dispensed with; whether or not this prejudice on the part of the governor stimulated the young soldier to a more zealous attention to his profession is unknown; but certain is it that, banished as he was, he turned his thoughts to the construction of a gun-carriage, which enabled the ordnance it sustained to be depressed with peculiar ease and certain precision of practice.

As soon as he had completed this valuable improvement, he informed General Elliott of the fact, by letter, of course; an experiment was made from one of the loftiest excavations in the rock, and the simplicity and utility of Mr. Köhler's invention extorted from his commander the warmest encomiums. With the generosity which distinguished the gallant Elliott, he strove to make amends for his past neglect, and placed the young artilleryman on his personal staff, in which capacity he served with great distinction during the siege.

On the return of the victorious general to England, in 1786, he was accompanied by his favourite aide-de-camp, and Köhler had the gratification of witnessing the elevation of his noble commander

to the Peerage. The health of Lord Heathfield obliged him to travel the following year, and I shall now proceed with Count Dillon's portion of the history.

"I was at Ghent, busily employed with my Flemish friends in their endeavour to shake off the Austrian yoke, when Lord Heathfield arrived. I had known him some years previously, and was proud to revive an acquaintance with so distinguished a general. The views of the patriots, as we styled ourselves, formed the leading subject of our conversation, and I took occasion to say how much we needed the co-operation of a skilful artillery officer. His lordship remarked that his companion was a gentleman of great science, and just such a one as would essentially promote our views; but, unfortunately, he was only a subaltern, and could not hope for a command. The travellers departed for Brussels on their way to Aix la Chapelle, and I hastened to apprize my co-patriots of the opportunity presented of engaging an experienced officer in a department so important. I was requested to overtake and offer to the aide-de-camp the rank of colonel in chief. I quickly followed on their route. Lord Heathfield observed that he could not, as a British peer, lend his countenance to our revolt, but he would give Mr. Köhler leave of absence; and what he chose to do with

his time could not involve his lordship in any political question. Köhler returned with me to Ghent; in a few days the talents of the young Englishman were sufficiently developed and his value appreciated, as was proved by our promoting him to the rank of major-general. The fate of our struggle is too well known; the Emperor Joseph was too formidable for us; and we were obliged to submit."

Colonel Dickson, taking up the thread of the narrative, said, "I have heard that Köhler, who, about this time, had reached the rank of captain, excited the jealousy and envy of some of the officers of his own corps, by dining at the regimental mess, in his uniform of a patriot-general, attended by two Belgian officers as his aides-de-camp. He was shortly afterwards sent to Malta. The Grand Signor had requested from Great Britain the favour of having the discipline of the Turkish army improved by the tuition of British officers, and England acceded to the wish of her ancient ally. Köhler was nominated to command the party of artillery for this service, and, although still a very young man, received from his own country the local rank of brigadier-general. He proceeded to Constantinople, the sultan bestowed on him the most flattering marks of attention, but, unfortunately, he fell a victim to the plague, at the moment when a brilliant career was opening to him."

"It was a melancholy close to a most eventful life, chevalier," observed the count; "such a man in Napoleon's army would quickly have risen to the rank of marshal. Promotion in the British service is very slow."

"In our branch it is progressive," remarked the colonel; "you must wait for a vacancy, let your service have been what it may."

Arrangements were now to be made for re-shipping the battering train in the Scheld, and we set off to Antwerp for that purpose. The weather being intensely cold, our journey was performed in a comfortable close carriage. Whilst changing horses at Malines, I had a few minutes only to view the fine old tower of Saint Rembauld's church with its remarkable clock, and to partake of Curaçoa; a liqueur for which the town is now as celebrated as it was in the days of our grandmothers for the fabrication of lace. We arrived too late in the evening to see anything of Antwerp, but consoled ourselves with a most excellent dinner at the Hôtel de l'Ours in the Place de Mer. Our Chief Commissary being the host on the occasion, his hospitality was unbounded; not contenting himself by providing the most esteemed wines, he introduced a variety of liqueurs: the names of many of these I had never before heard—Crême de Venus, parfaite amour, golden wasser, kirschwasser, &c;

but he expatiated on their various flavours so eloquently, cleansing his palate, as he called it, with a glass of champagne between each specimen, that, very early in the evening, he was in a most blissful state of unconsciousness.

In spite of these Bacchanalian orgies, I was early a-foot the next day, and delighted extremely with the picturesque appearance of the city. We visited the citadel, and saw the countless quantities of small mortars constructed by the order of Carnot for its defence; from thence to the ruins of the magnificent docks, excavated by order of Napoleon, and destroyed by the Russians. By a strange reverse of fortune, one of the principal superintendents of the ship-building yard was, at this moment, gaining his subsistence by the exhibition of a model. We were strongly recommended to see it, and, surely, a more beautiful or ingenious work of art was never looked on. It was a miniature representation of a French seventy-four gun ship, made by the emperor's express order, intended as a present for the King of Rome. It had occupied numerous workmen for three or four years, was about four feet long, and was remarkable for the extraordinary attention that had been paid to its construction in preventing the introduction of any wood or metal but what would be absolutely employed in the building of a real ship. The

figure-head representing Romulus, and the carved work on the stern, of the maternal wolf and Roman insignia, were the only exceptions to this rule, for these were exquisitely executed in ivory. The ropes were made of silk, and contained the exact number of strands; the sails were composed of a cloth made expressly for the purpose, in imitation of canvass, and sewed together in the regular breadths; many of the signals were of the finest cachmere, as a substitute for bunting, and the jalousies of the cabin-windows could be pulled up and down at pleasure; but these, as well as the various coppers of the cooking-apparatus, were so minute as only to be touched with small forceps.

The unfortunate proprietor of this specimen of ingenuity expressed to us a hope that it would be ultimately purchased by the British nation, and presented to the Duke of Wellington, in commemoration of his having destroyed the power of the man who had ordered it to be made, thinking that time and money were well bestowed upon a toy for his child.

"All the emperor's notions," he added, "were upon the same grand scale. You may not have heard, messieurs, of one of his darling projects, which was to force every man who possessed a house in Antwerp to build one on the opposite side the river, where the Tête de Flandres now stands, to connect the new city with the old by a bridge of

boats, to surround the land sides with impregnable fortifications, and call this vast city Napoleon."

Our various arrangements at the *Corderie* being completed, we returned to Brussels. Colonel Dickson had learnt that the conduct of the proprietor of the Hôtel d'Angleterre had been most promptly humane to the wounded men and officers, after the battle of Waterloo. He determined on dining at the house We mustered a large party, and, at parting, acquainted the host of the cause why he had been preferred, on which he said:—

"Gentlemen, it would have ill become me, whose house had been so patronized by the British, solely on account of its name, before the campaign commenced, not to have taken that occasion to evince my gratitude for favours, and to make my house the Hôtel d'Angleterre in truth."

Although, during the whole of December, I had abundance of occupation to keep me within doors, I now and then could not resist the temptation of playing truant for an hour or two, and seeing what was going on in our rather dull town of Mons. By mere accident, I strolled down to the *Place*, and found a considerable number of persons collected round six individuals, in whom the crowd appeared to be more than usually interested. The aspects of these persons were uncouth beyond description; their hair hung in ropes round their heads, and

their beards were half way down to their chests; of what material their jackets were composed it was impossible to say, its nearest resemblance being to rope matting; trowsers of dark green coarse frieze, and shoes of untanned leather, bearing evident marks of long travel.

I inquired who these poor fellows were, and learnt that these six men were all that remained of one of the finest regiments of France, employed on the invasion of Russia. They had been captured by Cossacks in their attempt to retreat from Moscow, had been sent into a most desolate and inhospitable portion of Siberia, and, after enduring many months of indescribable misery, cut off from all communication from their families and country, the news reached that distant region of the restoration of the Bourbons, and the peace with Europe, and they prepared to revisit their beloved France. Ten in number, they set forth, with joyful hearts, traversing on foot hundreds of leagues; cheered only with the hope of once more seeing their homes, they had reached within a day's march of the confines of the French dominion, when a sudden order arrived to check their progress, and this was followed by another still more appalling, to retrace their steps; their old master had again appeared in France, war was once more declared, and these hapless men, with broken spirits, were obliged to sub-

mit to an extension of their bondage. Three of this miserable band sunk under the pangs of disappointed hope; their survivors almost envied them their release from tyranny. It was not deemed necessary to march them very far into the interior. Late in September, the fond hope of liberty was revived; they learnt the fate of Napoleon, and were told that they might once more journey towards their native land. As they approached the frontier, the recollection of their previous sufferings nearly deprived them of reason; the exertions they made to pass the boundary cost the life of one of the exiles. He was the youngest and the strongest, but the hopes and fears as to the fate of those from whom he had been so long separated, and who, doubtless, looked on him as numbered with the dead — these burning thoughts took such stronghold of him, that he was seized with a brain fever and died.

I need scarcely say that the relation of these sufferers excited the warmest sympathy and commiseration; the humblest people freely offered them presents, either in money, or tobacco, snuff, and other things within their power. I could not do less than request the soldier, who had told the simple story of his griefs to me with such an honest manly grace, to accept a twenty franc piece. It happened to bear the head of Louis XVIII: he looked at it attentively, and said :—

"When I left Paris last, I little thought that even the very coinage would be changed, before I saw it again; but—" and here he shrugged his shoulders, and looked significantly—"no doubt it is all for the best. If we bid glory adieu, 'tis certain we shall have no more snows or sands to traverse. Monsieur may be sure that I shall divide his gift with my comrades. I thank you for them and myself."

And he touched his miserable forage-cap, with an air that proved exile had not untaught him the manners of a soldier.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES—HARLEQUIN VERSUS HAGGIS—BORED BY A BOAR—AWFUL EXPLOSION—NOCTURNAL ARRANGEMENTS—TRAVELLING BY WATER—THE RIVAL LINGUISTS—A SOCIAL CONTRACT—NOTRE DAME D'ANVERS—THE MALECONTENT.

THE festive season of Christmas had now arrived, and a constant round of invitations was the consequence. Our family party could not help contrasting the sumptuous fare we now enjoyed with the miserable meals we had taken together last year at this period, and these recollections served to enhance our enjoyment.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a singular specimen of French cookery which I saw, at a splendid dinner given us by Madame de Thuissey, at whose house Sir Alexander resided. It was a course (the fourth, by the way) à l'Arlequin; every dish was disguised by diamond-shaped portions of vegetables, beet, carrot, turnip, cabbage, and potatoes, forming alternate squares of crimson, orange, white, green, and amber, for the apples of the earth

were salamandered to a proper tint; it was necessary to ask what was concealed beneath these motley arrangements, before you ventured to touch them, so completely were the viands mystified.

A salmon roasted whole completed the repast as far as substantials were concerned; but the endless variety of *patisserie* would have puzzled the whole court of aldermen, even with Birch as lord-mayor.

Madame, a very charming old lady, was profuse in her attentions to us, and after dinner, said,

"I have procured something which I know you will like; it will doubtless remind you of your own country. Francois, serve the *ponch* to my English friends."

The domestic obeyed, pouring about a tablespoonful of thick dark syrup into each chocolate cup, and, filling them with hot water, he presented the dose, satisfied doubtless that he was offering to our notice a liquid which could not fail to delight us.

"There, chevalier!" said the dear unconscious dowager, "you have the veritable *ponch à l'Anglais;* pray, say if it is to your taste?"

A more diabolical libel was never perpetrated than in calling this nasty French compound, punch; still the good feeling which had prompted our hostess to offer it prevented our telling her so.

By way of atonement for the ultra French repast

we had partaken, we were invited to share "roast beef and plum-pudding" with Mr. Commissary Moore and his wife; both these good souls had first drawn breath north of Tweed, which was a sufficient excuse for their making any addition to the standard fare of the period, but good Mrs. Moore prided herself on the knowledge of the art and mystery of compounding or concocting a haggis, and she said:

"Beef and pudden, ye ken, Moore, are things the Englishers like well eneuch, but there's Sir Alic, and that gude creter, Trotter, and may be Annis, puir lad, they are a frae Scotland, and it would glad my heart to give them a naytional dish; and there's na a man in aw Flanders can offer them sic a bottle of whaskay as you can, so they may tak their fill of claret wine, and finish with toddy just."

This programme of our entertainment was rehearsed to us by her husband, on our arrival; the excellent hostess was, I suppose, like Lady Dunder, "in a hell of a pucker," for she did not appear until a few minutes before the dinner was served. After the usual greetings, the attention of the lady was occupied in giving the necessary directions to her Portuguese servant for the due arrangement of the dishes.

"Marina, my man, the beef to the lower end, the fowls to me at the top; that's well! now bring in the rest."

"*Si, senora.*"

And away scampered Marina—returning in a minute, bending beneath the weight of an animal's head, that might have been mistaken for that of a sucking elephant.

"In the centre wi it—not there, you stupid Portegee—d'ye no ken where the centre of a table is?"

"*Si, senora,*" answered the bewildered valet, and put the dish down as quickly as possible on the part of the table nearest to him.

"Those *vosmasays* are the most awkward devils in the world, and wilful with it.—Sir Alexander, will you take your seat, sir, if you please—come, lads, find your places—but where's the haggis?—Ech, dear, was ever hus'ife sae vexed with a servant?"

Before the wished-for dish appeared, we could "nose it in the lobby;" the fumes from it seemed to gladden the hearts of many present, whilst the eyes of Ord and myself ran over with tears, extracted by the overwhelming savour of garlic, onions, and other atrocities committed in its formation. It was placed before Ord, who patiently endured the infliction, in spite of the forcible appeal to his olfactories.

"Ye see your dinner, my friends," said Mrs. Moore.

"Yes," added Ord, turning to me, "and smell it too."

"Soup's but a whishey whashey mess in this country, Sir Alexander; so I would na venture on it, and not a morsel of fish was to be had; ye must just content yoursells with pot-luck, and make up for bad eating by good drinking. Major, ye'll try a little boar's head with yer fowl; ye'll find it accellent, it was sent me aw the way fra Vienney by a cousin of Moore's, as a good stand by for Yule.—Annis, cut a few slices off yon to begin wi."

The gentleman addressed, a man of very quiet and amiable manners, prepared to do her bidding. His attempts were vain ones; the skin of this ferocious looking *téte* defied French cutlery, and Annis was forced to own his utter incapacity to make an incision.

"Try it on the cheek, man; the nose of a pig is always tough, or they could na bear to be ringed."

Again he essayed, and was again repulsed. He might as well have attempted to cut brawn out of the bas-relief in Eastcheap, that served to point out the rendezvous of mad Hal and his companions.

"Major, I'll be troublesome to you for a sma portion of haggis," said the good Mrs. Moore.

Ord, who had never before faced such a dish, hastened to obey; and, quite unconscious of the results, stuck a carving-fork into the top of this bag of abomination, which instantly sent out a stream of scalding gravy, that not only covered the front

of his richly laced jacket, but spirted over those within its reach. The whole table was thrown into confusion by the explosion of this infernal machine. It required some minutes to efface the evidences of its projectile power; but, this accomplished, it was a fearful sight to witness the way in which the Northerns relished the ingredients pent up within so narrow a compass.

The plum-pudding, which concluded the feast, was as large as one of Addison's eighteen-inch globes. The wines were excellent; but Mrs. Moore had prophesied, with much more chance of fulfilment than her namesake Francis, that toddy would be the favourite drink; and how many bottles of her husband's famed Isla and Glenlivet whisky were made into that seductive beverage, I should blush even now to mention.

Within three days of the close of this eventful year, a packet arrived from Berlin, containing the cross of the Order of Merite Militaire, for Sir Alexander, with a notification from Prince Augustus that, in accordance with what his majesty had stated at Maubeuge, the moment the king learnt that Baron Müffling, the Prussian Governor of Paris, had received the cross of the Bath, he had ordered the accompanying decoration to be forwarded to Colonel Dickson; and, it was added that, in the event of any other Prussian officers receiving

British distinctions, Messrs. Ord and Hill were the next on his majesty's list.

The first day of the new year (1816) was occupied by the inhabitants in paying or receiving visits, to or from every person of their acquaintance. The house of Madame de Thuissey was literally besieged. To avoid the bustle attending this well-meant ceremony, we determined on going out, and leaving our cards at the houses of the various persons known to us. They were all from home on the same expedition; and, on our return, we found our table covered with pasteboard of every colour under the sun, and devices innumerable.

Early in the month, a sudden order from Paris required an immediate communication with Antwerp, and I was directed to be ready to start at nine o'clock in the evening. The weather was bitterly cold, and I resolved on using all possible means to combat with the climate. I have already mentioned that my good friends, the Prussians, had taught me to smoke, and I had purchased a large meerschaum, with a flexible tube of considerable length; as soon as I was mounted, and my cloak arranged, so as to afford protection for man and horse, the bowl of my pipe, well filled with canaster, was placed in my sabretash, the papers I carried being slung in a case over my shoulders, the tube passing round my body, the mouth-piece was fast-

ened to a loop near my chest, so as to prevent its falling, and thus I was enabled to smoke on my journey *en prince*. But one expedient to which I had recourse, I must mention in terms of strong recommendation to all travellers who are forced to travel on horseback in dark wintry nights: it was suspending a tin stable-lantern to each stirrup, with stout wax-ends lit in each. The warmth was incredible, and the assistance of the light (although feeble) was of vast service. Certain is it that, whoever I encountered on my way, and they were few, after the first hour of my journey, were mainly puzzled to know what object was passing; the cloud of smoke from my pipe, the lights at my feet, might have suggested the idea that they beheld the Fire-king, who had lost his way from the Black Forest.

At an early hour next morning I deposited my newly-invented feet-warmers at the artillery stables in Brussels, ordered a fresh horse to be ready for me, and made my way to the residence of Munro, having some important orders for him. I found him ill, but not so severely afflicted as I had seen him on former occasions. An hour sufficed for the various duties I had to perform here, and I made what the sailors call "a fresh departure" for Antwerp.

"The fishes, ducks, and frogs," must have been

especially delighted this morning, by the feline and canine character of the rain. I had before imagined that the torrents which fell in the tropics were unequalled for the facility with which they drenched those exposed to them, but I was soon convinced that a shower in Flanders has claim to the same merit, particularly if (as was the case at present) it is accompanied by a proportionate quantity of wind.

Pitying my own condition in the first place, and my horse's in the second, I resolved to halt for half an hour at Malines, and give the weather a chance; if it cleared, so much the better; if it continued, I had the consolation of knowing it could not be worse. Consigning my steed to the ostler, I threw off my cloak, I should think at least half a hundred weight, from holding Heaven knows how many gallons of water, and walked into the *salle à manger*. It was occupied by a single person only, who stood with his back to the stove, enveloped in a large rough great coat, with some two dozen capes, bound with riband, and wearing a broad brimmed hat. I concluded, from his appearance, he was a Fleming. Advancing to the stove, I lifted my casquet, saying,

"Il fait mauvais temps, monsieur, pour les voyageurs."

"Oui, monsieur," he replied, "sprecken sie Deutsch?"

"Non, monsieur, je suis Anglais."

"The devil you are, so am I too!"

And we both laughed heartily at the notion of our mutually bad French and his Anglo-Dutch being so rapidly succeeded by the mother tongue of both parties.

"You have had a tolerable soaking, sir," he began; "have you ridden far?"

"From Brussels only."

"Well, take my advice, order some schnapps directly; why, Lord love ye, a pint of brandy wouldn't hurt you in your half-drowned state."

Instead of the formidable quantity prescribed by my new acquaintance, I contented myself with a *petit gout*, informing him that I had yet my journey to complete.

"Going on to Antwerp, are you? Well, let me offer you a seat in my cabriolet. My man, who is a jolter-headed Dutchman, and does not care a rush for weather, shall ride your horse, and you'll find yourself much better off inside with me than trotting along in the rain—but, before we start, I must have my luncheon: I have ordered some cutlets, of which I hope you will take share."

There was no refusing such an off-hand good-natured person: as our repast concluded, he insisted on my partaking of some maraschino, saying,

"It will keep the cold out, and is as innocent as mother's milk."

During our drive, he informed me that he was a contractor for the army, and had lately been engaged with Myers and Miller, the celebrated Pickfords of the Pays Bas—carriage by land and water being undertaken by that firm, from cases of plate, or caskets of jewels, to waggon loads of round shot. His object, he said, in going to Antwerp, was to see the commissary-general of Ordnance, and try to get some employment. I offered to introduce him, which he gladly accepted. As we were entering the gates, my friend asked where I intended to put up, and recommended me to stop at the Golden Lion, a house he knew well. It was a matter of indifference to me where I pitched my tent, and I consented to his arrangement.

"Well, now that point's settled, I've another thing to propose, and that is, if you are not too proud to dine with a quiet-going, plain sort of a chap, like myself, you will give me your company to-day."

In vain I pleaded the necessity of seeing the officers, both civil and military, with whom I had to communicate immediately.

"That won't take you long, and we can dine at six, seven, or eight, whichever will best suit your engagements; and if you could persuade your friend, the commissary, to join you, I can't tell you how much I should feel obliged."

Thinking I might, perhaps, be the means of serving this warm-hearted man, I promised to do my possible to meet his wishes; and, finding Mr. Henegan at home, told him the engagement I had made for him. Business despatched, I introduced them to one another. Sprechen sie Deutsch gave us a magnificent dinner, and, I am pleased to add, entered into a contract for *Roulage* that evening, which I afterwards learnt—thanks to the honesty of my acquaintance — saved the British government many hundreds, putting a fair and moderate profit into the jolly fellow's pocket.

Three days were busily employed at Antwerp. I did not, however, suffer the opportunity to pass without visiting the cathedral, and looking on that magical picture, painted by Rubens, for its express situation. It had not long been replaced in its original destination; and I learnt, from an eye-witness, that on its way back from the Louvre, where, with the spoils of other lands, it had long been imprisoned, the Dutch troops, rejoicing in its restoration, paid every possible military honour to the picture as it passed their various posts.

The delicate workmanship of the tower of Nôtre Dame has been praised by all who ever looked on it; it is said that it was first seen by Napoleon, lit up by a brilliant sun-set, whilst the sky in the back ground was dark and overcharged with rain; the

contrast was most favourable to the display of its architectural beauties, and elicited from the emperor tne comparison that they were as fine as Brussels lace.

In the quarter of the town where seafaring men generally lodged, I was amused by a sign, representing a city with as many minarets as Moscow, all radiant with gold, and palaces of every order of architecture crowded within its walls. Can this be intended for Constantinople, or St. Petersburgh? it is not London, for it has no St. Paul's, thought I; judge then my surprise at reading the lines beneath this gorgeous painting, which ran as follows: "In the towne of Folkstone you will find goode licquors"—a truth I could not dispute, from past experience; but what a brilliant fancy must the artist have possessed to have represented that filthy den of smugglers in such glowing colours!

An accident had occurred to the horse I had left at Brussels, and I determined on returning to Mons by the Diligence; but, before I venture to tell an adventure which befel me on the road, I must premise that, whilst serving with the Prussians, I had suffered my moustaches to grow, and they were now in a most flourishing condition; instead of wearing my embroidered jacket on all occasions, I had adopted a pelisse; and a pair of cossacks, that would have been loose for Daniel

Lambert, clothed my lower man. Thus attired, it might well have been asked me, as it once was by a severe general officer of a young gentleman who sported a fancy uniform, instead of a dress according with the regulations, "Cavalry or infantry? Foreign or British?"

I was followed to the inn-yard by a young *commissioner*, carrying the small valise usually attached to my saddle, and gave him, as I imagined, quite money enough for his trouble; he thought otherwise, for, no sooner had I taken my seat, than he appealed to me for another franc. I refused him, in French, once or twice; but, just as we were about to start, he opened the door, and repeated his request impertinently. There was no standing this, and I called out rather vehemently, "Shut the door, and be damned to you!"

No sooner had these words escaped me, than the person who was sitting next to me said, "You speak very good English, sir."

The noise of passing under the gateway prevented my reply on the instant, and an odd notion entered my head to speak any thing *but* good English till I knew something more of my neighbour: it was one of those sudden whims which will sometimes enter heads possessing a million times more sense than mine ever contained, and I was determined to humour the joke.

"I speak a leetel Anglish, saar, but I onderstand ver well."

"Have you ever visited my country?" demanded my fellow-traveller.

"Oh, oui, yes, I was dere some time, two years pass."

"I have the honour of conversing with an officer in the Russian service."

I bowed assent, blushed at thus tacitly denying my country, and half cursed my cossacks, for putting such a thought into the head of the querist.

What the object of the man could be in abusing every thing English, I could not divine; but, as we rumbled over the chaussée, he vented such bitter invectives against the laws, the constitution, the morals and habits of the people, that every now and then cost me a severe struggle to keep up my masquerade: two or three times I hinted to him that none but *mauvaises sujets* were found to vilify their own country; he defended himself against the charge; he had a right to abuse a land in which he had suffered the most unmerited persecution, merely for his political opinions. "Whom hâve we here?" thought I; "surely I should know the face of Hunt again; no, it is not that firebrand; is it Carlisle, or Cobbett, I wonder? It cannot be the latter, his knock-me-down mother-wit is totally dif-

ferent from the cold-blooded abuse of this hater of every thing English. I will give him a little more line, and see to what extent the rascal's impudence will carry him." When we changed horses, Monsieur, the conducteur, allowed twenty minutes to the passengers for taking refreshments; this afforded me an opportunity of looking on the face of the anti-nationalist; a more forbidding countenance I scarcely ever beheld; a pair of grey, shaggy brows almost concealed his small deeply-set eyes, his nose was large, and hung down over his upper lip, whilst the nostrils formed an acute angle; the lips were thin and colourless, and the mouth compressed, as though he was accustomed to speak below his breath.

He appeared equally desirous to take a survey of my appearance, but I determined that his anxiety to keep close to me whilst we halted should be baffled, for, lighting my pipe, I sent forth such spiteful clouds of smoke into his face, as to keep him at the distance I wished. On we journeyed. Sleep fell upon us till daylight: as soon as my companion perceived that I was awake, he re-commenced conversation, and, as we approached Mons, had by degrees brought it into the train he intended.

"You will scarcely believe, sir," he said, "that a man who has been the proprietor of a large estate should be reduced to the strait in which I am

placed; the government of England have seized on and confiscated my property, and I am, at this moment, without the means of subsistence; on my arrival in Paris I shall receive a sum due to me for months past, meantime will you, sir, spare me a couple of Napoleons?"

This appeal was, I thought, best answered in English, so turning to him I said, "You were little aware, sir, that all the abuse you have so profusely lavished on England was listened to by an Englishman, and one who feels nothing but disgust and detestation for the person who indulges in such gross libels; the falsehoods you have uttered give me reason to doubt the fact of your being in distress: be that as it may, I have been amused with your conversation, and if all the silver in my purse, some five or six francs, will be of service, you are welcome to them."

He was evidently surprised and apparently alarmed, stammered out an apology, as servile as his assertions had been bold, and accepted, with a profusion of thanks, the trifle I offered. The carriage stopped, and I jumped out, leaving my fellow-traveller to go to breakfast with what appetite he might.

It happened that early in the day I had occasion to call on Captain Finucane, and I related my having fallen in with this strange person. The in-

stant I described his appearance, Finucane, turning to a file of papers, said, "I have been desired to be on the look-out for that gentleman for some days past, and send him to head-quarters to be examined; the scoundrel has for many years been a spy in the pay of Napoleon, and, during the hundred days, did an incalculable deal of mischief, by affording information of our movements in Flanders: I shall go and look after him this moment."

The *mouchard* was found at the hotel, his papers seized, and he was sent under care of an escort to Cambray. What became of him ultimately I never learnt.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOX-HUNTING IN FLANDERS—AN IRISH SCRIMMAGE—SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES—LOOK AT HOME—A BRITISH WIFE—LEAVE MONS—VALENCIENNES—NEVER TRUST APPEARANCES—OFF THE STAFF—OLD FRIENDS—THE FOOL WAS WISE—GOD SAVE THE KING, PLAYED THE LORD KNOWS HOW.

BY way of ensuring a little novelty of amusement, Mr. Evans, an officer in the Artillery Drivers, had sent to England for a fox: and, as the weather towards the end of the month was favourable for sport, a day was fixed for our *grand chasse*. About a dozen hounds were mustered, and a large field of sportsmen assembled, who were speedily joined by Reynard's proprietor, accompanied by his *lady*, attired in habit and hat. So many military men riding out together in plain clothes attracted considerable notice. We had each assumed as much of the Melton costume as possible, but no one man was completely equipped, as the owner of buckskin smalls and top-boots was to be seen in a blue surtout; and the possessor of a scarlet hunting-jacket was forced to ride in blue trowsers. Some, having

nothing else to sport, wore their shooting-gear—and a stranger-looking set of Nimrods never rode to cover. We had a good run; the fair equestrian set us all an example, taking some leaps that many of the party declined. The unhappy fox, who had been kidnapped from Leicestershire to die on a foreign shore, must have been dismayed by the *outré* appearance of his destroyers, so unlike the orthodox habits he had all his life been accustomed to look on. At last he yielded his breath and his brush; the latter was placed in the hat of the *pro tem.*, Mrs. Evans: and the besplashed, bemudded, and bedeviled sportsmen rode back to town, objects of wonder, pity, and laughter, to the lieges.

A court-martial was ordered to assemble for the trial of four dragoons, upon a charge of robbery and assault, and I was appointed deputy judge advocate on the occasion. Fully aware that the lives of the prisoners would be forfeited, if they were found guilty, I felt the responsibility of my new situation, and determined to exert myself in the cause, hoping to satisfy justice, without the fearful penalty of human life.

The facts of the case were as follows:—Four young Irish lads, lately sent from the depôt in England to fill the ranks of a light dragoon regiment, were billeted at a farm-house near Mons; and these boys had determined on having "a shin-

dey" before they left their quarters. Accordingly, turning their jackets inside out, and blackening their faces with burnt cork, they entered the kitchen late one evening, brandishing drawn sabres, and upsetting everything that came in their way; the delft was cleared from the shelves, and the cooking apparatus knocked about with a prodigious clatter. A flour-tub was upset in the row, and the affrighted farmer rolled in the produce of his own fields. The whole family were alarmed, doubtless, and hastened to procure assistance. Without much resistance, the lads laid down their arms; and, conscious of the extent of the mischief they had committed, did not hesitate to surrender at discretion. The farmer instantly forwarded a report to General Heyliger, that his house had been attacked, robbed, and himself and family nearly murdered. The general could not do otherwise than afford his protection to an inhabitant, ordered the delinquents into custody, and stated the case to the British authorities, who instantly ordered the prisoners to be brought to trial.

As the evidence against them would be given in French, it was necessary to find an interpreter, for the satisfaction of both the court and the arraigned: a very intelligent young man was recommended by Captain Finucane for this duty.

It was soon apparent that the farmer's principal

motive for complaint was the destruction of his property on the night in question. He admitted, on cross-examination, that nothing had absolutely been stolen; spirits and wine had been demanded and given to the men, but his household goods had suffered great damage.

One of the members of the court laid much stress on the enormity of the disguise assumed by the prisoners, and the first day's proceedings ended every way unfavourably to the wretched men. For my own part, I felt a deep interest in their fate; they were very young, raw, and inexperienced; and I was persuaded that the farmer's object was to extort money from them, to repay him for his flour and crockery.

The family and servants underwent a rigid examination the next day; and, with the exception of a young girl, who cast expressive glances at a fair-haired boy, one of the prisoners, it might be said of them they were all in a tale. At the adjournment of the court, I found the prosecutor waiting to speak to me; and, hoping to obtain some favourable admission from him, I cheerfully listened to what he had to say.

"I am much distressed," he began, "at the step I have taken in complaining of these young fellows. I will give up the prosecution, if you will ensure me the amount of my loss; it is a heavy one, cer-

tainly; nearly two hundred francs, and I am a poor man—will you see that I am paid?"

Determined to turn this conference to advantage, I replied, "Why did you not apply yesterday? it is now too late; you have sworn to robbery and assault, and the prisoners must answer for their crime with their lives — they will be hung opposite to your door: you will be pointed out as the cause of their execution — there goes the man who, for a few francs, condemned four men to death!"

"Grand Dieu!" he exclaimed, "I should never survive such a fate. — Death! you do not mean it. What can I do — what can I say—to avert such a calamity?"

"It is not for me to instruct you. To-morrow the court will hear the defence, you will be present —and remember that on your answers their doom will depend."

I left him evidently much agitated, and devoted my whole evening to preparations for the morrow.

The unhappy young men most strenuously denied the charge of robbery; they expressed great sorrow for the wilful waste they had committed; their intention was to frighten the family, but not to hurt them, as they had lived on friendly terms with them ever since they had been quartered on the house. Their previous good conduct was proved by the servant-girl, whose affections were evidently

placed on the youngest. The farmer recanted nearly every word he had said previously; and, at the close of the defence, the prisoners threw themselves on the mercy of the court.

Now came the deliberation on the sentence: the leading points, for and against, it was my duty to point out. The member to whom I have before alluded seemed resolved on making an example of these wretched men, and advocated the extreme of punishment. It happened that I was in possession of the fact that this stickler for justice had been twice arraigned before courts-martial, and owed his continuance in the service to the clemency of his judges. It was a delicate subject to touch upon, but I ventured; and, although ungifted with eloquence, my anxiety to preserve human life was so intense, that words were not denied me. I touched his callous heart, and the result was that the lives of the culprits were spared. The sentence, of course, could not be known until it had received the sanction of the Duke.

My successful advocacy for these unfortunates afforded me the most sincere pleasure, but my satisfaction was somewhat diminished by the death of one of them in prison a day or two after the trial; the dread of losing his life serving to deprive him of it. Years after, I learnt that the pretty *fillette* had given her hand to her fair-haired Milesian.

In the middle of February, our happy household at Mons was broken up; Colonel Dickson's particular duty being completed, he was about to repair to Cambray, and, my services being no longer required, I had nothing left but to join my company in England, as soon as I received orders to that effect.

We paid farewell visits to our various friends, parted with Count Dillon, General Heyliger, the Thuissey family, and the La Fontaines, with sentiments of mutual regret at the separation. Captain and Mrs. Finucane insisted on our dining with them the day before we left.

I must here insert one anecdote to the honour of womanhood.

Early in June, 1815, ere the quietude of Brussels was disturbed by any balls more hostile than those at which our heroes learnt quadrilling, Captain Finucane procured leave of absence from his regiment there, to visit his wife, who was ill at Antwerp. While he stayed with her, a flying rumour of the advance and probable conflict reached him. The fair invalid bade him leave her without delay. After a hurried farewell, he rode off, in plain clothes, to join his corps. What the heart he quitted suffered, who shall decide? But, when the first waggon full of wounded entered Antwerp, the wife rushed forth to meet it, and,

seeing some soldiers of the captain's regiment, exclaimed, "I do not ask you if Finucane *lives*, only tell me—*was he in time for the battle?*" Did she not well deserve the answer that he had not been too late, but was unhurt, and with his military reputation, if possible, increased. The words of Byron's Corsairesses,

"Oh! are they *safe?* we ask not of success"—

may sound more feminine; but, doubtless, when this heroine found her man again, "she was a very woman" to his heart's content.

The last service required of me by my dear commanding officer was to procure a billet for him at Valenciennes, for which place I was to start the day before his departure. The bustle and confusion consequent on packing up, after any length of residence, detained me till noon, and it was late before I arrived at my destination. A large body of my own corps were in garrison here, and an excellent mess was formed, to which I was introduced, immediately after my arrival. In the course of the evening, the order for my billet was brought to me, and, being somewhat fatigued, I left the mess early, to seek the house where I was to find my bed. It was in a narrow street, at the back of the *Grand Place*, and of the most uninviting appearance. The proprietor was a dealer in second-hand

clothes; numerous antique suits, which had undergone repair and been somewhat modernized in shape, were hanging round his shop A ricketty looking staircase led to the upper chambers; I dreaded the moment when I should be asked to ascend, and view the accommodation this miserable tenement afforded. I presented my document with a shudder, almost hoping that I had mistaken the house.

"Monsieur is welcome," said its master; "will you have the goodness to sit down a moment? Madame is upstairs at present, but she will soon be ready to make every thing *comfortable.*"

This Anglicism he introduced into his French with some emphasis.

"Comfort!" thought I, "in such a dog-hole as this!" looking about me in dismay.

In a short time Madame descended; she was past the middle age, but her person and dress were scrupulously clean; this boded good. I rose and bowed to her.

"I am certain Monsieur will be pleased with his lodgings," she said; "I have had several English officers with me, and they were all much satisfied."

"Is the room I am to sleep in on the first floor, madame?"

"Oh! no, monsieur; you will occupy the pavilion."

"And what part of this wretched-looking house does she call the pavilion?" thought I. Memory bore me back to Brighton, and I smiled bitterly at the too probable contrast.

"Be pleased to follow me, and I will show you the way."

At the back of the kitchen, three steps led up to a door which opened upon a tolerably-sized garden: at its extreme end a newly-erected building stood; it contained one room only, of about twenty feet in length and twelve feet in breadth, had two handsome windows in its front, a fire-place, a bedstead with ample draperies; every thing bore the evidence of cleanliness, and all my fears vanished; the pavilion was, indeed, a *comfortable* lodging. The good woman had a fire lit, and brought me well-aired sheets of the finest holland: the commander-in-chief did not sleep on a better bed than the one on which I lay.

The next morning I hastened to the Maison Ville to procure quarters for Sir Alexander, and, entering the Bureau de Maire, encountered a large body of old acquaintance. The first to welcome me was Fairfield of the 88th, whom I had not seen since my sojourn in Limerick, and his greetings were followed by those of many I had known near New Orleans and on Isle Dauphine.

"By all that's lucky," said Sim, "you have

arrived just in the nick of time; we have met this morning to have a jaw with the mayor about getting the theatre for some garrison plays; you'll join us, of course?"

I expressed my readiness, in the event of being permitted to remain with them, but pleaded business as my excuse for the present.

Having obtained what I required, I rode out to meet the colonel, and led the way to his new abode. Here terminated my personal services, and I must crave indulgence for a moment, whilst I add that I shall ever consider the portion of my life which passed under his immediate control as the happiest and proudest period of my military career. The constant kindness, the indulgence, he bestowed upon me, will live in my memory as long as I exist: to serve him was indeed a pleasure, for, however trifling that service might be, it was sure to be rewarded with commendation. Farewell, dear, noble, brave, and generous, Sir Alexander Dickson! The pen that thus humbly records your name is guided by grateful respect and unalterable affection.

Scarcely an hour passed without my having the pleasure of encountering some well-known face, and much time was occupied in the relation of what had befallen since last we foregathered.

The theatrical scheme was prosecuted with much energy. I learnt that the mayor had entered into

the views of the amateurs most cordially, and the proprietor of the theatre, by direction of the magistrate, had consented to let the *salle* at a moderate rent.

An opportunity was afforded me of seeing the house the Sunday after my arrival. A carnival masked ball was given there, which was crowded by the officers in garrison, and numbers of the inhabitants in every variety of costume. I was surprised at the size and splendour of the building, and looked forward with extreme interest to the hour when its stage would be devoted to an English play.

Amongst the characters most conspicuous in the masquerade was a Zany, who tormented every body present by his incessant gabble, and the free use he made of the bawble he carried, dealing out blows upon all who came within its reach, in the most merciless manner. This exercise of his *wit* was very nearly attended with serious consequence: as the parti-coloured mask was leaving the theatre at early dawn, he was accosted by two French officers, who told him that they had been grossly insulted by him during the evening, and, as they had ascertained that he was a British militaire, they insisted on satisfaction. The Zany assured them that he had certainly done all he could to annoy every body in the house, the character he had chosen to assume giving him that privilege, but he had not inten-

tionally insulted any one, and had endeavoured to confine his practical jokes to his friends and countrymen. The Frenchmen still insisted on the fact that they had been singled out for his sport, and nothing remained for him but to attend them instantly to the ramparts, and measure swords with them in succession.

"In such case," remarked the Englishman, "you will permit me to have a friend with me?"

"No; we are men of honour, and there is no need of such delay."

"But, gentlemen, I am not a swordsman; if you will name an hour somewhat later, I will give you the meeting with pistols."

This was denied: swords, and swords only, were to be the weapons, and the time the present. Finding how vain was all argument with these fierce champions, C—— took their arms, and walked towards the ramparts, in doing which he contrived to lead his companions close to the main guard; when within a pace or two, he suddenly pinned down with his elbows the arms of the unprepared Frenchmen, and lustily roared, "Guard, turn out!" The soldiers were quickly roused, and to their care he confided the would-be combatants. He explained the affair to the captain of the guard, who warmly commended the course he had pursued, observing, "The only object of these fellows was

to get you to the ramparts, that they might, unobserved, run you through in your fool's coat, and triumph over the dead body of an Englishman in such a habit. It was apparent that no fair play was intended, or they would have allowed you to provide yourself with a second. Depend upon it, Harry, you have done wisely for once in your life; no one doubts your pluck for a moment, but, in this case, you have proved the truth of Falstaff's assertion, that 'the better part of valour is discretion.'"

The captives were of course mentioned in the guard report, and an inquiry instituted as to who they were, and what business they had in Valenciennes. It was ascertained that they had visited the garrison without passports, or leave of absence from their regiment, which was quartered in Lille, and they were marched off, under charge of some gens-d'armes. It so happened that C—— and a party of brother officers encountered them on their way out of the town; they appeared dreadfully enraged that their degradation had attracted notice, and used some disgusting phrases in speaking of the English, who, in return, struck up together the song of "Bon voyage!" which drove the Frenchmen to commit numerous extravagant vagaries, pulling their hair out by handfuls, stamping on the ground, and grinding their teeth till their jaws ached.

The manager of the theatre, thinking to propitiate the British garrison, announced the first representation of "Edouard en Ecosse," and gave in his *affiche*, what is by no means usual, an outline of the incidents about to be represented. Amongst these, "the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland to take command of the royal army" was enumerated." His royal highness comes forth from his tent; at that moment the military band performs 'God save the King.' This air, so dear to the English, has been procured for the occasion, by permission of the British general in command here, and will be played by a numerous body of musicians on the stage, assisted by the performers in the orchestra."

It was so, but some cause for discord existed between the conducting Apollo of the boards and the leader of the orchestral band; the two parties had not come to an harmonious agreement as to the time in which they were to murder our national anthem; thus, while one set were "great Georging" with the sloth of the hundredth psalm, the other had galloped to the end of the air, and "saved the king," with the rapidity of "Come, haste to the wedding." The effect was diverting to me, but nearly distracted some of my more musical acquaintance.

CHAPTER XV.

PREPARATIONS FOR GARRISON PLAYS — FIRST ENGLISH PERFORMANCE ON THE FRENCH STAGE — SOLDIERS' PURCHASES —DIFFICULTY OF PROCURING A PAIR OF TROWSERS — FELICITOUS TRANSLATION — RANK IN THE ARMY —THE ENRAGED MANAGER — BRITISH FAITH—HARD RIDING — FRENCH IDEAS OF ENGLISH LIBERTY — THE FIDDLE OF THE COMPANY — THESPIAN DINNER — ANECDOTES—THE SAME FURLONG FOR MANY MILES.

THE committee for conducting our garrison theatricals had secured the services of some English actresses who had been performing at Brussels; and, the day after these ladies arrived, our first rehearsal took place. With most of my Thespian brethren I was already acquainted; and, as I had known Mrs. Dawson, the matron of the female party, when I was quartered at Shorncliffe, I was speedily introduced to her daughter, with the Mesdames Penley and Jonas.

The play selected for our opening night was "John Bull" — a name unmusical to Gallic ears, yet very dear to those who belonged to the honest man's family. The various characters had been allotted to their representatives, with all due caution

by the managers; and those of the party who had never smelt the lamps good-naturedly submitted to the instructions of *experienced* actors who had figured away in the sylvan theatre of America. Mr. Fonblanque, of the 21st Fusileers, was our stage-manager. The arduous duties of his office were performed with zeal, judgment, and kindly temper. This latter essential for an amateur manager was put to a most severe trial by Fairfield and myself, at the last rehearsal but one of the comedy. We agreed to exchange dialects; for no other purpose than to perplex Fonblanque. In consequence of our arrangement, Fairfield delivered the language of Dennis Brulgruddery in the most high-flown strain of puppyism; and I spoke all Tom Shuffleton had to say in the strongest brogue I could assume. The effect was so ridiculous as entirely to suspend the business of the scene. The general laughter was only checked by the manager's announcing that, if we persevered in such folly, he should give up his post. He was too valuable an executive to lose in our present undrilled state; Sim and myself, therefore, became orderly and attentive.

My friend Grattan, of the 88th, introduced me to his brother, who was anxious to join in our sports. He modestly acknowledged his devotion to the Muses, and that he did himself indite some verses; but I little imagined, when I first met this gentle-

man, how many delightful works of his would charm my after-years.

A night rehearsal took place the evening before our first representation; and, although at the eleventh hour, it was determined that an address should be spoken previously to the play. The father of the gallant Sir James Yeo had composed some lines for the occasion, and I was deputed to deliver them.

On Saturday evening, the 2d of March, the theatre of Valenciennes was crowded to the ceiling, to witness the efforts of the amateurs. The house presented a very gay appearance, numerous ladies having joined their lords, and bringing with them bevies of girls, with faces so truly English as to be truly beautiful. *Non Angli sed Angeli* was the best bon-mot ever made by Pope Gregory. The officers were in full dress; many wearing the insignia of various orders of Knighthood. The civic authorities, in court costume, occupied a box specially reserved for them; and the whole scene was indeed most brilliant.

The pains I had taken in learning the address were more than compensated by the advantage it gave me of being afterwards able to boast that I was the first English officer who trod the French stage. Highly excited at the responsibility of my situation, I made my appearance; and, after enjoy-

ing a most flattering reception, delivered the poetic prologue. All its leading points were taken up by the audience, and it was honoured with loud applause. Having thus broken the ice, I gained confidence; an essential acquisition for the perform ance of such a character as Tom Shuffleton.

Colonel M'Gregor, of the 88th, enacted the Baronet, Fonblanque, the Brazier, and Mr. Pringle, of the 81st, Dan; these, with Fairfield's Dennis, were admirably sustained; nor must I forget to add that the termagant landlady of the Red Cow was excellently supported by Mr. Curtis, of the Storekeeper General's Department. "Of Age To-Morrow" followed, cleverly done by officers of the 21st Fusileers. The evening concluded by a supper, at which the ladies joined us, as well as Sir John Keane and Sir Charles Colville, who were both stanch supporters of our dramatic exertions.

It was no less strange than true that, whenever any of our soldiers had dealings with the inhabitants, they invariably spoke broken English, as though their own language in a corrupted state was likely to be more easily understood than any thing short of French itself. As an example, I saw a man stop before the stall of a dealer in various small articles; he pointed to a pile of soap in squares, and thus addressed her:—

"I say, Missus, what d'ye ask a piece for the savon, for the washey washey?"

The shrewd old marchande caught his meaning in a moment; and, holding up two of her fingers, to prevent the possibility of mistake, replied, "Deux sous, monsieur. Two penny English money."

Connected with buying and selling, I remember another incident. I was walking with a friend, who prided himself on speaking French like a native, and who, I presume, was anxious to give me a specimen of his powers as a linguist, when he requested me to step into a draper's shop with him; no sooner past the threshhold than he struck the counter, as he had seen was the custom, to apprise the owner of a purchaser's arrival, and called out, "Boutique!" with the air of a prince. Monsieur stept from his parlour, and advanced, bowing respectfully.

"Est que vous avez ici les canards Russes, monsieur?" demanded my companion with the most self-satisfied air.

"Plait-il, monsieur?" answered the Frenchman.

"Les canards Russes, pour les cossacks."

"Non, monsieur, pour la volaille il faut chercher un poulaillier, you are a mistake, I not sell poultry!"

"Poultry! vous bête! J'ai besoin des culottes de canard."

"Je suis bien faché de ne pouvoir comprendre ce que vous desirez trouver, monsieur," shrugged the shopkeeper.

"What the devil," I asked, "do you mean by canards Russes?"

"Why, Russia duck, to be sure; what else could I mean?"

"Well, unless you are tarred, and feathered in the plumage of Muscovy ducks, you will hardly clothe your nether man while you persevere in such a demand; but come, I see the very article you want on yonder shelf." I pointed to it and cried,

"C'est ça, monsieur."

"Bon Dieu!" laughed the Frenchman. "Je le vois, *dock*, les canards Russes! que c'est drole!"

Now, although the worthy shopkeeper unrolled several pieces for inspection, the intended purchaser was so enraged that the accuracy of his French should be called in question, he left the shop without disbursing a penny.

One of the many places of rendezvous was a pastrycook's shop, kept by the civilest man that ever whipped syllabub. He was a great favourite in the garrison, and carried on a roaring trade with the officers and their families. I perceived in his window, one day, a slip of paper on which was inscribed "Pâtés de Mouton," and I suggested to him the advantage of having the English name

placed there in its stead; he was pleased with the idea, and I volunteered to print him a couple of labels bearing the familiar words "Mutton Pies." These notices no sooner appeared, than his shop was crowded from morning till night, not only by loungers, but by non-commissioned officers and soldiers, their wives, and children, all eager to purchase mutton pies. They had passed the window hundreds of times without knowing what was meant by pâtés de mouton. The good man was delighted at the success of this magic name; he told me that he should soon realize a fortune if the British remained long in garrison and continued their love for these pies; he should ever remember with gratitude the person who had so kindly increased the number of his customers.

"The Mountaineers" was our next performance; my services not being required in its cast, I had the opportunity of seeing the two first acts, from the front of the house, and was highly gratified with the good acting displayed. Passing on to the stage, to get dressed for the farce, I saw an officer standing close to the proscenium, apparently regarding what was doing with indifference. I was annoyed at his nonchalant air, and, as we had made it a rule not to admit any body behind the scenes but those absolutely engaged in the business of the stage, I stepped up to the Frenchman to apprize him of our

regulations. After hearing what I had to say, he unfolded his arms, twisted his moustache, and, with immense dignity, replied:

"Monsieur, c'est le devoir qui me place ici. Je suis capitaine des pompiers, moi."

Bowing to the fireman, I withdrew, leaving him to fulfil his duty undisturbed.

The afterpiece was "The Weathercock." Its hero, Tristram Fickle, has to destroy a bust of Cicero. I had taken all possible pains to procure a head of the orator in vain; as a last resource, Napoleon's was substituted. I did as much as I could to alter the drapery, and disguise its identity, out of respect to the French portion of our audience. I had wasted my labour; for, at the fall of the curtain, the proprietor of the theatre came up to me in a towering passion, and threatened to break his agreement with the officers rather than suffer such an insult to be repeated.

"What the meaning of the comedy was I cannot conjecture," he cried: "first, you were an advocate, then a puritan, and then you put on a red coat, and jumped about the stage sword in hand, to break to pieces the head of the greatest man that Europe ever saw. Bah! to think of such poor spite; it is beneath the dignity of a nation to indulge in such low malice against the representation of an enemy."

All my attempts at explanation were fruitless; he was persuaded that the piece had been written expressly to insult the French, and said he should appeal to the authorities and prevent the recurrence of such outrage.

One of our commissariat officers, in visiting a village some leagues from Valenciennes, to procure forage, gave to the farmer with whom he had dealt an order on the military chest for payment; the old man, after several attempts to make out the document, requested the gentleman to look at some papers, which had been in his possession ever since the year 1793. From the bottom of an antique trunk these were produced; they proved to be vouchers for the payment of forage, given by the commissary-general of the Duke of York's forces, but which, of course, remained unpaid.

"If you will entrust these to me, farmer," said the Englishman, "I will make the necessary inquiries on the subject, and let you know the result."

"Volontiers, monsieur, I do not imagine that they can be of any value after such a lapse of years."

The circumstance was made known to the Treasury, and an order was issued in consequence, that all such vouchers would be duly paid when presented. The old man was delighted at this unex-

pected accession of wealth, and spoke in warm term of the honourable character of the English nation. As well he might.

A memorandum appeared attached to the general orders requesting that the officers would not gallop in the town, as the inhabitants had complained to the mayor of the terror occasioned by such rapid movements. This order brought back to my recollection a similar one issued by Lord Rosslyn, when he commanded at Canterbury, in reference to the dragoons taking their horses to water, forbidding them to ride fast through the streets.

His lordship had a house at Sandgate for the summer, and was in the habit of going thither with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Walpole, after the military business of the day was over. Turning into the main street, one afternoon, he saw a dragoon galloping along as though pursued by the furies, urging his steed with hand and heels His lordship being well-mounted, quickly overtook the delinquent, and demanded his name; the rider, stopping so short as to throw the animal upon his haunches, replied:—

"Patrick Mulligan, please your honour, of the Third Dragoon Guards, upon a runaway horse."

The readiness of the rascal saved him from punishment: his lordship could not but laugh at

the impudent assertion, and, cautioning Mr. Mulligan to be more attentive to orders, rode on.

The hospitality of my brother amateurs towards me proved unbounded; I became a frequent guest at the mess-tables of the Royals, the 5th, 21st, 57th, and 88th regiments; the latter enlivened by the splendid voice of Fairfield.

It was at the Fusileer mess that I sat next to a young Frenchman, just returned from a first visit to England; he spoke rapturously of London, and the society to which he had been introduced; but one of his remarks was so extraordinary, that I am tempted to recount it.

"I have always been taught to believe that Great Britain was the land of liberty, but I had no idea of the extent to which the people carried their display of political feeling, till I visited London."

"Were you present at an election?" I asked.

"Oh, no: I allude to the symbols so boldly placed upon the houses of various partizans, and was surprised to find so many friends of Napoleon in your capital. I confess I did not clearly comprehend all the signs, but I made out that those persons who were attached to the government had a crown placed in front of their houses Some who, perhaps, differed with the ministry, had Saint George and the Dragon; the lovers of American republicanism showed two hands united; and those

who still felt an interest in the emperor displayed an eagle. I suppose that the sun and the fabled oriental bird marked the residences of great West and East India capitalists."

It was almost a pity to undeceive him, and destroy his ingenious application of our insurance office policies. I explained to him the real meaning of these various objects; but did not attempt to deny that England was indeed the land of liberty.

A boy of about twelve years of age was introduced in the course of the evening; he performed on the violin, in a manner that pleased and astonished every one present. He imitated with extraordinary fidelity the silver trumpets of the Imperial cavalry regiments, and had picked up all the bugle calls of our light infantry. He played difficult pieces on one string; and, in the course of his performance, reversing the usual practice, he placed the bow to his shoulder, and used the instrument so dexterously with his right hand, as to produce the clearest and most melodious tones. He was called on to play the Marseillois; but begged to be excused, as he had been imprisoned for three long days by some overloyal Bourbonist, for venturing on an air *defendu*.

Years after, when I heard the name of Paganini only, before his portraits had found a place in our print-shops, I was half tempted to believe that he

must be this same extraordinary musician. What has become of this young Orpheus I have not been able to discover.

Our corps dramatique resolved on dining together at the club-house, to commemorate the successful commencement of our theatrical campaign. Colonel M'Gregor was the president, and Mr. Fonblanque the Vice. Although there was abundance of good eating and drinking, the meeting was more remarkable for the numerous anecdotes that were related during the evening. Fairfield's talent as a raconteur only yielded to his powers as a vocalist; and, between his surpassing execution of "Behold the Britannia, how stately and brave," and the plaintive sweetness with which he warbled "Mary, dear Mary, list and awake!" he told as follows:—

"Augustus de Courcy, as soon as he landed at Lisbon with his baggage and servant, was ordered to proceed immediately to the interior and join his regiment. After a tedious day's march, they halted at one of the wretched villages, for which Portugal is so famous."

"Infamous, you mean, Sim," interrupted Colonel Mac Gregor.

"Ah, then, don't put me out, colonel; there is a hole in the ballad—where was I?—oh! well, they got a billet, giving them leave to rest their weary

limbs in a most miserable hovel. Ensign de Courcy did not like his sleeping apartment; and good reason he had for it, as it was a hole of about four feet square; and he liked it no better when he found he was to share it with his man Terence. However, he was too tired to dispute the point, and soon fell asleep. After some hours, he awoke, and cried out to his man, 'Terence, get up, open the shutters, see if it is daylight, and get the mules ready!' 'Ah, then! lie still, master dear,' said Terence; shure you'll be in time to be shot: can't you be quite awhile, and finish your sleep.' 'Get up, I say, sir, this moment!' 'Well, I am getting up, the Lord help me! there's no rest for the wicked.' 'Open the shutters, sir, and see if it's light.' 'Devil a shutter, or even a windy in this barbarous country at all,' said honest Terence, groping about in the dark, to find some means of calming his master's fears of being too late. 'Aisy, now,' said he, after some search which had brought his hand upon a cupboard door, 'I have it, Master Gusty.' 'Well,' said De Courcy, 'what sort of weather is it?' 'Why, then, that I may never see glory,' replied Terence, who, by this time, had opened the door—'what sort of weather is it you're asking? By my soul, it's mighty dark, and smells of cheese.'"

"Bravo, Sim!" cried young Waller of the

twenty-first: "*you* wouldn't have disturbed Terence from your over-anxiety to get up in time for a fight."

"You are pleased to be pleasant, sir; but, when you have seen as much fighting as I have, you'll know how to treat such an inuendo. Take my advice, my poor lad; don't rouse my anger."

"Fairfield," cried his colonel, "I am surprised at you. No man is more fond of a joke than you are, and yet you don't seem in a humour to take one."

"A joke's a joke, colonel," replied Sim; "let go my hair, and I'll fight till I die; but I submit to no remarks on such a delicate subject as smelling powder. And if I thought—"

"Hold your tongue, Sim!" interrupted Mac Gregor. "Now, who will tell a Scotch story, by way of change?"

Very desirous of putting a speedy end to Fairfield's angry feelings, I volunteered.

"It was the custom of Lord Chatham, when he commanded at Colchester, to invite every officer belonging to the garrison, in rotation, to his hospitable and elegant table. It happened, one day, that a raw Scotch lad, from some fastness of the Highlands, who had joined his regiment but a day or two previous, was placed opposite Lady Chatham, about midway between the noble host and his

aid-de-camp, who sat at the bottom of the table. Notwithstanding young Mac Nab was a little astonished at the splendour of the set out, a morning's drill from a martinet of an adjutant had given him so excellent an appetite, that he did not find time to speak to any body during the early part of the dinner, although he made various abortive attempts to address his hostess. However, a batter-pudding was placed before her ladyship, when the sweets were paraded, and, with her usual urbanity, she invited Mr. Mac Nab to partake: to this he bowed assent, and the portion sent him disappeared in an incredibly short space of time. Now, Mac Nab loved batter-pudding, and he thought it a fitting occasion, in asking for more, to pay such a compliment to the elegant woman opposite to him as would make ample amends for his silence during the repast; without waiting, therefore, for a servant's assistance, he pushed the plate across the table in a manner to attract her ladyship's eye, and, with a countenance lit up by the brilliancy of the compliment he was about to pay, said, 'Your pudden is sae excellent, my leddy, I needna ask ye wha made it.'"*

* The substance of this and the foregoing anecdote have appeared in a small paper called "The Argus," published in October, 1832, which, though supported by the talents of some eminent contributors, Mr. Poole at their head, never reached its third number. I, therefore, feel justified in reprinting these traits of character.

"Egad!" said the good humoured president, "if I were half as fiery as Master Simon, I should use big words to you for that anecdote; but I know you love a jest, and it's just possible that it might have happened."

"Hill!" cried Furlong of the Fusileers, "I wonder where you and I will meet next; we have for some years past been sure to stumble upon one another, wherever fate led us; just tell Fonblanque the facts."

"I first knew that hopeful youth in Athlone; we used to go out sketching together. His father was an army-surgeon; and I remember Charles telling me of an extraordinary operation which that gentleman had performed, for the benefit of a long-backed horse; *only* removing two joints of the vertebra, and converting the animal into a Suffolk punch."

"I did'nt ask you to interlard your dates with any remarks. Well, after Athlone?"

"Fair and softly; we became great friends there, and took an hysterical leave of one another Master Charles being ordered on the recruiting service. The very first man that I saw flag-hopping in Limerick was Mr. Furlong; and we were constant companions for many months in that delightful place. I left him there a most determined lady-killer in 1812. I had not been in London a week,

when, one day going up stairs, at Cox and Greenwoods, I was nearly upset by some one jumping down three steps at a time, and rattling money in both pockets, as he descended. Looking in the lucky fellow's face, whose should it prove but the same vagabond's I had left in Ireland. For more than a year after this I lost sight of him."

"Devilish happy at your luck, no doubt!" said the hero of my narration.

"But," I continued, "just as I was about to embark for America at Portsmouth, I was taking my evening walk of meditation upon the ramparts, when I encountered him again. He lamented the ill-fortune that would keep him in England, whilst I was engaged on foreign service, and we parted. The morning after the night attack of the Americans on our camp near New Orleans, who should I see alive and well but Charley. He was one of the first to welcome me to Valenciennes, and I am quite as much at a loss as himself to guess where we shall next meet."

"Remember, lads, we have a rehearsal to-morrow; let us not exceed in our potations," observed the president; but, in spite of the good example he set us, by leaving the table long before midnight, the majority continued their festivities till the hour when, to use a phrase of Fairfield's, "the cows come home in the morning."

CHAPTER XVI.

SOCRATES SUBSTITUTED—THE RAMSAYS—A QUIET GAME OF LOO—SHERIDAN'S IRISH GENTLEMAN—SOLDIERS TURNED PRIESTS—A STUBBORN BLADE—HINTS ON COSTUME—MONEY LETTERS—HIBERNIAN ECONOMY—HELY'S STORY—CAMBRAY—RECOLLECTIONS OF TELEMACHUS—MANCHON AND HIS MISTRESS.

"SPEED the Plough" was performed on the 28th of March to an audience, if possible, more numerous than the one that had assembled on our opening night. "The Weathercock" was repeated, in spite of the French manager's threat; but, on this occasion, a bust of Socrates was used instead of Napoleon's. The shade of Cicero could not have been well pleased with the substitution, if the great dead retain any sense of the difference between "bottle, Grecian, snub, or Roman" noses. Our actors had become more versed in the business of the stage, and nearly all the leading characters were well sustained.

I received a visit from Mr. Commissary Smith, of the Ordnance department; and learnt from him that, when the intelligence of poor Norman Ram-

say's death reached his father in Edinburgh, the old gentleman's mind was not strong enough to bear the shock, and that he became almost imbecile; he would wander from room to room, asking if any news had arrived of his son, and when Norman would return. A friend of the family conceived that, if it were possible to obtain the remains of the gallant officer, and convey them to Scotland, this might have the effect of restoring his parent to sanity. The gentleman wrote to the officers of Ramsay's troop, to ask if they thought it possible that the spot where his body reposed could be distinguished. They fancied it most improbable, where so many hundreds, both friend and foe, were hastily inearthed. The sergeant-major of the troop, who loved his late officer with almost a father's affection, said, that he felt certain he could point out the place; he had himself dug the grave, and should know its situation as long as he lived. Mr. Smith was requested to undertake the exhumation. Accompanied by the sergeant-major, he left Paris for Waterloo. On reaching the field, the soldier shed tears at the recollection of the brave creature for whom he was now about to search. Some weeks had passed since the battle, and the task was likely to be one attended with revolting detail. With an extraordinary precision, the sergeant-major decided on the spot the moment he reached it. A party of

artillerymen from Brussels were in attendance to assist; they opened the grave, and, strange to say, found the remains almost unchanged. Had any further proofs of identity been requisite, the waist-belt of the deceased would have afforded them—it was marked with his name. They hastened to complete their task, attended the body to Ostend, from whence it was conveyed by sea to Scotland. The afflicted father was led by his friend to the side of the coffin; he gazed wildly upon it for some moments; a change came over his spirit; he burst into tears, and sobbed forth, "Norman *is* come home!" From that moment Reason resumed her empire, and he was shortly after able to listen to the exploits which his son had performed on his last battle-field; and, like Cato, to exclaim,

"Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!"

Fairfield, who had imbibed a strong passion for play, during his sojourn in Paris, invited a party of some ten or twelve to his lodgings, for "a friendly round game." In the early part of the evening the stakes were so moderate as to deserve the title, and all went smoothly. A table for five-card loo was made up, to which a young Irishman, who had never seen the game, was invited, Sim promising to teach him. The technicalities of Pam, Flush, and Blaze, were explained to the tyro; but, as a proof

of how little the lad knew of cards, arithmetic, or on what he was about to stake his money, he asked,

"What would I win, if I had a *hand of aces?*"

"Every thing on the table, my boy, to be sure," answered Fairfield; and then, turning aside, said, "he'd be mightily puzzled to make up such a hand with one pack, I'm thinking.—I must pay off Mr. Paddy's bull for the honour of our country."

Simon's stock of drinkables had not been proportioned to the number of his guests, and he desired his servant to go to a large shop where groceries, wines, and spirits, were sold, for "lashings of brandy." The man quickly returned, saying that the proprietor refused to serve at such a late hour; he could not go down to his cellar by candlelight without danger.

"Go back to the blackguard this moment," thundered Sim, "and tell him, if he does not immediately supply me with what I want, I'll just go over, and kick him round his own *epeceryaray!*"

How the servant contrived to deliver his master's message I know not, but "he got the thing he went for."

This fresh supply of *eau de vie* stimulated the players to risk larger sums, and the "friendly round game" shortly became a scene of horrid excitement, which, I am sorry to add, appeared to be the consummation of Fairfield's wish. He, with a

practised hand, and coolness of calculation, contrived to be a constant winner, whilst his victims wondered at the reverse of their fortune.

The uncertainty whether I should be allowed to remain in Valenciennes prevented my accepting a character in the next dramatic performance given, and, deprived of taking an active part, I consoled myself by witnessing the exertions of my brethren. Sheridan's charming comedy of The Rivals was selected, in which a new candidate for histrionic fame appeared. I never saw a more perfect representative of Sir Lucius than on this occasion. Captain Hely, who sustained the character, was a tall, handsome Irishman, somewhat past his juvenile days, but possessing all the elegant vivacity of manner so essential for the fascinating O'Trigger. His scene with Lucy was especially well acted, and he gave to the part just sufficient brogue to mark the land of his birth; unlike "players that I have seen," who make no distinction between the accent of an Irish gentleman of the old school and an Irish haymaker of to-day.

The play was followed by the performance of that spirit-stirring glee, "Glorious Apollo," admirably sung by Captain Hopkins of the Royals, Mr. Meade of the 88th, and Fairfield. To give all due effect, these gentlemen appeared dressed as priests of the laurelled god; a mythologic scene of Mount

Parnassus and the Heliconian stream was used to heighten the *éclat.* A most rapturous encore proved how greatly the audience were pleased with the vocalists.

The Poor Soldier concluded the evening's amusement. In this piece the appearance of Bagatelle excited angry feelings amongst the good citizens who were present; many were so enraged at West's admirable personation of the friseur, that they turned their backs upon the stage, forgetting the good humour with which the English used to enjoy their satire upon us "*Les Anglaises pour rire.*" A trifling circumstance, quite unpremeditated, served to increase their pique: in the duel scene, between Darby and the hair-dresser, West had armed himself with a sword, as well as the pistols usually brought on; and, being "cunning of fence," was about to show off his Angelo attitudes; but he could not draw the weapon from the scabbard. After two or three ineffectual tugs at it, he turned to the audience, and, tapping the handle of the rapier, said,

"Ah, mon ami! tu a lu la traité de la paix."

This well-applied joke drew down thunders of applause from the English, and, in some measure, restored the Gallic malecontents to good humour.

The usual supper after the performance was well attended. The actors were all elated at the

applause bestowed upon their efforts and determined on using all possible exertion to render their next play, if possible, more attractive. Pleased with the effect produced by the introduction of concerted music between the play and farce, it was resolved that the "Canadian Boat-song" should be got up with all the agrémens of scenery and costume. A view of the falls of Niagara, as a picturesque subject, though perhaps not quite applicable, was ordered to be painted immediately, and the singers were to attire themselves in veritable dresses, brought from the country, and composed of materials half French and half Indian.

"Talking of costume," said Fairfield, "where, in the devil's name, Thompson, did you pick up the coat you wore to-night in Falkland?"

"It was made by one of the best tailors in London, I assure you."

"Ah, that may be, my dear fellow; but, by the virtue of my oath, you were not by when you were measured for it."

This remark was not very well received by Falkland; he rather angrily said,

"I *was* measured for it, sir, and, what may appear remarkable to *you*, I *paid* for it; as soon as it was sent out to me, I enclosed a bank note by return of post."

"'Tis well to be you, and have bank notes to send."

"Did I ever tell you, Thompson, how one of Simon's blundering countrymen once transmitted cash by the post?" said I.

"No, pray let me hear it."

"An Irish lad, a cadet at Woolwich, wrote to his father for the means of taking him to Bath, for the vacation; the old boy was liberal and cautious too, as you will allow, when I repeat part of his letter. 'Knowing the constant robberies that the mails in England are liable to, I have cut the ten pound bank note in half.'"

"And right enough, too. I see no blunder in that," said Fairfield, jealous of his country's honour.

"But hear me out, and then give your opinion; he had cut the note in two, 'tis certain, but he had sent both halves in the same letter! Now, Master Simon, was that a blunder or no?"

"Take my word for it," observed Thompson, "that the Hibernians are a totally distinct race from the quiet-going Englishmen. Their vanity and ostentation they carry to a pitch of impudence we should never dream of. I am old enough to remember Paris during the short peace of Amiens; when the people there were astonished with the sight of seven carriages, all bearing the same arms, the servants dressed in one livery driving daily round the Boulevards. I learnt that this retinue

belonged to a gentleman named Saint George Caulfield; the attention of Bonaparte himself was attracted to this unusual set-out; he sent to inquire who was the proprietor of the numerous equipages, and the answer returned was, 'Tell the First Consul that I am an Irish gentleman come over to France to retrench.'"

I could not resist the pleasure of offering my congratulations to Captain Hely on his successful debut, and we got into a long and interesting conversation on theatrical subjects. Speaking of Drury Lane, he said, "I never hear that house named, without remembering an adventure which befel me there, soon after my return from Spain. I had received a severe wound, and was ordered to England for the recovery of my health.

"One evening, rather overcome with the heated atmosphere of the boxes, I sought cooler air in the saloon; it was nearly empty, being at an early hour of the evening; the first person who attracted my notice was a very young and handsome creature, who was singing to herself some Spanish songs. I addressed her in the same language, and she sat down by my side, with an air totally different from that heartless and reckless manner usually seen in the unfortunates who promenade the lobby. She soon dropped the foreign tongue, and addressed me in English. 'You have been in Spain?' 'Yes, I

am just returned from it.' 'Did you know——' and she ran through a string of names, almost all familiar to me. 'Who commanded at Passages?' she then inquired. 'Colonel Smith, I believe.' 'Colonel! when I was in the country, it was always commanded by a general officer. Perhaps you might have known—but no matter!' and she checked herself, evidently labouring under some strong mental excitement. I was struck with her refinement of address, and an interest for which I could not account possessed me. Determined to bring her back to the point from which she had so abruptly broken, I remarked, 'You seem quite *au fait* with all the Peninsular arrangements; how long have you left Spain?' 'Not long,' she said; and her colour mounted to her cheek; 'but I should like to know if General ——— is alive and well, can you tell me?' 'He is alive, but nearly heart-broken; his daughter, his only child ——' A scream that pierced my very soul was uttered by the poor girl, who, throwing herself upon my breast, burst into strong hysterics; with some difficulty I restored her to self-possession, before her situation had attracted much attention. She confessed herself to be the unhappy daughter, the cause of her father's misery; told me she had fled with a young Englishman on a visit to the army, who had vowed to make her his wife; but who had deserted her

soon after their arrival in London; and that this was the first time she had visited the theatre. I had been on the personal staff of her father for years—had nursed her when she was a baby; could I help feeling interested in her future fate? I felt every way disposed to save the young creature from so degrading a life, but hardly knew what steps to pursue. I was placed in a most perplexing situation. My temporary home was at an hotel; and I knew it would be impossible for me to take her there attired as she was. At last I recollected that the widow of a quarter-master of our's, who had been killed in Portugal, kept a lodging-house in Salisbury Street. Thither I conducted the unhappy child, making her remain in the coach, whilst I explained to good Mrs. Robinson the character of the lodger I was about to introduce. The kind soul, on learning the peculiar circumstances of the case, with true womanly feeling, promised to afford my charge all possible protection. I lost no time in communicating the facts of her safety to the general, who was overwhelmed with gratitude at her preservation; and, before I left London, I saw her placed under the care of a relation of her mother's, with every prospect of retrieving her character."

My dramatic brethren, in the most flattering terms, expressed their desire that I should lend

my assistance at the next play; I, therefore, promised to go to Cambray and ask permission of Sir George Wood to remain in France; at least during the time required for the representation in perspective.

The next day I carried my resolution into effect. It was my first visit to Cambray. The strength of the fortifications, to which nature and art had equally contributed, only convinced me more than ever of our great captain's daring gallantry in carrying those formidable obstacles with such rapidity that the inhabitants were scarcely aware of the approach of the British, ere they found them in possession of the town. Thanks to the English residents, the streets were kept remarkably clean, and I have seldom seen prettier women than amongst the female population.

One of these belles, to whom I was introduced by a brother officer at his lodgings, which, at that time, she shared with him, made a considerable sensation in London, as an actress in the French company, and afterwards married a Parisian, who, although perfectly aware of the place of his lady's nativity, misled his noble friends, by calling her — "his little *Dutch* wife."

Sir George, in the kindest manner, yielded to my solicitation; and, this knotty point decided so satisfactorily, I next called on Colonel Goodman, the

Judge Advocate General, for the purpose of obtaining an order for the allowance made for my late services in his department. Acceptable as the coin proved, it was as dross compared with the praise which this experienced officer was pleased to bestow upon the manner in which the proceedings of the court-martial at Mons had been conducted; and he assured me that, if I remained with the army, and any other case called for advocacy, he should not fail to give me another opportunity of exerting my lawyer-like powers.

Thank Heaven, military law is divested of all the mysterious and intricate jargon, the "whereas" "he the said prosecutor aforesaid," "did promise, covenant, and agree," "to live in a house, messuage, or tenement," *cum multis alis*, which certainly retard, instead of facilitating, the course of justice, or I should not have felt the least pleasure in Colonel Goodman's promise.

I did not omit visiting the tomb of the great Fenelon; to his pen I had been indebted for one of the most charming books that beguiled my boyhood, and I felt it a duty to look on the spot where the ashes of a man so celebrated reposed.

Much satisfied with the success of my application, I returned to Valenciennes, and was congratulated by my friends on the prospect of a lengthened sojourn with them. We were to meet in council in

the course of the day. Walking towards the club-house with Furlong, full of our next play, we were much amused by an exhibition, in which the principal actor displayed such talents as to draw forth the loudest expressions of approbation, and to afford us vain bipeds a useful lesson on the vanity of popular applause. It was a poodle, whose various tricks with a spinning-wheel, a drum, hoops, and garters, were perfectly astonishing. A small cannon was placed upon the table, to which he advanced match in mouth, and performed his duty in the most gunner-like style.

The old lady, under whose directions the creature went through his various evolutions, no sooner perceived that the circle of her audience contained some British officers, than with a desire to evince the extraordinary devotion of her dog and herself to the ruling powers, she called to the animal,

"Manchon, chien cheri! mourir pour les alliés!"

The well-trained little beast leaped from the table towards the red coats, and lay at their feet as though deprived of life; in which state he remained whilst his mistress traversed the circle, tray in hand, collecting donations from the admirers of animal sagacity. As she approached us, her appeal assumed a new tone:—

"Messieurs les officiers Anglois, vous ne me

refuserez pas, j'en suis sur, il faut diner aussi que jouer, ce pauvre animal-la. Je sais bien, messieurs, que vous me donnerez un franc pour acheter notre diner. Les braves sont toujours genereux !"

It was impossible to resist her solicitations, and she had every reason to be satisfied with the collection of the morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OPERA PROPOSED—NEW CANDIDATES—SUDDEN RECALL—NOVEL HONEURS AUX BRAVES—A FAIR QUESTION—FAREWELL PARTY—IRISH FRENCH—THE SLEEPER WAKED—LEAVE VALENCIENNES—BOUCHAIN—FOREIGN INQUIRIES INTO BRITISH RITES AND CEREMONIES.

THE Thespian corps mustered in great force; after arranging the necessary preliminaries for the next play, it was intimated that a gentleman of high celebrity as a vocalist was about to visit Valenciennes, and the possibility discussed of getting up an Opera.

"If it's Joe Kelly you mean," said Fairfield, "the devil a thing aisier in the world. He plays Macheath like an angel on horseback. I'll undertake Matt o' the Mint; and Meade, with a little drilling, can play Filch. There's the colonel for Peachum, and Pringle for Locket; by the piper that played before Moses it will be an elegant affair; and, by the way, there's a young monkey in the Commissariat that wants to have a shy. He doesn't care how short the part is, if we'll only enlist him. Some of you have met him with me.

Yates he's called, as clever and as queer a little baste as ever you looked on."

"Give the aspirant the drawer," said the manager; "we shall want numbers for the gang. Now, then, for the farce; we musn't forget Hill; he has got leave on purpose to stay with us, and something must be found to suit him."

"Let that be an after-thought; I have enough to do for our next play; that over, you may command my poor services."

"Couldn't we contrive," said Colonel Mac Gregor, "to act the 'Beggar's Opera' on the nigh after the Review. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent accompanies the Duke of Wellington, and, if we could prevail on them to attend the house, what a bumper we should have!"

The colonel's suggestion was received with acclamations, and we separated, much satisfied with arrangements that promised such brilliant results. Fate ordained that I should not see the realization of these fair dreams. A letter from England brought me the intelligence of the death of a near relative. My presence was required by my family. Nothing but imperative duty should have torn me away from scenes in which I was so ardently engaged; my only consolation was that the deceased was a person almost unknown to me; for whom I entertained not the slightest affection, and a toler-

able reversion would more than atone to me for his loss. As I have avoided the intrusion of all family matters on my reader, I hope I may be pardoned for quoting the postcript of my letter.

"Though I shall see you so soon, I must tell you one thing, rather à-propos for the close of a campaign. When we received your first letter from Ostend, and thought that you would soon be in the thick of strife, your pet maid, who thinks 'when the carrots be done time enough to put in the beef,' was sent with the letter to our friends in Lodge Street, who were always asking about you. I suppose the poor thing described our anxiety, and was charged with hopeful consolations. She came back, grinning forth, 'Pleaze um, Missis Thomas be uncommon obliged te vur the zight o' mastur Benson's letter; but she da zay as ow you marn't be down arted caaze a he, vur shes zhure the young gentlemun u'll come whoam kivered aal awver wi geranums.' I would not have had her say laurels for my little finger, the 'geranums' made us all laugh so."

I hastened to procure a passport, and make the necessary preparations for my departure. Saying Adieu to so many friends was a severe trial to me; but, as it was inevitable, I did all I could to bear it bravely. Fairfield insisted that I should eat my farewell dinner with him, and, that I might have

no excuse for not doing so, kindly volunteered to assist me in packing up.

"And what part of the world are you going to, my dear boy?" asked the affectionate Simon.

"To Bristol."

"I landed there once myself from Cork, and picked up some recruits at the September fair. Mighty great fun I had at that same. There was a play I saw acted by puppets entirely, and, by my soul, they were as large as life and twice as nathural."

"I know it well, and, whilst we are cording and strapping, I'll tell you a story about that fair."

"Do, like good fellow!" said Sim.

"A merchant of Bristol visited St. Petersburgh, on matters connected with commerce; he was a gentleman of an old respectable family; and, although many of his near relatives were quakers, he had sufficient toleration for the vanities of the world to induce his accepting an offer from the English ambassador to be presented to the emperor. Alexander, having shaken off the yoke of Caulincourt, received the British visiters with great urbanity; and at the presentation, Mr. ——— was requested to visit the palace whenever he might feel so disposed. Taking advantage of this invitation, he attended a concert, which he observed was conducted by an officer, who, judging from his plurality of epaulettes and numerous orders, held

a distinguished rank in the service. At the conclusion of the music, Mr. —— was on the point of retiring, when he was accosted by the musical director of the evening, 'I am informed that you are an Englishman, sir.' 'Yes.' 'Will you pardon my asking from what part of your country?' 'From Bristol.' 'Bristol? indeed! may I venture a few questions concerning that city? They may appear trivial to you; but I have a deep interest in them.' 'Pray speak, I will give you all the information in my power.' 'Can you then tell me is St. James's fair still kept up?' 'It is, if I mistake not.' 'And do you know if Seward's puppet-show is exhibited there yet?' The Bristolian smiled at the frivolity of this query, and the earnest manner in which it was uttered. 'I do not attend fairs myself,' he said, 'but I am sure I heard the children of some friend talk about Seward's show, even as late as last September; what possible concern can you have in such matters?' 'Let me inform you. Thirty years ago, the brother of Seward embarked, with his family, for Ireland; the vessel was wrecked off Wexford, and the only one of the ill-fated passengers who escaped death was an infant, who was thrown ashore in its cradle; that orphan was adopted by the wife of a captain whose ship traded to the Baltic, and who, long before communication from England could inform her who the persons

were that perished, sailed with her husband. She died at Revel; the child was placed, by the authorities there, in an Hospital for Foundlings. The husband, ere he returned to England, left a written account of the date at which the shipwreck had occurred, and the remarkable preservation of the babe. As soon as it was old enough, it was sent to a military school—was fortunate in obtaining the personal notice of the emperor; and rose to the rank of major in the service. Having devoted much time to music, the situation of Director of the Imperial concerts was also conferred upon the foundling. You will not wonder now that I have inquired for my relatives in Bristol; my true name was lately made known to me by reading the melancholy account of my parents' loss in a magazine of the period; will you so far oblige me as to be the bearer of letters on your return to England? Should the Sewards acknowledge their kinsman, it might be in my power to serve them.' His townsman promised to take charge of such welcome intelligence; and I heard afterwards that Major Seward remitted large sums to the master of the puppets."

"Well," said Sim, "you have timed your yarn to a nicety, for the devil a ha'porth more cording is there to be done; so wash your paws and come away to dinner." He had invited three or four of

our most intimate acquaintance to meet me, including the two Grattans, Meade, and Furlong: knowing that I should have to start early, I determined, in spite of Sim's attempts to the contrary, to keep sober, and a hard fight it was. Towards eleven o'clock I made an attempt to leave them.

"Restey trankeel mun amee," said Simon.

"Oh, listen to that, Hill," shouted Grattan. "D'ye hear Fairfield's delicious French. ? You are mightily improved Sim, since I first knew you. It was in the Palais Royal I had the good fortune to be introduced to you. The friend on whose arm I was leaning asked where the 88th were quartered. I shall never forget your answer—'Faith, then, I don't know the exact name of the place, but the people calls us the Boys of Bull-on;' and sure enough encamped in the Bois de Boulogne I found my brother. But I must tell you, Hill, one blunder of Fairfield's, which was enough to shock the whole bench of bishops. He walked into a Café, which, I suppose, had formerly been a religious house; and, being at a loss for French enough to order supper, was glad to perceive the bas-relief of a dove upon the ceiling. 'Garson, commong appeley vous cette bete la?' 'Monsieur,' replied the waiter, with a look of horror, 'c'est l'insigne de l'ordre du Saint Esprit, par example.' 'Beang portey mois trois santespreys roti pour mon souper!'

Scandalized as the Frenchman was, he would not lose a customer, and a dish of pigeons was provided for the sacrilegious Simon."

"Well, boys, I must be off now positively," said I.

"Oh, by Jabus, you'll not think of going yet; you have your passport, and I can answer for your luggage being all ready. There'll be a broiled bone in a minute. Come, I'll sing you 'Woman, war, and wine:' that was always a favourite of your's in Limerick; and it will be a long time before you hear it again from me, any way."

There was no possibility of refusing to listen to a song of Fairfield's, and hour after hour fled.

"I'll drink no more, at any rate," I said at last; "so, lads, as I'm pretty tired, and have a long journey before me, let me rest my legs upon yon sofa!"

Permission was given for this refreshment. At first I strove to keep my eyes open, and join in their chat, but my contributions to it soon sunk into monosyllables, not too much to the purpose. Their voices ceased to bring me any distinct ideas, and, by degrees, I fell asleep. How long my slumber remained sound and dreamless I know not; it was first haunted by an indefinite sense of motion, as if either in a coach or a ship; after which my vision changed, but became more clear. Methought

I lay extended on a board, and covered, all but my face, by a cloth, with candles at my head and feet. Five figures, in white flowing drapery, surrounded me, beating their breasts, and uttering a plaintive wail. I neither remembered nor felt the effects of any accident; therefore thought my wisest plan would be quietly to examine the company into which I had fallen. They were taller than the generality of women, their faces nearly concealed by the frills of head-tire which fell veil-wise down their backs adorned with sleeves and gussets. The line of Macbeth crossed my mind—

"Ye should be women, but that your beards, &c."

In a pause of their chant, the leader exclaimed, "Wake him dacint, my dears! for here's large givins out. 'Tis no use keenin and croonin under our breaths for the likes of him. Rise it, your sowls!"

Thus urged, they 'sot up the cry' in full chorus.

"Oh, pillaloo! why would ye go, my boy, and lave all the good atin and drinkin? Och hone! ma cushla, why will we stay behind, to call you the dear departed? Willaloo astore! 'Tis you that'll be missed, ma vourneen!"

"You spake raison, Mother Fairfield," cried the junior of the party; "big cause we have to give him a scrame, the darlint!"

"And an iligant voice ye have for it, Miss," said the hostess. "Maid's your name, I'm fond to belave."

"'Tis that, ma'am. Maid I am," answered the damsel, dropping a curtesy.

"You look so, my beauty! Rise it again, ladies!"

CHORUS. "Oh gra ma chree! Why must we lose ye, my heart?"

"Short purgatory for them as falls asleep in their innocence," added Miss Mead.

"You're in glory this night, my lamb," said her sister belle.

"He is, Miss Furlong," spoke the chieftainess; "for sorrow the oath, or bit of undacence ever passed the blissed lips of him; he might have been a praste, Mrs. Grattan, ma'am, for holiness entirely."

CHORUS. "Och hone pillaloo!"

"He's better off, Biddy jewel! h——l the big liar can say he ever made a baste of himself with regard to the whisky. Spake for him, Colley, honey."

"Oh thin, mother dear, play-houses he could not abide; cards he ever and always called the divil's books."

CHORUS. "Willaloo! Ochone!"

"Wimin," hiccoughed Miss Mead; "he had no call to, barrin sich as was vartshous as ourselves, here present."

"Faix, that's thrue for you, miss; ochone, my son, my own dear beautiful babby, that I nussed in Monaghen, that I should ever—"

"The boy was born in county Lim'ric, ma'am," put in the other matron.

"He was not, ma'am; sure ain't I his mother?"

"You may be his mother, my lady, but you know nothin about it."

"*You* never had a mother, for you're illigitimate."

"Hear that, girls!" cried Miss Furlong; "part 'em, kip 'em quite, Colley, 'tis you that have the sinse!"

"I'm mightily beholden for your good word, Miss; aisy now, mother."

"You're a pace-maker, ma'am; are you a Roman, if one may ax?" continued Miss Furlong.

"I am, ma'am;" answered Colley.

"'Tis more nor your nose is, then;" shouted the entertainer, with arms a-kimbo.

"I'd be sorry," retorted the other, "to be walkin behind the trunk of an iliphunt, like parties I'll not name, Mother Fairfield."

"Ah! then, don't set her back up," pleaded Colley's relative, "or she'll becall you more names than I'll lay my tongue to."

"Were you christened after your cow, Miss Colley?" persevered the hostess; "but go on wid th

wake. Ah, why would you lave me like a bird alone?"

"I've scrached till I'm dry," said Miss Mead, seizing a bottle.

"Don't do't, ma colleen!" cried one matron.

"Time enough for yez," said the other; and each secured the drinkables from the maiden's hand, begging her to "lave it them that was mothers of families."

Round me they closed again, roaring "Oh the power o'larnin that's lost in ye, my buck, a tall fellow you are, and fat, nate, and comely to see, bating your red hair."

This was past bearing; my long controlled laughter broke forth; I popped up my insulted black head, and, flinging myself from the table amongst them, begged to know what time it was.

"About half-past five," said Furlong.

"Oh, lads, I shall lose my place; I havn't a minute to spare, do like good souls, come and help me with my luggage to the diligence."

Without divesting themselves of the shirts and sheets in which they were arrayed, these merry fellows threw great coats loosely over their shoulders, and followed me to my lodging; we knocked up poor Madame Fripperie, who, terrified beyond measure at finding her house besieged at such an hour by a groupe of nondescripts, was, with difficulty,

persuaded to open her doors and permit me to obtain my trunks. After some pause she descended; boxes and portmanteaus were seized by the ladies. I bade a hasty farewell to my hostess, who could not say that nothing in my life at her abode became me like the leaving it.

I soon overtook my friends; the diligence was on the point of starting; the conducteur had his foot on the step, about to ascend to his place on the roof, when he was prevented by the wild cries of my carriers.

"Stop a while, here's a passenger for you," cried one.

"Arretey mun amee, pour un june gentilhomme que payer pour son place, dans votre sacre carosse hier au soir," said Sim in his "delicious French."

I saw my trunks safely stowed, and got into the carriage. Not one serious good-by could I extort. As soon as I was seated in the vehicle, the pillaloo was recommenced, and distance only softened to mine ear the "Why would you go, ochone, why would you lave us?"

After such a night of debauch, it is no wonder that I scarcely passed the gates before I fell into a profound sleep, from which I never awoke, till the diligence stopped at Bouchain, to allow the passengers to breakfast. I was surprised at finding that we had already travelled twelve miles, and, hearing

that ample time was granted for the meal, I ordered coffee to be brought me in a bed-room, and I sipped like a Turk, whilst performing the duties of the toilette. Heaven knows, I needed the refreshing aid of ablution, external and internal, after the scene in which I had so lately been engaged. I felt myself a new man, and re-entered the carriage, hoping that the odd circumstances of my first bundle in had not given my fellow-passengers any unfavourable impression.

They were all so busily engaged in conversation, that I despaired of obtaining a word from one of the party; thrown back upon my own thoughts, and hardly aware of what I was doing, I commenced singing a *sotto voce* imitation of Sim's lament. A sudden pause ensued, and, after a few notes had reached the ears of the talkers,

"How wild," said one; "it must be a national air. I have heard that the songs of Scotland and Ireland are of a most melancholy and impassioned character. I should like to know what that 'Och hone' means."

This was said quietly to the fellow-listener; then, turning to me, the gentleman added,

"Is Monsieur an Englishman?"

"Yes."

"And that *chanson* you just now began, the same that the friends who came with you to the coach sang as we drove off."

"It is not a chanson, monsieur," I said gravely, "but what we call an Irish howl, used to express grief."

"Ah! oui," cried one; "I have been told of such ceremonies being performed for the dead, but—"

"In any case of extreme regret," I added with a sigh, "the feelings of friends break forth in melody."

"Bon Dieu! there is much sentiment in that idea; and do they always assume such draperies?"

"Always."

"Ma foi! a similar rite exists in the Greek church; brothers in arms wear a white veil."

"Bien," said his companion; "I thought at first it was a mere plaisanterie.

"Sir," I exclaimed with mock dignity, "Britons have not your vivacity; we are a serious people, and parting with those we love, for any considerable time or space, is not a jest with us."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the Frenchman, "que c'est touchant. A thousand thanks for your explanation of your country's custom. Henceforth I shall ever respect the Irish howl."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DANES AT DOUAY — TRAVELLING RANK — ARRAS — THE FAIR BUONAPARTIST — WELL MEANT CAUTION — ENCOUNTERS ON THE ROAD — MELTING SNOWS — SAINT OMER — LOSE MY LADY — A CLASSIC COMMISSARY — ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON — A CONFIDING ACQUAINTANCE — LITERARY GENEALOGY — FINIS CORONAT OPUS — CALAIS — VISIT TO DESSEIN'S — THE SILVER LION — STERNE — HOGARTH — BEGGED TO DROWN A FRIEND — DOVER — CONCLUSION.

I found Douay occupied by a part of the Danish contingent; it was the first opportunity afforded me of seeing a collected body of this nation: and, certainly, on a less prepossessing set of men I never looked. Nine out of ten had fiery red hair, and, as is always the case with people so adorned, the greatest possible display was made of it. I never yet knew a carrotty-headed man or woman who did not pride in such locks, and call them auburn.

Some dozen officers were congregated at the hotel where we stopped; their manners and habits were coarsely vulgar — their persons and dress dirtily unsoldierlike. Whilst taking dinner, our passports were examined, and I was rather as-

tonished at the degree of deference paid by the man on returning mine, which I attributed to his tolerance of the English in preference to our cousins of Denmark. I was heartily rejoiced when we reached Arras. We had been thirteen hours performing a journey of less than forty miles, and I looked forward with delight to the different rate of travelling which I should shortly enjoy on the other side of the Channel. As soon as possible after my arrival, I requested the master of the house to secure me a seat in the diligence for the morning. He promised to send to the Messagerie directly, and, at the same time, recommended that my passport should be immediately inspected to prevent delay. The commissioner was not long absent on his double errand. Mine host, with a profusion of respect, said,

"I am extremely sorry, Monsieur le Major, that the diligence is full for the morning; but there will be another pass through in the middle of the day, or you can have a post-carriage at any hour you please. Meantime, permit me to say that a party of militaires, who are staying at my house, will sup at nine o'clock; may I hope for the honour of Monsieur le Major's company?"

I could not imagine why the good man had conferred on me such a grade; but, looking at my passport, found that the officer of the bureau, in

good-humoured jest, had made it out for me with a travelling brêvet. To deny my rank, or contradict the veracity of the document, would only ensure detention; and, as my object was to get to England as rapidly as possible, I was obliged to act the field-officer for the remainder of my journey.

Just before supper-time, the worthy landlord informed me that a lady, who was desirous of reaching St. Omer early on the morrow, would be happy to take half a carriage with me, if agreeable; and that I should be able to say Yes or No to her in person, as she would sup with the party named. This arrangement promised to be agreeable: I thanked my stars for such a lucky chance.

Nine o'clock struck; the well-bred host introduced me, in due form, to Madame la Voyageuse. She was brilliantly handsome, a petite figure, graceful and vivacious. It required but a moment to arrange our intended journey. I requested permission to sit near her at table. Four remarkably fine young men, officers in the French cavalry, now entered the salle à manger; in a very short time we launched into conversation, as though we had known each other for years.

Madame was a Buonapartiste, the wife of an officer who had been disbanded at the termination of Napoleon's last campaign; these youngsters were Bourbonists, sons of returned emigré families; they

spoke of the Corsican with contempt, which the lady would not suffer to pass unheeded. French women are usually fierce politicians; and it was extraordinary to hear this little creature, who looked so mild and lady-like, burst forth in passionate exclamations on the state of France and its present degradation. No sooner had she wrought herself up to a pitch of anger, than one of her countrymen would check her, by offering a glass of champagne, or any choice morçeau from the well-supplied table; but she could eat, drink, and talk at the same time, and, although there were four to one against her, for, of course, I remained neuter, she had the best of the argument. At last she reminded her adversaries that they were engrossing all the conversation; and that Monsieur le Major would have great right to call them rude.

The eldest of the dragoons, who was within a few years of my own age, expressed his astonishment at my having attained such rank so young. It was not for me to undeceive him, and an observation of Madame's terminated all reference to my grade.

"You are a lieutenant of cavalry now," she said to her compatriot; "you will, if Louis, your *good* king, lives, be a lieutenant of cavalry twenty years hence; because we shall have no more war, no more glory. Monsieur le Major has doubtless

deserved by his service the promotion he has obtained !"

" Wicked young devil, do you suspect my travelling name ?" thought I, " or are you so much the more civil to me, to mark your distaste for the royalists ?"

About eleven o'clock, Madame rose to retire.

" At what hour will it suit you to be ready ?" I inquired.

" As soon as you like," she replied ; " the femme de chambre tells me that I sleep in the next room to your's ; so do not hesitate to knock at my door, when you rise, that I may not detain you."

I bade her bon repos ; my new acquaintance requested me not to leave them yet. I pleaded the necessity of being early, as I was to travel. They were all going to Bethune in the morning, and said I must stop, if only for half an hour, to receive their felicitations on the prospect of so agreeable a journey as I could not fail to have with Madame.

" Do not let your anxiety to be in time for your *voyage* tempt you to knock at her door, at *too* early an hour in the morning. We start at six ; but no doubt you will overtake us on the road ; so good night, au revoir !"

So perverse is human nature that the very caution I had received was the cause of my fancying it morning long before day dawned ; and, as I gently

tapped at the entrance of Madame's chamber, the ill-secured door positively flew open. I could do no less than apprize her of the danger to which she was exposed: and to my certain knowledge the door was double-locked for the remainder of the night. The noise of the young dragoons preparing for their journey disturbed our morning slumbers; it was much later than the hour intended when we set off for St. Omer. In spite of the delay, our chaise de poste soon overtook the diligence; as we passed it, our military friends instantly recognized us One cried,

"Oh, you lazy folks, you must have slept ill to be so late on your journey."

Another said,

"Madame, I hope you like your compagnon de voyage."

Whilst the third shouted,

"Monsieur le Major, you are a happy man."

We laughed at their raillery, and drove on. The day became intensely cold. We kept the windows closed; and endeavoured, by drawing the leathern curtain, to exclude the air. It began to snow heavily, a circumstance unusual even in an English April. The pace of the driver was much retarded by the tempest. Nothing was left for us but to enfold ourselves in the same cloak, and, by close contact, to defy the elements. In the midst of

a most agreeable conversation an accident occurred, which might have proved serious, had we not fortunately been so enveloped. A wheel came off, and the driver was in despair. He had not, as a prudent man would have done, provided himself with a spare linch-pin. The one which had fallen out was lost in the snow. What was to be done? Bethune was only half a league before us; but the state of the weather prevented my fair companion's walking even that short distance—we must wait till assistance arrived. Our postillion, with great good sense, took out the horses, and turned the vehicle round with its back to the storm. In this sloping shelter we were forced to remain till aid was afforded: the diligence was the first carriage that approached. The good-humoured dragoons leapt out to release us from our unpleasant situation, and made room for us in their lumbering machine. Many kind inquiries were made as to the cause of the accident, and hopes expressed that we had both escaped contusions.

"Was it Monsieur or Madame who was nearest the wheel that was broken?" &c., &c.—all which inquiries were answered with a readiness and naïveté peculiarly French, by Madame.

At Bethune, our military friends halted, and, finding now sufficient room, we completed our journey by occupying their places.

On arriving at St. Omer, I requested permission to escort Madame to her home, but this she refused me, saying "that her husband's friends, to whom she was going, might not be pleased at hearing that she had travelled with an English officer." I bade her adieu with regret, as I thought it very improbable that I should ever have an opportunity of improving my intimacy with this charming creature.

I saw but little of St. Omer, thanks to the unseasonable weather, but was consoled by learning that an English gentleman would be happy to join me, in a cabriolet, next morning, to proceed to Calais. Satisfied with this arrangement, without seeing my countryman, I retired to rest, and dreamed all night of my fair friend.

At eight o'clock, on the following morning, I was prepared to start. My fellow-traveller was a prim, smug little man, with a frosty face, whom I knew by sight and by name. To the bow, the hand rubbing, and the benevolent smirk of a knight of the counter, he added an accent which chimed with his action most Bow-bellishly; yet was as precise and emphatic as if he gave himself credit for being thus curious in Cockney. His peculiarities must speak for themselves.

"An officer and a countryman!" he began, shaking hands, not with me, but with himself.

"Mr. Commissary Tidmarsh, I believe," I said, bowing.

"There, sir, you have the advantage of me, though in name alone, for I believe I address one of the Valenciennes amateurs, lestwise I think I'm correc."

"Perfectly so, sir; Hill of the Artillery."

"Really! is it possible? yet now I look agin, surely so. True! very just! strange! when I tell you, sir, that I have witnessed your performance, two, if I mistake not, in the same evening; yes, sir, I assure you! strange as one may say, that your's should therefore be the *prima facia* I meet this very morning."

"'Tis rather strange altogether," I laughed, resolving to draw out and trot this dust, *pour passer le temps;* he laughed too, but continued,

"Yes, sir; I am also British, longing, like yourself, no doubt of it, to see once more our *gloria patria.* There, sir, after the fatigues, perils, and privations of our campaigns, we shall repose upon our trophies, with them we've left beyind us."

"Sir, I thank you for the comparison."

"No comparison at all, my very good sir; a coincidence, nothink more. That sympathy which, as Byron has it, 'Informs congenial spirits when they meet.' Now I know severals of my acquaintances in the city, I would not be so furmiliur

with, after years, as with one of the manly arts as have braved the battle field with me. Yes, my dear friend, forgive the liberty. Who is the propria personæ to be trusted at once, is soon perceivable between true gents."

"May I ask, sir, are you fond of dramatic exhibitions?"

"Why, sir," he answered with some dignity, "hacting is, as one may say, inferior to her sister graces, I went because Messrs. Mead and Fairfield was to sing; in confidence, I prefer F's voice to M's. Music has charms to smooth the savage beast, and teach the young idea how to shoot, as Milton's Midas says. Am I not correc?"

"Thoroughly, sir; but I am sorry that you prefer songs to plays."

"Oh, sir, wiser men even have considered playing quite as a secundum artem, below all the others; but the muse of amatouring is creditable as a relaxation to those who may encounter a more orrida bella. That reminds me of the dooke, my dear Wellington, the yero of Waterloo, I may say—"

"You have enjoyed his grace's personal intercourse?" I said.

"*Ad honores*, I *have* had that honour, on business once for five minutes, but I was remembering an adventure, founded on his extrawnry recollection of faces; he's as bad as the royal family;

in course you know the faculty is quite on the Georgium Sidus. Well, sir, the dooke is as notorious. Yes, there was in the Peninsular a particular officer he had seen perform in Madrid, a black, not a Negro servant, more like Massinger's Oronoko; bless me, that I should forget the name! 'Tis written by Young; I've seen him do the villain myself, at Doory Lane Theatur, London, when I was in England. Samba in the Vengeance, that's it, sir, but if you can refresh my memory as to the anecdote, shall rest obleeged."

"I believe you allude to when Wellington, reconnoitring behind some bushes, heard a splash in the river close to him, the aide-de-camp fancied him surprised by the enemy, but his Grace, on ascertaining that Captain Kent and his company of Rifles were fording the stream, said, 'Oh, 'tis only Zanga washing the soot off.'"

"So he did, sir, very true, upon my honour; yes, and in a few words from you, there I have it, short yet concise. Well, I had always heard that you were good company! You was not in Spain, I take it, sir?"

"Had not that honores, sir, to misquote your ——slipsop."

"Sir, many thanks. On my arrival, being sent to bring up stores, I was taken prisoner, but escaped, and glad enough I was, for a grimmer old

Castallion than my lockum tenum jailer you never saw; then I caught a fever, and was like to have made a sick transit of it; the hospital was so crammed we could neither sit nor lie in comfort; we were all in a complete jam satis. Poor Highlanders, sir, scarce decent, their's is the nastiest costume!"

"They are very proud, nevertheless, in sporting the garb of old Gael."

"Ay, ay, sir, that's a good coverslut for their poverty, what old Gale wore, because he couldn't afford new smalls, *they* wear the save the siller, as they call it, sir; its mere penury and stinginess. Some of their warm men do wear trews, you know, take my word for it, captain, 'tis necessitas non habit legs."

"You are severe, Mr. Tidmarsh," I said.

"Very true, sir, no doubt of it. Spain was my first spice of war. But for that sperit of proud independence which marks us all, sir, I had little need, to brave the battle field. My aunt, Lady Tidmarsh, has a house in Russell-square, her concern is in the city; she can leave me a good fat legacy—a summum bonum, sir; but, says I, while I am in my prime, shall I be tied to your la'ship's apron-string? Why, some of these fine mornins you may break all to pieces, smash to the toone of thirty thousand; or your dressy daughter may run

through every farden on't, my lady, always having company, or out visiting. Give me my 'oods and liberty."

"Miss Tidmarsh was unlucky in not suiting the taste of such a cousin," said I.

"No doubt of it, very true, sir, but disgustibus non disputandum; it's no use arguing with one's antipathies. You should see my intended, quite another guess kind of gal, I assure you. If you'll believe me, no pride in her. So out of the common, the wole affair; that's what I like. I met her first at a daunse; in course, handed her refreshments, got leave to call next day, and hope she'd caught no cold, talk of the weather and so forth. Well, sir, we got quite snug and chatty; and her mammar, the perfit lady, at once presses me to stay. 'Come, Mr. T.' says she, 'we'll make no stranger of you; we don't kip fashionable hours—no ceremony—never stand upon forms—take us all in the family way, and make yourself at home, though there, I dare say, you'd have a better meal, but not an artier welcome.' Well, sir, this *was* genteel, a very clever woman she is. So, when the cloth was laid, though there was the best of every think, as if nothink was good enough for me, she kip on apologizing: 'I hope you'll put up with our humble fare, it must be very dull for you,' and in the evening, when we tead, Miss asked was mine

agreeable, and all that; and promised to scrape an acquaintance with my cousin, and get her to bring her work, come early, and spend the day. Such encouragement so filled me with hope, that I popped and was excepted. Yes, sir, and I go home to be the happy man, a turtle-dove, sir, a Darby and Joan, as the dear old King and Queen, as long as he was statu quo, set us all an exempli gratia."

"So should desert in arms be crowned!" said I.

"That's Moore's idear, if I'm correck," continued Mr. Tidmarsh. "Surely so; a real genius, sir; inspired, as everybody calls him. His Anacreon—such facility. A man of no birth, I believe, tho' ?"

"Of a very old, high, and talented race," said I, "and full of comic humour. Sir Thomas More, on the very day of his death, could not keep his countenance."

"Ah! there I have you, captain! because his ead— it was caput mortuum with him, poor gent! —was not apprized of his connexion, tho' with the other Thomas."

"Easily traced, Mr. Tidmarsh. Sir Thomas, and his brother, Hamilton Moore, whose system of navigation, you may have seen, left one, a son, Francis Moore, physician, the other, a daughter, Hannah, authoress of the sacred dramas. That branch of the family did not introduce the second O into the name till these two married. Anacreon

is their only child alive. Sir John, you know, fell at Corunna."

"No doubt of it; I declare that's very true, though I never heard of it before. Well, in my poor judgment, the son knows more about Venus than ever his father did, in spite of his almanack; but, as a moral man, sir, I can't but wish that he had taken more after his pious mother."

"His prose works, at least, are unexceptionable," I persevered; "vide Edward and Zeluco."

"That's a wrinkle!" exclaimed Mr. Tidmarsh, taking out his tablets. "Must make mems. of that; I'll read them both; 'tis but fair, sir, to judge both sides of a man. Yet, I must say, that tho' Tom is as free about love as ever his poor brother Jack could be—methinks I see him now, as plain as ever, handsome fellow!—yet I never detected any thing antichristum in *his* verses, like Lord Byron's."

On our reaching Calais, Mr. T—— seemed as astonished as if he had not known, when he began his journey, where it was to end.

"I give you my word here we are, really, and we must part; for affairs retains me a day or two in this place. Thanks, dear sir, I must say, for your good company."

"Sir, had it been a voluntary gift," I replied, "you might thank me; but 'tis I who am obliged by your very flattering —"

"Flattering," he interrupted, "no, sir; my bitterest foe can't accuse me so; I'm for the plain truth, sir—I've no fancy for making agreeable false professions out of my own head; 'tis all non est inventus with me, I assure you."

"Au revoir!" I said; but saw no more of my very true friend.

I stopped at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Leaving my luggage, I hastened to the harbour to inquire when the first packet would sail; and had the mortification of seeing a vessel for Dover just clearing the pier. I walked to the end of this extensive jetty; thence I looked towards England, and could just distinguish *our* white cliffs.

Returning to the town, I learned that the next vessel would sail about midnight; and I was obliged to abide with patience the arrival of that hour. I found at the hotel two gentlemen, who had experienced a disappointment similar to my own. I communicated what I had just learned; they requested me to join them at dinner. Both were military men; Colonel Spearman and Mr. Ruffo, who, although a son of the Prince Castelcicala, had entered our service. Their manners were "quite refreshing," after the incessant chatter of Mr. Tidmarsh.

"I should like, during our walk," said I, "to see Dessein's Hotel; it will ever be an object of interest to the lovers of Sterne."

"I will lead the way," said the colonel; "I know the house well; there is scarcely a room in it that is not supplied with a copy of the 'Sentimental Journey.' An excellent portrait of the author adorns Monsieur Dessein's sanctorum. But there is one hotel here," he added, "which I never pass without remembering a friend of mine, who wanted to find his way thither, but had forgotten the name, and knew scarcely a word of French. A Monsieur once told a London Jarvy where to drive him by singing the air of Malbrook; but pantomime is an universal language, more useful far than music. My countryman, therefore, stopping an intelligent native, first drew a piece of silver from his pocket, and pointed to that, then threw his arms and head into an heraldic rampant attitude. The person for whose edification he performed these postures instantly caught their meaning, and exclaimed 'Le lion d'argent?' 'Oui!' said my friend, with smiling nod; and, taking the stranger's arm, was safely led to the house thus indicated. Here we are at Dessein's; follow me, and I will show you the door of the Remise—whether it be the identical one or no, 'tis not for me to assert; but, if you will fancy it so—tant mieux!"

On entering the salle à manger, there, sure enough, was to be seen, on the side table, a well-thumbed edition of Sterne.

"I have heard, colonel," said I, "that a literal French translation of Tristram Shandy exists; what a very odd book it must be! for, independently of the peculiarity of the style, the characters are so truly foreign to any of *this* country. A retired officer of Buonaparte's army would think my uncle Toby an old woman. And then the episodes, how could the tale of Hafen Slawkenbergius be rendered, or Yorick understood?"

The gates of Calais brought the remembrance of Hogarth's admirable picture.

The whole of the next day and night we were forced to await the shift of wind; at last, on Tuesday, the 15th of April, it was declared favourable; and, about three o'clock P.M. we got on board.

Seven hours were occupied by the voyage. As yet *steam vessels* were not. Scarcely had we cleared the harbour, ere Mr. Ruffo, a tall and strongly built young man, was stretched at full length upon the deck, enduring dreadful pain. I offered burnt brandy, and other remedies, to him in vain. He could not lift his hand to his head; his strength completely prostrated, he could scarcely articulate an urgent request to be freed from suffering, by being thrown overboard. This may appear exaggerated; but let those who have witnessed the victimizing effects of shipboard on some temperaments say if they have not received similar

proofs of the total absence of moral and physical courage in such sufferers. Ten o'clock struck, as we entered the harbour of Dover. A brilliant moonlight served to show the well-known features of the town. With a joyful heart I leapt on shore; and, in the pleasing certainty that I was once more in England, forgave the importunities of the various emissaries from "Ship" "York" or "Union."

CONCLUSION.

The fates of many persons mentioned in the foregoing pages have, since the days to which they refer, changed or terminated in ways which might interest the reader. I should have held myself bound to have disposed of my characters in this venture, did I not hope for a future hearing. Should my endeavours to amuse be encouraged by the public, I design devoting my leisure to a Second Series of Sketches from Memory, which I trust would prove (though less warlike) more lively than my first.

THE END.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE


00088222



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 16 January, 2016